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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

TV Savage

THE WEEK THE BOX BLEW OPEN

INSIDE THE NME TV SPECIAL...

DOWN THE TUBE ?

ADRIAN THRILLS ON THE
NEWEST TEEN-SCREEN CONTENDER

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GENESIS P.ORRIDGE
GETS HIS OWN SHOW

THE BLACK STUFF

ALAN BLEASDALE
LAYS IT ON THICK

CHANNEL 4

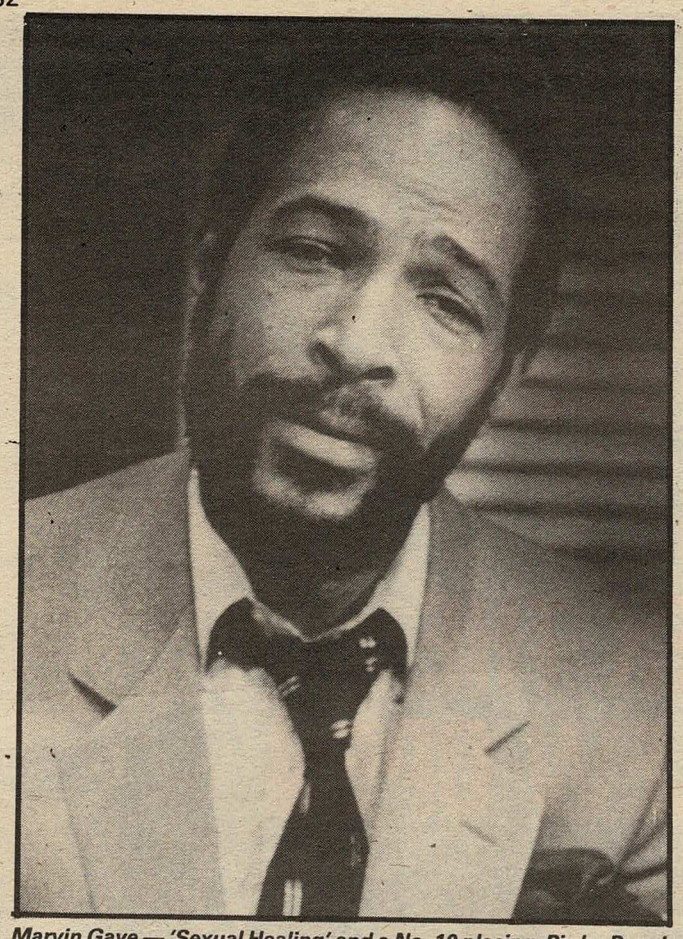
JULIE BURCHILL
PUSHES THE BUTTON

PLUS:
HALL & OATES
CHRIS STEIN
ABWARTS

Down on The Tube's station at 5.15. Pic by Kevin Cummins

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	5	**I DON'T WANNA DANCE**	**Eddy Grant (Ice)**	4	1
2	15	HEARTBREAKER	Dionne Warwick (Arista)	2	2
3	4	MAD WORLD	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	3	3
4	1	DO YOU REALLY WANT TO HURT ME	Culture Club (Virgin)	7	1
5	3	ANNIE I'M NOT YOUR DADDY	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Ze)	5	3
6	2	STARMAKER	Kids From Fame (RCA)	6	2
7	8	I WANNA DO IT WITH YOU	Barry Manilow (Arista)	4	7
8	10	OOH LA LA LA	Kool & The Gang (Delite)	2	8
8	12	I'LL BE SATISFIED	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	4	8
10	(—)	(SEXUAL) HEALING	Marvin Gaye (CBS)	1	10
11	(—)	MANEATER	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)	1	11
12	21	CAROLINE	Status Quo (Vertigo)	2	12
13	6	LOVE ME DO	The Beatles (Parlophone)	4	3
14	7	LIFELINE	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	5	7
15	(—)	THE GIRL IS MINE	Michael Jackson & Paul McCartney (Epic)	1	15
16	17	LOVE'S COMIN' AT YA	Melba Moore (EMI)	3	16
17	18	ZAMBESI	The Piranhas (Dakota)	3	17
18	13	HARD TO SAY I'M SORRY	Chicago (Full Moon)	8	6
19	9	PASS THE DUTCHIE	Musical Youth (MCA)	8	1
20	28	BACK ON THE CHAIN GANG	Pretenders (Real)	5	20
21	24	NEVER GIVE YOU UP	Sharon Redd (Prelude)	3	21
22	11	ZOOM	Fat Larry's Band (Virgin)	9	3
23	(—)	MUSCLE	Diana Ross (Capitol)	1	23
24	(—)	THEME FOR HARRY'S GAME	Clannad (RCA)	1	24
25	16	REAP THE WILD WIND	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	6	11
26	(—)	STATE OF INDEPENDENCE	Donna Summer (Warner Bros)	1	26
27	26	AMOR	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	4	26
28	(—)	LIVING ON THE CEILING	Blancmange (London)	1	28
29	(—)	JACK & DIANE	John Cougar (Riva)	1	29
30	14	ZIGGY STARDUST	Bauhaus (Beggars Banquet)	5	14



Marvin Gaye — 'Sexual Healing' and a No. 10 placing. Pic by Pennie Smith.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	3	**THE KIDS FROM FAME**	**Various (BBC)**	16	1
2	4	KISSING TO BE CLEVER	Culture Club (Virgin)	4	2
3	1	LOVE OVER GOLD	Dire Straits (Vertigo/Phonogram)	7	1
4	2	THE KIDS FROM FAME AGAIN	Various (BBC)	16	1
5	(—)	"...FAMOUS LAST WORDS..."	Supertramp (A & M)	1	6
6	(—)	SINGLES — 45's & UNDER	Squeeze (A & M)	1	6
7	6	TROPICAL GANGSTERS	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Ze/Island)	22	4
8	8	REFLECTIONS	Various (CBS)	4	7
9	14	AMOR	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	4	9
10	5	THE SKY'S GONE OUT	Bauhaus (Beggars Banquet)	3	5
11	(20)	HEARTBREAKER	Dionne Warwick (Arista)	2	11
12	9	20 GREATEST HITS	The Beatles (Parlophone)	3	9
13	11	GREATEST HITS	Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	3	11
14	10	GIVE ME YOUR HEART TONIGHT	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	5	3
15	(—)	H_2O	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)	1	15
16	7	QUARTET	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	3	6
17	15	LEXICON OF LOVE	ABC (Neutron)	20	1
18	(—)	HELLO I MUST BE GOING	Phil Collins (Virgin)	1	15
19	21	LOVE SONGS	Commodores (K-Tel)	13	8
20	16	UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S	Yazoo (Mute)	10	1
21	(18)	THE DOLLAR ALBUM	Dollar (WEA)	2	18
22	(—)	IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT	Imagination (R & B)	[illegible]	6
23	(17)	LOVE SONGS ALBUM	Various (K-T[illegible])	[illegible]	17
24	(—)	CREATURES OF THE NIGHT	Kiss (Casablanca/Phonogram)	1	24
25	(—)	FLASH TRACKS	Various (TV Records)	1	25
26	(—)	HITS OF THE SCREAMING 60's	Various (Warwick)	1	26
27	24	SILK ELECTRIC	Diana Ross (Capitol)	3	24
28	(—)	VOICE OF A GENERATION	Blitz (No Future)	1	28
29	12	FRIEND OR FOE	Adam Ant (CBS)	4	4
30	25	UB44	UB40 (Dep Int)	6	2

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(2)	**How Does It Feel**	Crass (Crass)
2	(1)	**Shipbuilding**. Robert Wyatt	(Rough Trade)
3	(7)	**East World**	Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
4	(15)	**Into The Abyss**	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
5	(3)	**State Violence**	Discharge (Clay)
6	(4)	**From Pillar To Post**	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
7	(11)	**Drumbeat For Baby**	Weekend (R Trade)
8	(6)	**Be Proud, Be Loud**	Toyah (Safari)
9	(9)	**Burn 'Em Down**	Abrasive Wheels (Riot City)
10	(5)	**Lively Arts**	Damned (Big Beat)
11	(10)	**Live**	Conflict (Xntrix)
12	(12)	**That's What Good Friends Are For**	Brilliant (Limelight)
13	(8)	**Lullabies 12" EP**	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
14	(13)	**Baby Turns Blue**	Virgin Prunes (R Trade)
15	(24)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
16	(—)	**Chinese Take Away**	Addicts (Razor)
17	(—)	**Standout**	Chelsea (Step Forward)
18	(18)	**Suicide Bag EP**	Action Pact (Fallout)
19	(27)	**Don't Make Me Wait**	Peech Boys (TMT)
20	(—)	**Nirvana**	Icicle Works (Troll Kitchen)
21	(—)	**Hooked On You**	Darkness & Jive (Red Rhino)
22	(23)	**Perdition EP**	Disorder (Disorder)
23	(—)	**Love On The Terraces**	Serious Drinking (Upright)
24	(—)	**Rainy Day**	APB (Oily)
25	(16)	**Mutant Rock**	Meteors (WXYZ)
26	(—)	**Rich Men Don't**	Cook 'Da Books (Kite)
27	(—)	**Zulu Beat**	King Kurt (King Kurt)
28	(14)	**So Here I Am**	UB40 (Dep Int)
29	(17)	**Ballet Dance**	Rubella Ballet (Xntrix)
30	(21)	**Leave In Silence**	Depeche Mode (Mute)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(6)	**Voice Of A Generation**	Blitz (No Future)
2	(1)	**Upstairs At Eric's**	Yazoo (Mute)
3	(2)	**UB44**	UB40 (Dep International)
4	(4)	**Seduction**	Danse Society (Society)
5	(3)	**Broken Frame**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
6	(7)	**Christ — The Album**	Crass (Crass)
7	(24)	**Under The Flag**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
8	(9)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
9	(20)	**Defective Breakdown**	Defects (WXYZ)
10	(5)	**Songs To Remember**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
11	(15)	**Hai**	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
12	(19)	**Enter K**	Peter Hammill (Naive)
13	(12)	**Bullshit Detector 2**	Various (Crass)
14	(8)	**Carmel**	Carmel (Red Flame)
15	(21)	**Rumble Of The East**	Erazerhead (Flicknife)
16	(18)	**The Maverick Years**	Wah (White Label)
17	(17)	**The Black Album**	Damned (Big Beat)
18	(10)	**Garlands**	Cocteau Twins (Red Flame)
19	(14)	**Room To Live**	The Fall (Kamera)
20	(27)	**Dr John Sings Mac Rebennack**	Dr John (Demon)
21	(—)	**Warrior Rock**	Toyah (Safari)
22	(11)	**Recorded 1979-1981**	UK Subs (Abstract)
23	(13)	**A Distant Shore**	Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)
24	(25)	**Live At The Speakeasy**	Johnny Thunders (Jungle)
25	(22)	**Sense And Sensuality**	Au Pairs (Kamera)
26	(26)	**United Skins**	Various (Skrew)
27	(28)	**City Baby Attacked By Rats**	GBH (Clay)
28	(16)	**Perfection**	Charge (Kamera)
29	(23)	**Station MXYJ**	Maximum Joy (Y)
30	(—)	**Oceans**	Artery (Red Flame)

REGGAE SINGLES

1 **Unruly Pickney** — Mighty Diamonds (Gussie 80s)
2 **Bam Bam** — Kojak and Liza (Joe Gibbs)
3 **Break Up To Make Up** — Leroy Sibbles (Treasure Isle)
4 **Don't Wanna Be A Rude Boy** — Tristan Palmer (Afro-Eagle)
5 **What Is Your Answer** — Roland Burrell (Observer)
6 **True Life Story** — Papa Bruce (Channel One)
7 **Joker Lover** — Little John (Nura)
8 **Tell Me What You Want** — Buri (Volcano)
9 **Jah Mek Us For A Purpose** — Yellowman (Volcano)
10 **Lovers Race** — Sugar Minott (Observer)
11 **Trouble Is On The Road Again** — Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
12 **Super Star Girl** — Barrington Levy (All Roots)
13 **Ghetto Living** — Eek A Mouse (Powerhouse)
14 **Telephone Challice** — Sister Nancy (Volcano)
15 **Useless Johnny** — Sister Candy (Jackpot)

ALBUMS

1 **DJ Explosion (Live)** — Various (Heartbeat)
2 **Natty Dread Have Credential** Don Carlos (JH)
3 **Mystic Miracle Star** — Lee Perry (Heartbeat)
4 **Syncopation** — Sly & Robbie (Joe Gibbs)
5 **Willie Red** — Lui Lepki (Channel One)

Charts by Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, W1.

US SINGLES

1 **Up Where We Belong** — Joe Cocker & Jennifer Warnes (Island)
2 **Who Can It Be Now?** — Men At Work (Columbia)
3 **Heart Attack** — Olivia Newton-John (MCA)
4 **I Keep Forgettin' (Every Time You're Near)** — Michael McDonald (Warner Bros)
5 **Jack And Diane** — John Cougar (Polygram)
6 **Eye In The Sky** — Alan Parsons (Arista)
7 **Heartlight** — Neil Diamond (Columbia)
8 **You Can Do Magic** — America (Capitol)
9 **Gloria** — Laura Branigan (Atlantic)
10 **Truly** — Lionel Richie (Motown)

US LPs

1 **American Fool** — John Cougar (Riva/Mercury)
2 **Mirage** — Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
3 **Nebraska** — Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)
4 **Business As Usual** — Men At Work (Columbia)
5 **Emotions In Motion** — Billy Squier (Capitol)
6 **If That's What It Takes** — Michael McDonald (Warner Bros)
7 **Eye In The Sky** — The Alan Parsons Project (Arista)
8 **It's Hard** — The Who (Warner Bros)
9 **The Nylon Curtain** — Billy Joel (Columbia)
10 **A Flock of Seagulls** A Flock of Seagulls (Jive/Arista)

US charts courtesy Billboard Publications

WEST GERMANY

1 **Words** — F R David (Carrere)
2 **Nur Getraeumt** — Nema (CBS)
3 **Sternenhimmel** — Hubert Kah (Polydor)
4 **Adios Amor** — Andy Borg (EMI)
5 **Don't Go** — Yazoo (Intercord)
6 **Hard To Say I'm Sorry** — Chicago (Warner Bros)
7 **Weil I Di Mog** — Relax (Ariola)
8 **I Know There Is Something** — Frida (Polydor)
9 **Jede Stunde** — Karat (Pool)
10 **Manchmal Moecht Ich Schon Mit Dir** — Roland Kaiser (Hansa)

Courtesy Der Musikmarkt/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Name Of The Game** — Abba (Epic)
2 **You're In My Heart** — Rod Stewart (Riva)
3 **Rockin' All Over The World** — Status Quo (Vertigo)
4 **2 4 6 8 Motorway** — Tom Robinson Band (EMI)
5 **We Are The Champions** — Queen (EMI)
6 **Yes Sir I Can Boogie** — Baccara (RCA)
7 **How Deep Is Your Love** — Bee Gees (RSO)
8 **Dancin' Party** — Showaddywaddy (Arista)
9 **Needles & Pins** — Smokie (RAK)
10 **Calling Occupants Of Interplanetary Craft** — Carpenters (A&M)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Clair** — Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
2 **My Ding-A-Ling** — Chuck Berry (Chess)
3 **Mouldy Old Dough** — Lieutenant Pigeon (Decca)
4 **Leader Of The Pack** — Shangri-Las (Kama Sutra)
5 **Why** — Donny Osmond (MGM)
6 **Donna** — 10CC (UK)
7 **Loop Di Love** — Shag (UK)
8 **Crazy Horses** — Osmonds (MGM)
9 **Goodbye To Love** — Carpenters (A&M)
10 **Hallelujah Freedom** — Junior Campbell (Deram)

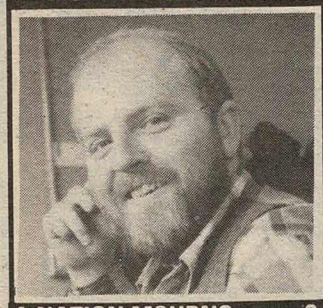
FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Baby Now That I've Found You** — Foundations (Pye)
2 **Zabadak!** — Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
3 **Massachusetts** — Bee Gees (Polydor)
4 **The Last Waltz** — Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
5 **Love Is All Around** — Troggs (Page One)
6 **Autumn Almanac** — Kinks (Pye)
7 **Let The Heartaches Begin** — Long John Baldry (Pye)
8 **There Is A Mountain** — Donovan (Pye)
9 **There Must Be A Way** — Frankie Vaughan (Columbia)
10 **Everybody Knows** — Dave Clark Five (Columbia)

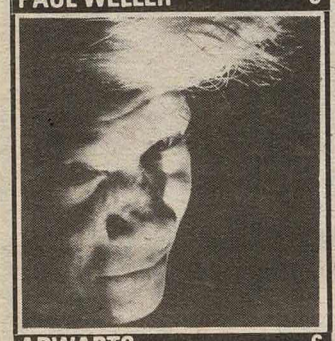
TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Lovesick Blues** — Frank Ifield (Columbia)
2 **Let's Dance** — Chris Montez (London)
3 **Telstar** — Tornados (Decca)
4 **Swiss Maid** — Del Shannon (London)
5 **Venus In Blue Jeans** — Mark Wynter (Pye)
6 **Bobby's Girl** — Susan Maughan (Philips)
7 **Sherry** — Four Seasons (Stateside)
8 **The Locomotion** — Little Eva (London)
9 **Devil Woman** — Marty Robbins (CBS)
10 **Ramblin' Rose** — Nat King Cole (Capitol)

NME
INSIDE INFORMATION



A NATION MOURNS 8
RAGS AND RICHES 4
PAUL WELLER 5



ABWARTS 6

THE TUBE 10
BURCHILL ON FOUR 13
SKINS 'N' TOMES 14

THE BLACKSTUFF BOY 17
ANIMAL 20
SINGLES 23
HALL 'N' OATES 25
SILVER SCREEN 27
PSYCHIC TV 30

LPs 32
TOUR NEWS 39
RECORD NEWS 40
GIG GUIDE 43
LIVE! 47
REGGAE RUNNINGS 52
X-WORD 55
DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL 57
GASBAG 58
T-ZERS 59

Pilger's anti-nuke film banned

IBA SHELVE TRUTH GAME

THE INDEPENDENT Broadcasting Authority have applied a headlock to John Pilger's anti-nuclear documentary *The Truth Game* (see last week's *NME*) which was due to be screened on November 24.

A meeting of the full IBA board last week ordered that the programme be shelved until its makers, Central Television, produce another film that, to the Board's satisfaction, offers an alternative, i.e. pro-nuclear, view.

Central must now either stomach the £90,000 costs of *The Truth Game* or engage in more expense for a new film which, because of the problems of finding a large enough slot on the independent network, may still never be shown.

Airtime between now and Christmas is becoming heavily booked and should 1983 be an election year the programme will be thrown back further still since IBA guidelines state no "personal view" programmes are allowed in the midst of campaigning.

Pilger expressed refined fury at the decision. He accused the IBA of "changing the rules" because his programme is on the nuclear issue and on the very problems of establishment obstruction to which he has now fallen victim. "By definition", he says, "this is censorship. It has to be."

The 'tit-for-tat' ruling is a new one. The IBA has christened it with a new piece of jargon — "complementarism". To apply it in the area of "personal view" programmes, where the guidelines of "balance" have traditionally not applied, breaks new and dangerous ground, says Pilger.

All his 40 or so campaigning films have been made under this "personal view" category. In fact the category was *created* largely as a result of his own productions throughout the early and mid-'70s.

He wonders whether "complementarism" will also be applied to programmes that speak the official, pro-nuclear, accredited truth or only to those expressing a view that is already practically impossible to get on the air.

—ANDREW TYLER

Bow Wows embark

BOW WOW WOW have finally re-scheduled their UK tour, originally planned for earlier in the autumn, but postponed due to recording commitments.

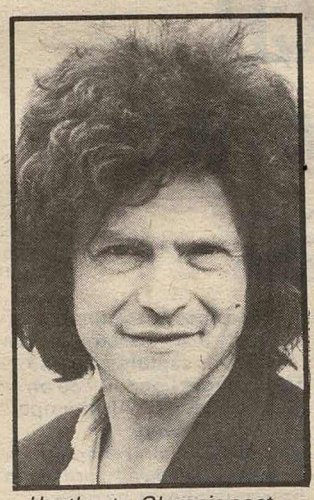
They've added a few more dates to their first itinerary, though it hasn't been possible to re-arrange some of their original gigs, and ticket-holders for these must now apply for cash refunds — elsewhere, all existing tickets remain valid.

They now play Exeter University (November 23), Cardiff University (24), Crawley Leisure Centre (25), Reading Top Rank (26), Leicester University (27), Norwich East Anglia University (28), Leeds Warehouse (30), Sheffield Lyceum (December 1), Edinburgh Coasters (3), Dundee University (4), Glasgow Tiffany's (5), Newcastle Tiffany's (7), Nottingham Rock City (8), Aberystwyth University (9), Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (10), Manchester Polytechnic (11) and Bristol Locarno (12).

No London date is included in this list, though there's a possibility that they may slot in a show in the capital — probably at the Lyceum — immediately before Christmas.

Jam's jam

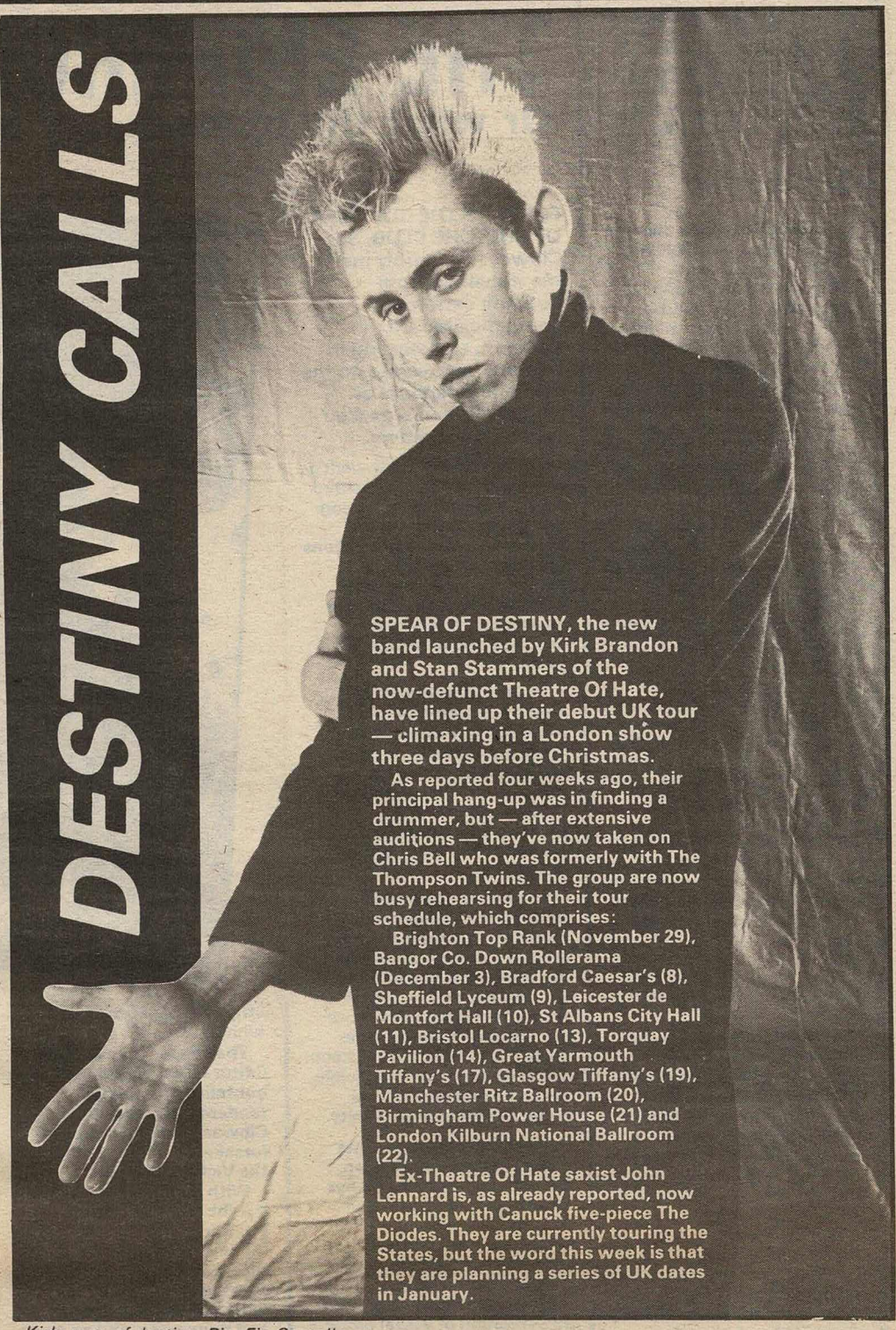
IT SEEMS that everyone wants to see The Jam before they finally and irrevocably split. Last week they added a third night at London's massive Wembley Arena to their farewell tour schedule, but even that was not sufficient to cater for the heavy ticket demand. So they've now added a fourth show at Wembley on Saturday, December 4, for which tickets are on sale now (though not for long, we suspect) at the box-office and usual agencies, priced £6 and £5. It's unlikely that any further Wembley dates will be added, as the band resume provincial gigs way up in Yorkshire on December 6.



Pic: Sue Greenhill

Heathcote, Olympic poet.

DESTINY CALLS



SPEAR OF DESTINY, the new band launched by Kirk Brandon and Stan Stammers of the now-defunct Theatre Of Hate, have lined up their debut UK tour — climaxing in a London show three days before Christmas.

As reported four weeks ago, their principal hang-up was in finding a drummer, but — after extensive auditions — they've now taken on Chris Bell who was formerly with The Thompson Twins. The group are now busy rehearsing for their tour schedule, which comprises:

Brighton Top Rank (November 29), Bangor Co. Down Rollerama (December 3), Bradford Caesar's (8), Sheffield Lyceum (9), Leicester de Montfort Hall (10), St Albans City Hall (11), Bristol Locarno (13), Torquay Pavilion (14), Great Yarmouth Tiffany's (17), Glasgow Tiffany's (19), Manchester Ritz Ballroom (20), Birmingham Power House (21) and London Kilburn National Ballroom (22).

Ex-Theatre Of Hate saxist John Lennard is, as already reported, now working with Canuck five-piece The Diodes. They are currently touring the States, but the word this week is that they are planning a series of UK dates in January.

Kirk, man of destiny. Pic: Fin Costello

Heavy Pettying

TOM PETTY & The Heartbreakers return to the UK for a brief pre-Christmas visit, kicking off with a major London show at the vast Wembley Arena on Tuesday, December 7. Their other four dates are at Manchester Apollo (8), Edinburgh Playhouse (9), Coventry Apollo (10) and Brighton Centre (12).

Wembley tickets are on sale now priced £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50 — and they are available now from the venue box-office, plus London Theatre Bookings, Premier, Albemarle and branches of Keith Prowse. Elsewhere prices are £5, £4 and £3, except at Brighton where it's £4.50 only, and they're on sale now from box-offices and usual agents.

ODES TO EXCESS

JAMAICAN POET Michael Smith, New York writer Kathy Acker, Scottish bard Richard Jobson and Albion's own Heathcote Williams and Attila The Stockbroker are among the host of verbal gymnasts who will be gracing The Third Coming Of the Poetry Olympics, due to be staged at London's Young Vic Theatre at the end of November.

The event is split into two marathon sessions of ranting, mime, comedy and song from all the world's four corners. The first, from 2–5.30pm on Saturday November 27, will feature James Berry, Eavan Boland, Kevin Coyne, Fran and Miles Landesman, Roger McGough, Susan Musgrave, Mountbatten's Plimsoll, Jill Neville, Elizabeth Shepherd Michael Smith, Ifigenija Zagoricnik and Benjamin Zephania.

The second session begins at 7.30pm on Monday November 29 and will feature Kathy Acker, Attila The Stockbroker, Jeni Couzyn, Richard Jobson, Jack Michelene, Adrian Mitchell, Jerome Rothenberg and Heathcote Williams, not forgetting Alvaro — the Chilean with the singing nose.

Tickets for this extravaganza cost £3.50 (Saturday) and £3 (Monday) with reductions for advance and party bookings, from the box office (01 928 6363).

It could be verse.

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SHORT SHARP SHOTS

Barmy army

☐ **Classix Nouveaux** guitarist **Jimi Sumen** has officially been certified insane, although he's still happily working with the band — which, some cynics might suggest, could be the reason for the diagnosis!

It happened when he returned to his native Finland to renew his passport, and was informed that he would be required to serve a period of National Service in the Finnish Army.

"I knew this would destroy my career as a musician, so I had to make them realise that I was mentally fragile," he explains. A visit to a psychiatrist confirmed that he was mad, and he was allowed to leave the country.

Back in London, shortly before leaving on the band's current tour of India, Sumen commented: "I hate the idea of the army. It all looks like children's games to me — it's just silly pretending to be soldiers."

His worry now is that when he next returns to Finland, he'll be expected to go before the army's assessment board, who are still questioning his sanity.

Ex-Ant vanishes

☐ **Kevin Mooney**, the ex-**Ant** who is now leader of cult band **Wide Boy Awake,** has gone missing from the London nursing home where he was undergoing treatment for a mystery ailment. He collapsed on Wednesday of last week, and was taken to the hospital evidently suffering from an unidentified virus, but he discharged himself unofficially in the small hours of Thursday morning.

There's since been no word either of him or his wife **Jordan,** and all efforts to trace them have proved fruitless. Anyone having any information concerning their whereabouts is asked to contact RCA Records urgently.

Pub poetry

☐ October 2 saw the opening of Apples and Snakes, London's new **Poetry Cabaret,** which features weekly doses of a poet headlining and a band or a pair of lesser-known poets in support. The idea is to make poetry more accessible as it gains in popularity, therefore the venue is a pub — the Adam's Arms in Conway St, London W1. Prices are £1.50 and £1 for students or UB40's (Details: 01 223 7031; 785 7220.)

November's schedule is as follows: On Saturday November 6 at 8.00, **Kevin Coyne** supported by **Spartacus R, Owen O'Neill** and **Sheri Laizer.** On Saturday, November 13 at 8, **Joolz,** supported by **Patrik Fitzgerald, Michael Belbin** and **Slade The Leveller.** On November 20 at 8, **African Dawn** are supported by **Michele Roberts, Tilt** and **Knife In The Light.** On Saturday, November 27 at 8, **Seething Wells** appears with **Little Dave, Anne Clark** and **Kevin Hewick.**

In the pink

☐ Young women's 'alternative' magazine ***Shocking Pink*** has once again decided to seek new help for their collective. Last time they did so in *NME*, they say the 'huge response' was very gratifying and helpful, so if you'd like to contribute to an alternative to the likes of *Jackie*, get in touch with the present staff at: *Shocking Pink*, 90 Cromer St, London W1. They'd be glad to hear from you.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOWES

Or what the number one Boy will be wearing next year

FETED AS THE CLOTHIER OF CULTURE CLUB, Sue Clowes has rapidly made the transition from flogging extreme impracticalities in Camden, and starring in dubious 'art' events, to the heady atmosphere of *Vogue* and celeb-packed introductory shows.

The credibility bestowed by a number one group ensured a full house at the launching of Clowes Spring '83 collection in the ritzy environs of Plums, a Shoreditch disco-bar, hardly the most obvious venue to introduce an ascendant star to the seamy world of Big Cash Fashion.

The presentation itself raised further eyebrows. Although any attempt to leave the 'catwalk'-type fashion show in the museum must be applauded, the way Clowes' clothes were presented did nothing to enhance their admitted charm.

The numerous models simply improvised various ethnic-style dances on and around the bar — it turned out they were also employed to serve the drinks, which meant, as the evening wore on, the poor souls became visibly fatigued trying to keep the audience well-oiled while prancing and preening at every available opportunity.

Essentially the garments were a logical progression from the entertaining forays into religious imagery and 'king of the road' sign language. After Clowes' success the emphasis has shifted from striking individual motifs to a gentler investigation of actual fabric patterning. While the cross and the rose had been the most identifiable features of the Culture Club Collection, now the entire garments boasted subtler all-over prints — quasitie-dye effects in bold primaries and broad, rough stripes in black, grey and white.

The shapes followed the Culture Club/Haysi Fantayzee bobtailed ragamuffin tendency, the brevity of Clowes' earlier work being forsaken in a freer version of the Victorian Dread!

With much naked flesh and be-ribboned hair, bums prodding whenever the naff DJ deigned to play a suitably Afro track, the boys and girls sported an assortment of gathered skirts, baggy pants and dungerees, and an air of being 'in' on the ground floor.

Whether the customers of Top Shop and the like will take to these frocks next year remains in question — this look having graced the streets quite considerably already this summer — will the 'New Hippy Ethnic' catch on?

An interesting question to keep all us fashion pundits in suspense . . .

GRAHAM K. SMITH

Above: Barmaiden-style Clowes-horse personette prances in props while the fashion correspondent of 'The Real Aler's Gazette' *looks on unimpressed and wonders how long it bloody takes to get served a bloody pint round here.*

Right: The all-new "Victorian Dread" look today's leisure-aged kids are going for. Just the job for scampering up those chimneys!

PIX: PETER ANDERSON

"A little more off the top Guy?"

TOO MUCH MONKEY BUSINESS

LISTENERS to Radio One and Radio Four or readers of *The Standard* or *Guardian* will have heard the sad story of Guy the gorilla — as told by the *NME*'s John May.

Guy is now a stuffed gorilla who was last week put on exhibition at the National History Museum. And John has been protesting against what he sees as the final indignity in a "disastrous" life.

Guy was captured in 1947 and brought London Zoo on Guy Fawkes day. All attempts to mate him were unsuccessful, and although keepers played with him when he was young, as he grew larger Guy was condemned to solitary confinement, relieved only by the sparrows he would sometimes cup in his paw. Guy died during an operation on teeth that had rotted after zoo visitors fed him sweets.

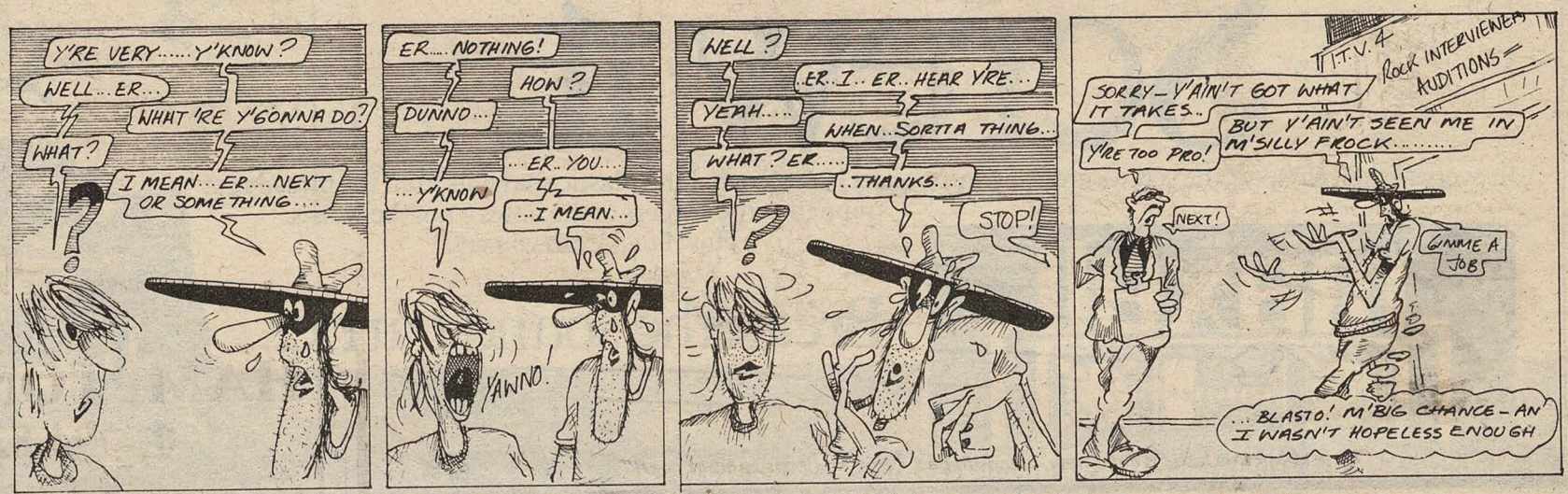
"His life sums up everything about how not to treat an animal," claims John.

John alleges that Guy's preserved carcass now forms part of a Zoo PR campaign which gives a false picture of what happened to Guy and other animals. Although a plaque states that Zoo animals are now bred in captivity instead of captured in the wild, no mention is made of the difficulties of zoo breeding where animals often become incapable of reproducing, he adds. He also objects to the statue of Guy at the Zoo which is soon to be unveiled — facing the box office.

"Guy raises so many issues, and I'm planning to dig into them deeper," says John. Meanwhile he has just co-authored two books on animals — *Wierd And Wonderful Wild Life* and *The Book Of Beasts*.

— LYNN HANNA

the lone groover benyon



portrait of the stylist as a CONSUMER

PAUL WELLER

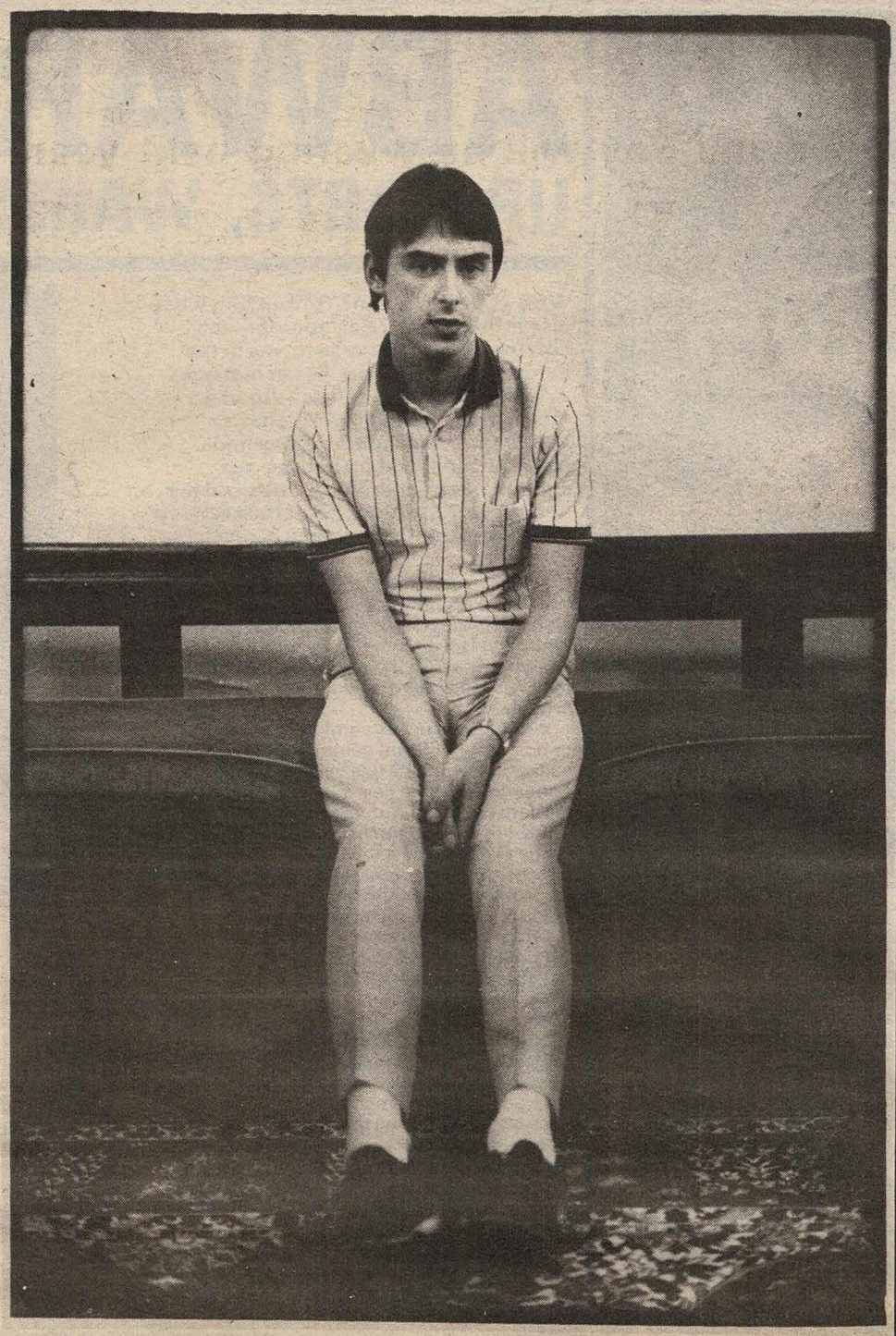


Photo by Pennie Smith

LABELS
Tamla Motown
Stax
Atlantic
Trojan
Verve
Mojo
Invictus
Blue Note
Sue/Island
Skabeat/Bluebeat
Greensleeves
Charly
Sugarhill

COOLEST CATS
Steve Marriott
Jimmy Smith
Vaughn Toulouse
Top shopping highstreeting hipsters

NO STYLE & SQUARE
Dirty
Rock 'n' Roll
'Rock'
"Out of it"
Music papers

STYLE & HIP
Clean
Keeping straight
Cappucino
Spa water with slice of lime
Roberto Carlos
Mr Byrites
Soul
Europe
Jazz, modern
Classical
Symmetry

FEMALE VOX
Dusty Springfield
Aretha Franklin
Millie Jackson
Nina Simone
Madeline Bell
Sandie Shaw
Dionne Warwick

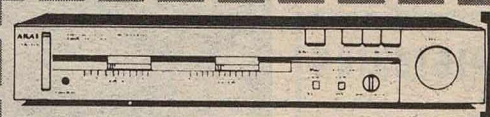
MALE VOX
Smokey Robinson
Otis Redding
Wilson Pickett
Stevie Wonder
Stevie Marriott
Reggie King
Levi Stubbs
General Johnson
Michael Jackson
Muddy Waters
Howlin' Wolf
Terry Hall

I WANT . . .
A blue and orange tonik suit
An imitation sheepskin threequarter length coat
To get on with people
To produce more records
To own a clothes shop and coffee bar

I BELIEVE
In Greek Gods and Goddesses (I've seen some in Oxford Street)
In Orwell's politics
In Common Sense
In L.O.V.E.

lowry

"How about this lads? It's the new, camouflaged, Catering Corps combat gear!"



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17 November	EDINBURGH Playhouse	7.30pm
18 November	GLASGOW Apollo	7.30pm
20/21 November	IPSWICH Gaumont	7.30pm
22 November	GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre	7.30pm
23 November	LEICESTER De Montfort Hall	7.30pm
24 November	MANCHESTER Apollo	2 shows: 6.30 & 9.15pm
25 November	SHEFFIELD City Hall	7.30pm
27 November	BLACKPOOL Opera House	7.30pm
28 November	LIVERPOOL Empire	2 shows: 5.45 & 8.30pm
29 November	BIRMINGHAM Odeon	2 shows: 6.30 & 9.15pm
30 November	BRIGHTON Centre	8.00pm
2/3/4/5 December	HAMMERSMITH Odeon	8.00pm
11 December	SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont	2 shows: 5.45 & 8.30pm
12 December	OXFORD Apollo	7.30pm
13 December	NOTTINGHAM Royal Centre	7.30pm
15 December	SHEPTON MALLET Showering Pavilion*	7.30pm
16 December	POOLE Arts Centre	7.30pm
18 December	ST. AUSTELL Cornwall Coliseum	7.30pm

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● CND are already gearing up for a sponsored walk to be held on Hampstead Heath December 5th. The aim of the walk will be to raise money for the Campaign's entry into 1983, particularly with reference to decisively defeating the placement of Cruise missiles in the country. It's early days now of course, but it is vital that CND achieve adequate funds for their New Year's work, so support Peace Walk '82 by locating sponsors or taking part yourself and seeing that as many people as possible sponsor you.

The walk will be 10 miles long and will pass by Kenwood House as it traverses Hampstead Heath from East Heath Car Park. (It will begin at 12 am). Start saving up your 'sensible clothing' now and find out the details of sponsorship from CND Peace Walk, CND, 11 Goodwin St, London N4. If you are unable to take part, donations are welcome, as ever.

● November 15 will see the beginning of the hearing concerning the eighteen women from Greenham Common Peace Camp, who are to be tried for breach of the peace after occupying a sentry box at the main entrance to USAF Greenham Common on August 27.

The action has been brought by the police in a *criminal court*, thus indicating that the Ministry of Defence will pursue a conscious policy of criminalising dissent itself. This despite Lord Denning's pronouncement that "Every citizen has the right to make the person who is breaking, or threatening to break, the peace refrain from doing so ... It is not the right of every citizen, it is his duty." On trial, claim the defendants and their supporters, are the actions of the Government — which proclaims its support for law and order but which is daily preparing weapons designed to commit "the greatest crime in international law".

Photomontage: Peter Kennard.

● IMPORTANT NOTICE: London will be holding its first meeting to discuss the possibility of a British nuclear Freeze movement (the movement to freeze proliferation of all nuclear arms and energy which is gaining widespread world acceptance). It is to be held Nov 11 at 7.30 pm in the Central Hall, Westminster, and will be chaired by CND's Joan Ruddock. MP Judith Hart will represent the British views and delegates from both America and the USSR will explain their nations' attitudes to the Freeze movement. It's an open meeting — try and be there!

— CYNTHIA ROSE

ABWARTS— UPSTARTS, WARTS AND ALL

WAS ZU tun in Essen? Trinken. But what else is there to do? Eat, appropriately. Like the many one-horse towns of the industrial Ruhr district, Essen manages — with a minimum of fuss — to make a meal out of nothing much. It has an abundance of bakeries, coffeeshops, pubs, pizzerias, kebab houses, sex supermarkets, alternative cafes and the new wave *Tanzlokale*. All parties catered for. Everybody finds a place at one table or another.

So how come not everybody's satisfied? Why will a group such as Abwarts attempt — with malevolent spite and maniacal glee — to upturn tables, offer themselves as an unsightly stain on the cloth? Perhaps because they're suspicious of anything handed them on a plate.

While others nestle comfortably with the minor, yet significant gains made by the country's marginals this past decade, pondering (like the heartbreakingly cautious modern couple of Gunter Grass's cruelly funny novel *Headbirths. Or: The Germans Are Dying Out)* how best to help the Third World, whether to wear this or that badge, just how fair is it to bring a child into this unsettled world, and if backing the Alternative List means a valid or wasted vote, Abwarts continue to play the cankerous reminder that not all is pleasant in Germany's Green, patriarchal state.

When so much of Germany's opposition, culturally speaking, is state sanctioned, protest becomes more a matter of taste than degree. Abwarts' exposure of such a contradiction is deemed to be in the worst possible taste. Noting the ease with which the cultural sponge soaks up the right references, Abwarts are forced to acknowledge the futility of saying *anything*. Nevertheless, their songs are a stirring, if garish testament to the fact that silence is overrated.

In other words, Abwarts make themselves heard with extraordinary vigour, skilfully avoiding the debased language of protest — be it '68's, '77's or '82's subversive dance

Axel

factions — replacing it with charged sex metaphors for their relationship with the established left, right or centre.

Abwarts remain confident that their sarcasm stings where it should. Few people are willing to go back for a second helping. Should one take, then, their sadly dwindling German audience as a sign of their unerring accuracy? Or is it more simply that they are suffering the wholesale backlash to the wet fart of the *Neue Deutsche Welle* they preceded but were never part of? Whatever, it is scant consolation for the energy they invest in their live shows.

IN ESSEN Abwarts are playing at the Logo Club, whose whitewashed walls and geometrically shaped neon strip lights mark it

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Frank Z tries to find the audience.

Germany's stroppiest band bare their teeth. Chris Bohn passes the Deutsches, Peter Anderson gets the mugshots.

as one of the many new wave cafes that mushroomed throughout Germany in the twilight of the *Neue Deutsche Welle*. Though the place is small, the concert has still not sold out.

Should I add here that an Abwarts concert is quite a spectacle? Its value partly lies in the group's willingness to do the obvious, provided that the obvious is appropriate. They're not afraid to let their Hamburg punk roots show, secure in the knowledge that they've taken enough diversions — both musical and philosophical — to maintain their momentum.

ABWARTS BEGAN as a five piece in Hamburg in Christmas '79. A few tracks on a live sampler 'Noise For The '80s' (Zickzack) survives their birth. The following spring they recorded a wonderful EP, 'Computerstaat', which included a rampant version of Brecht/Weill's 'The Alabama Song', and later a tempestuous, if dully produced, debut LP 'Amok'/'Koma'.

They temporarily broke up to pursue different projects — Chung and Mufti joining the Berlin steel group Einsturzende Neubauten (Collapsing New Buildings) amongst others. Chung also worked with Abwarts' other drummer Axel Dill on a punning single by Der Favorit called 'Mea Culpa' featuring the recorded voice of Pope John Paul II on lead vocals.

"Did you notice," asks Marc Chung with a mischievous grin," the shots at the end of the record? This was before the pope was shot! We pointed out to everybody that we'd predicted the event, but still nobody bought it!"

The brief post concert conversation inevitably revolves around their poor sales and concert attendances.

That one of Germany's most exciting post punk groups should be having so much trouble with sales is partly down to the current mistrust of German music at home, and partly to their refusal to go the soft-focused path of resistance that appeals to the alternatives.

As it is, Abwarts, since regrouping as a four piece last year, have gone out of their way to bait their most potential audience. They signed to a major, Phonogram, and released the bilious, intermittently brilliant 'Der Westen Ist Einsam'/'The West Is Lonely', which perceived the dormant bloodlust and S/M relationship that is at the base of communication between the controllers and controlled, only to have their recognition of a condition misinterpreted as their endorsement of it.

"Really, you can't help but want to frighten these alternative people," spits Marc Chung. "It's the only way to wake them up. Sometimes it means we are joking around with dangerous things, getting ourselves in trouble. But what else can you do with these people? It would be easier to exploit them by giving them what they want. . .*social* resistance, *hippy* resistance, *soft* music."

How about telling them a bedtime story? Their new EP couples a bitchy bit of gossip about the supposed deathbed reunion of 'Liz Und Richard' (Taylor and Burton) with the bloody reportage of 'Beirut Holiday Inn'.

"We were hoping Burton might die to push up sales," sneers Frank Z. "But things don't always work out, you know?"

The EP is completed by Abwarts' two best songs: 'It Always Hurts The First Time' and 'Monkey Dance'. The latter is sung with desolate sweetness by Frank Z who, despite their contempt for the alternatives, isn't above giving them some advice on surviving the apocalypse.

I leave you with his parting shots: *Here speaks the chimpanzee from the Krisis Zone. . .And to survive I recommend that you/Be nice to one another and wrap up warm!"*

● *Abwarts will be playing two dates in Britain next week, firstly at London Dingwalls (!) on November 16 and then at Sheffield Lyceum on November 17.*

● *A note to our non-German speaking readers: Trinken means to drink, Essen, a German town, also means to eat; tun means to do and Abwarts means Down — (Ed.)*

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portrait of the hack as a CONSUMER

MONTY SMITH

Pic: Captain Nemo

FILMS
Citizen Kane (Orson Welles 1941)
The Deer Hunter (Michael Cimino 1978)
Don't Look Now (Nicolas Roeg 1973)
E.T. (Steven Spielberg 1982)
It's A Wonderful Life (Frank Capra 1946)
Little Big Man (Arthur Penn 1970)
Marnie (Alfred Hitchcock 1964)
Meet Me In St Louis (Vincente Minnelli 1944)
The Producers (Mel Brooks 1968)
Psycho (Alfred Hitchcock 1960)
The Searchers (John Ford 1956)
Taxi Driver (Martin Scorsese 1976)
The Wild Bunch (Sam Peckinpah 1969)

BOOKS
The Ox-Bow Incident, Walter Van Tilberg Clark
Cruel Shoes, Steve Martin
Hitch, John Russell Taylor
The Old Testament, Various

WORST FILMS
Anything by John Waters
Anything with James Dean
Apocalypse Now
Christiane F
Fellini Satyricon
Just A Gigolo
The Last Movie
Last Year At Marienbad
The Loveless
The Passenger
West Side Story
Zabriskie Point

MUSIC
Saint-Saens: Carnival Of The Animals
Elgar: Cello Concerto
Wagner: Tannhauser Overture
Purcell: Abdelazer Suite
J. S. Bach: Orchestral Suite No 1 in C major
Aaron Copland: Rodeo
Vivaldi: Andante from Concerto in B flat major for two orchestras
Randy Newman: Good Old Boys
John Martyn: Inside Out
Ian Dury: New Boots And Panties
ZZ Top: Tres Hombres

TV
Bilko
Likely Lads
Match Of The Day
Alan Bleasdale
G. F. Newman
Dennis Potter
MGM cartoons

MEN
Mr Laurel and Mr Hardy
W. C. Fields
Will Hay
Phil Silvers
Spike Milligan
Mel Brooks

WOMEN
Joyce Grenfell
Katherine Hepburn
Jean Arthur
Julie Andrews

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Cynical hacks

DISLIKES
Crusading journalists

QUOTE
"Never trust any bastard who doesn't drink." — Humphrey Bogart

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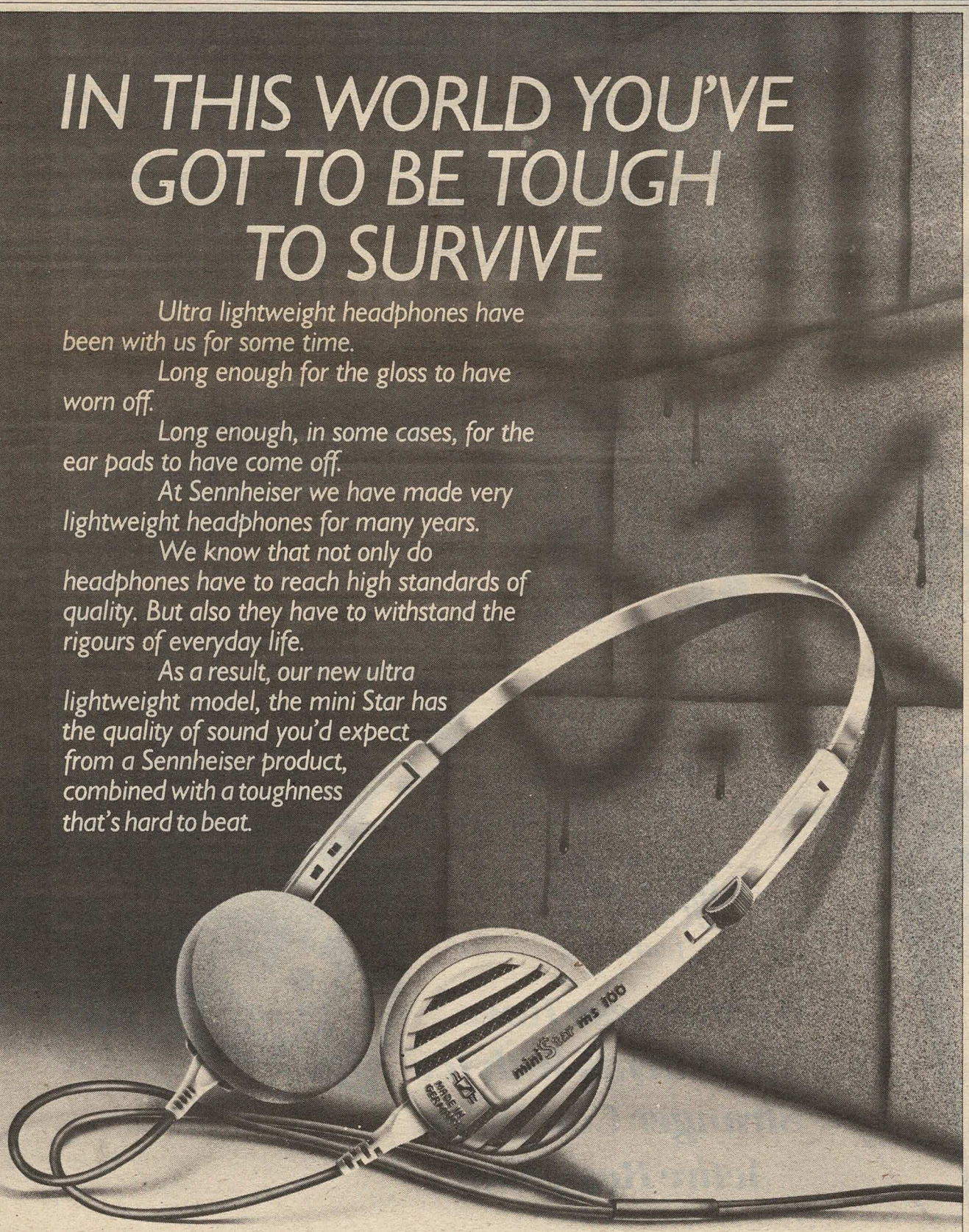

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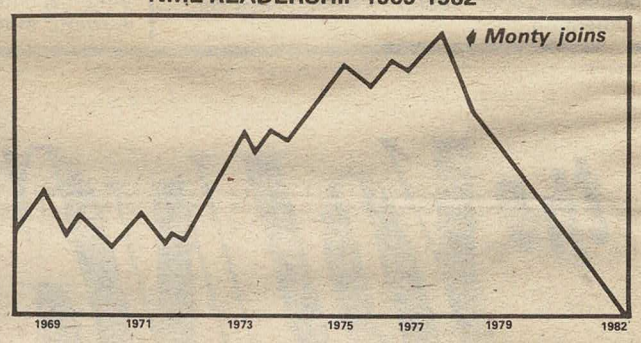
MONTY SMITH: AN APPRECIATION

THE ROCK WORLD is deeply saddened and *NME* much the poorer for the sudden passing of Monty Smith who was lost to us at 5.30pm local time last week.

It is fair to say that the *NME* today owes much to Monty and his influence. When he joined in 1976 we were the number one rock journal in the world with a staggering eight million worldwide readership.

He leaves us in times which see us floundering at the rear of the magazine race and with a circulation that is confined to Mr Frank Mountain, a panel-beater from Rhyl. The graph below illustrates this point further

NME READERSHIP 1969-1982



So who was he, this leper of the newstands? One person who remembers his first day here is the then assistant editor Martin Maggots:

"Well, yeah, I was out in the old review room at Kings Reach Tower when my phone rang. I answered and there's this guy on the other end offering me an exclusive piece on the road manager of Gordon Lightfoot. Well naturally I was interested and makes this guy an appointment.

"OK, so two weeks later, like wham! Into the office strolls this guy with a mauve herring bone three-piece suit, fedora hat and carpet slippers, like y'know Monty Smith. Only at that time he wanted to call himself Finbar Cheese. Monty sits down and spills the entire beans about this entire bloke — Lightfoot's road manager — and just blew me away, cos y'know, we need all the investigative journalists we can get.

"It was a great scam about how Lightfoot's road-manager was creaming off the profits from this all-night pie-stall in Dulwich and, like, not declaring it on his tax returns. Heavy stuff which, in those days, we didn't know how to run . . . so we bottled out I guess."

Smith was soon a fixture at the *NME* although he perplexed many with his chosen persona of Failed Ignorant Redneck. Nothing could have been further from the truth. In reality Smith is a very *successful* Ignorant Redneck. Somebody who has noticed the change in Monty is Dale Widths: "Monty is a changed man. I remember years — or as Brian Case would say *years* — ago, he would be immaculately dressed, diligent, courteous and punctual. But look at him today. He shows up at midday drunk and partially naked, making obscene wrist-gestures at the women, throwing things at homosexuals, and then disappearing at one to get roaring drunk with his 'friends'. The conscience of the *NME* in fact."

But what about his famed humour, what makes him laugh Dale? "Laugh? Oh . . . er, sexual organs make him laugh. Vulgar jokes about physical or mental handicaps cause him to ripple with laughter. Er . . . piddle, bogeys and burps. When he's drunk, which is confined to when he's awake really, most anything makes him laugh. I saw him laugh at a pair of scissors once — he was in a shocking state".

And now he is gone. He leaves a widow, Danny Baker, and one son, Ian Penman, who on hearing of his father's passing ran off into the night as fast as his tiny little legs would carry him and hasn't been heard of since. How this newspaper will adjust to being a going concern once more is anyone's guess. How anyone will fill the fat man's chair is too painful to contemplate.

It is a measure of the high esteem this office held him in when it's known that just 32 people collected over four pounds for his leaving wreath, and in accordance with his last wish his trouser belt will be recycled to form a leather pavement running from Gillingham to King's Cross.

Monty Smith — The Big Man. 1976-1982. Homosexuals breathe easy once more . . .

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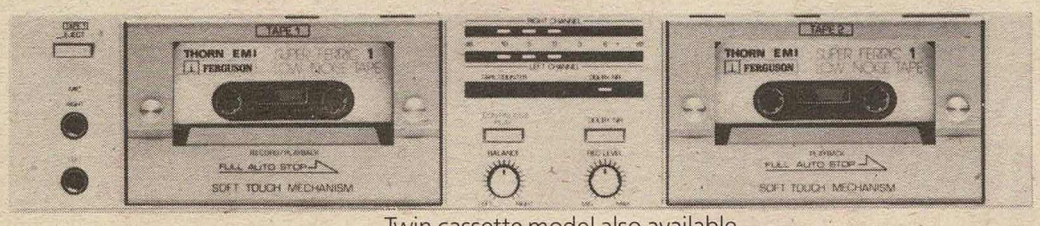

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GOING UP THE... Tube

So what's the verdict of Channel 4's *The Tube?* A disaster or success? We spend a day on the set, amidst the chaos and celebrations...

BY ADRIAN THRILLS
PHOTOS KEVIN CUMMINS

PAULA YATES

A SMALL STEP FOR POP - A GIANT STEP FOR FAT WOMAN

THE TUBE

A CAMERAMAN zooms in on a lone figure standing nervously in front of the perspex tunnel which leads into Tyne Tees Television's Studio Five. The former Squeeze keyboard player Jools Holland gazes through the early evening drizzle and begins to quack busily into the lens.

"Right! Pay very close attention indeed. Walk to your television set and turn it up. It is November 5 and we're just about to go down in the annals of television history with a live rock show . . . from now on you're going to be watching the fantastic *Tube!*"

With those words, the cathode ray tube's latest contribution to the country's pop culture last week lifted itself off the launching pad and into our living rooms. It will be with us every Friday night for the next 20 weeks, beaming almost two hours of live music and chatter to an audience of over ten million.

These are still early days, but the possibilities of *The Tube* are clearly enormous. Rather than push the programme as Channel Four's answer to the increasingly staid tandem of *Top Of The Pops* and *Whistle Test* served up by the BBC, the *Tube* team are aiming to recapture and update the spirit and excitement of the legendary '60s pop show *Ready Steady Go.*

The Tube is an ambitious project and it already has a lot going for it. Firstly, its producers have secured themselves a prestigious primetime viewing slot. Secondly, they possess an infectious enthusiasm essential to the presentation of televised pop. Thirdly, the whole show is transmitted *live* from a Newcastle studio, perhaps the biggest plus factor of the lot.

Last Friday's programme — in reality more of a glorified pilot show — emphasised all these advantages. It also revealed a number of potentially fatal flaws, but more of those later. Right now, it is coming up to 5.15 pm on Channel Four — time to go down to the *Tube* station.

THE SHOW

EACH EPISODE of *The Tube* is hosted by a team of three presenters. Two of them are 'name' hosts — Jools Holland and Bob Geldof's girlfriend, Paula Yates (described in her Tyne Tees biog as a 'pop personality', whatever that may be).

Alongside these two each week will be one of the five 'unknown' rookies plucked painstakingly from a list of over 3,000 applicants. For the opening show, it is a Scottish Associates and Simple Minds fan called Muriel Gray, who got the job after answering an advert in *NME.*

The centrepiece of the first programme is a 30-minute live set from The Jam, a performance accompanied by a Muriel Gray interview with Paul Weller in the band's dressing room. It transpires that Weller had originally intended breaking the news of the impending parting of the band live on the air but shelved such plans once rumours of their split began circulating a few weeks ago.

Also in the studio are Sheffield's Heaven 17, augmented for the night by the Beggar And Co horns, and snotty Sunderland brats The Toy Dolls, who enjoy the distinction of becoming the first live rock band to appear on the new channel when the cameras pan to them straight from Holland's jumpy intro.

The rest of the show consists of an incredibly smug Yates interview with Policeman Sting, an equally stilted chat between Holland and Pete Townshend, a torturous film feature on the LA music scene, video clips from Duran Duran and Glasgow's highly-promising Set The Tone, a couple of magazine-style featurettes and some caustic interjections by Sheffield poet Mark Miwurdz.

Most of the pieces are crammed into the first 45 minutes of the show, rendering it no more than a series of fragments thrown together with little cohesion and none of the pace and unpredictability one might expect from a live broadcast.

The two featurettes, a dreary piece on modzines and an overlong item on African dance, seem particularly dense and tedious for all their touted topicality. The absence, too, of a single challenging, stimulating interview was also disappointing — Muriel Gray's chat with Weller was probably the best, if only for its bluntness; while Paula's probing of Sting was embarrassing in its trite sexual innuendo.

And so *The Tube* began with a whimper rather than a bang, although the pace did eventually quicken as the focus switched to the twin stages and the second section of the show. Once the bands arrived, things began to buzz the way a live pop programme should.

THE BANDS

THE TUBE suffered badly from the rigidity of its format, but the opening night was saved by the performance of the two main studio groups, Heaven 17 and The Jam. The only mystery is why one of them, ideally Heaven 17, wasn't invited to open the show, thus involving the studio audience, surely the real soul of such a programme, right from the outset.

Instead, Messrs Marsh, Ware, Gregory and their brass-bossing cohorts from Beggars enter the fray somewhere around halftime. They skip and flit through three songs, 'At The Height Of The Fighting', 'Who Will Stop The Rain' and the current single 'Let Me Go', and the audience respond accordingly. Though not playing live in the strictest sense — their synthesised sound coming from the customary set of backing tapes employed in their club PAs — the group give the show its first real surge of adrenalin.

"The Tyne Tees people have been great to work with," observes Martyn Ware in the dressing room later. "They might lack a bit technically, but they more than make up for that with their enthusiasm."

But it was The Jam who gave *Tube One* its crowning moments with a fiery set that was occasionally ragged but never unexciting. Paul Weller's output over the last couple of years has been erratic to say the least, but here were The Jam sticking to what they know best, belting out eight superb songs with a taut, nervous commitment rarely captured on a televised pop programme . . . 'Ghosts', 'In The Crowd', 'Malice', 'Modern World', 'Move On Up', 'The Great Depression', 'Precious' and the forthcoming final single 'Beat Surrender'.

The cameramen actually run out of time somewhere

WELLER LIVE

HEAVEN 17

around here, but the band play on, to the delight of the studio audience, with their blistering covers of Edwin Starr's 'War' and Ray Davies' 'David Watts' before returning to their dressing room.

Weller later attributed the sheer intensity of the performance partly to nerves, although a burning desire to make the band's last live TV appearance one of their most memorable no doubt also came into it.

So what did they make of the programme overall?

"I think that the show will be good as long as they can keep getting the interesting live acts on it," opines Weller. "It would be great if they could have a set from an English group like us alongside an American band like Shalamar or something."

"Most of the pop shows that you get on TV never last," adds drummer Buckler. "But this one stands a better chance than most. Most of the problems that you get with pop on TV are basically because the television people just don't understand the bands that they are putting on. At least this lot seem to know better than most."

THE PRESENTERS

PRODUCERS of *The Tube* Malcolm Gerrie and Paul Corley defend the much-criticised selection of Paula Yates and Jools Holland as the 'name' presenters of the new show on the grounds of their professionalism and previous television experience.

It would have been pointless, they argue, throwing an entire team of 'unknowns' in at the deep end on such an important show, as the series is the most ambitious project ever undertaken by Tyne Tees.

Nevertheless the air of showbiz smugness and petty ego-gratification from Holland and Yates is one of the more unwelcome aspects of *The Tube,* particularly as they're actually as nervous as the relatively inexperienced Muriel Gray.

Paula Yates is particularly nauseating. Her main concern lies in projecting her own personality at the expense of the show, continually flashing flesh or drawing attention to the fact that she is a few months pregnant by touting the show as a small step for pop but a major step for fat women.

The best bit, however, occurs off-camera when she informs our own Kevin Cummins how she would have gobbed on him had she realised earlier that he was from the *NME.* Such a charming girl.

The five unknowns — Muriel Gray, Michel Cremona, Gary James, Mike Everitt, and Nick Laird-Cowes — might lack the bland confidence of Yates and Holland, but in the context of a live pop programme surely their far greater enthusiasm for the music more than compensates for any absence of slick professionalism?

Muriel, a 24-year-old exhibition designer at an Edinburgh museum who made her television debut on Friday's show, begs to differ and defends the appointment of two 'name' hosts. She was also clearly unhappy with her Jam interview, feeling that first-night nerves got the better of both her and Weller, although she was to compensate in part with her introduction of the band later on as "those masters of wit and repartee".

"I didn't think the interview was very successful," she says. "Most Jam fans are probably pretty disappointed and it is probably my fault that things weren't better. Paul is a very committed person and somehow I couldn't get him to talk about the things that concern him. Maybe if I'd been more professional like Paula and Jools I'd have been able to handle it better. If I was Paula I could have put my leg over his neck like she did with Sting and that would have probably been better . . ."

Except that Weller would have probably clocked you.

"Probably would have, but it would have made very good television."

The interview apart, how did she feel the first show went?

"It's hard for me to be objective, but I think the show was really exciting. The Jam were great onstage, and it's that sort of thing that proves that this show has the potential to be really great. When you look at the competition, there's nothing else really. The *Whistle Test* is really boring and *Top Of The Pops* is only any good as a comedy show."

THE PRODUCER

THE MAN behind *The Tube* is a bluff, amiable Tyne Tees producer by the name of Malcolm Gerrie. At 32, he has already produced the acclaimed *Alright Now* and *Razzamatazz* shows, both of which boasted a heavy bias towards music, and he remains a man with very definite ideas on televised pop.

When he approached the Channel Four programme controllers on behalf of Tyne-Tees with his assistant Paul Corley, the idea was to propose a series of eight 30-minute magazine shows. The programmers turned him down. Instead they suggested a series of 20 105 minute music shows, and the concept of *The Tube* was born.

"We wanted to make a show that would convey the energy that teenagers and young people have still got," he says. "If anyone says to me that the kids — sorry, but I can't think of another word for them — are depressed and

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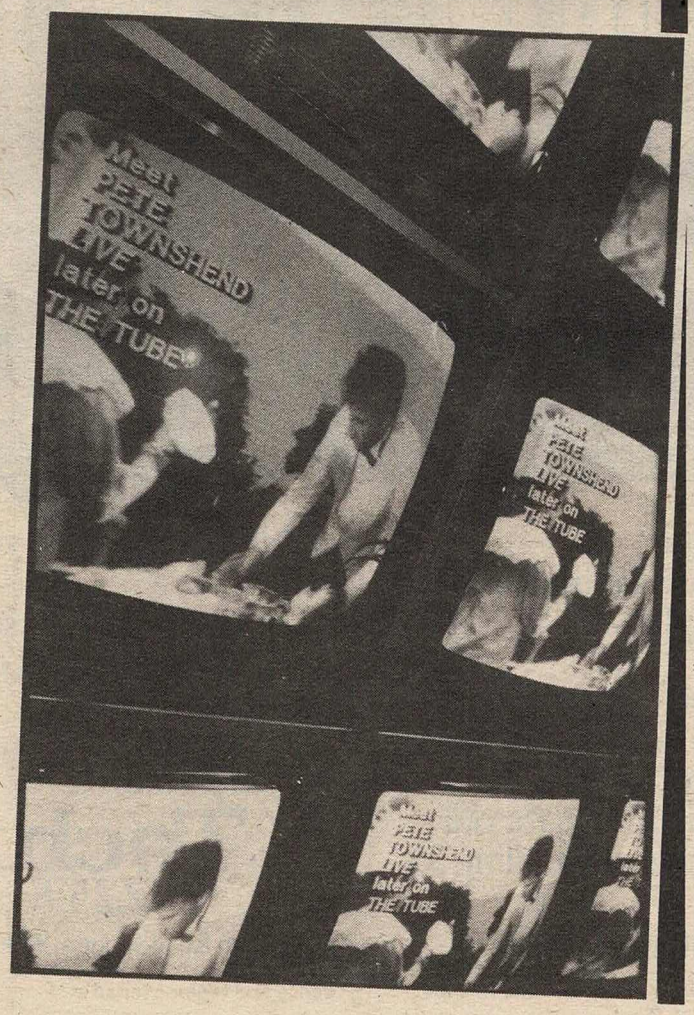
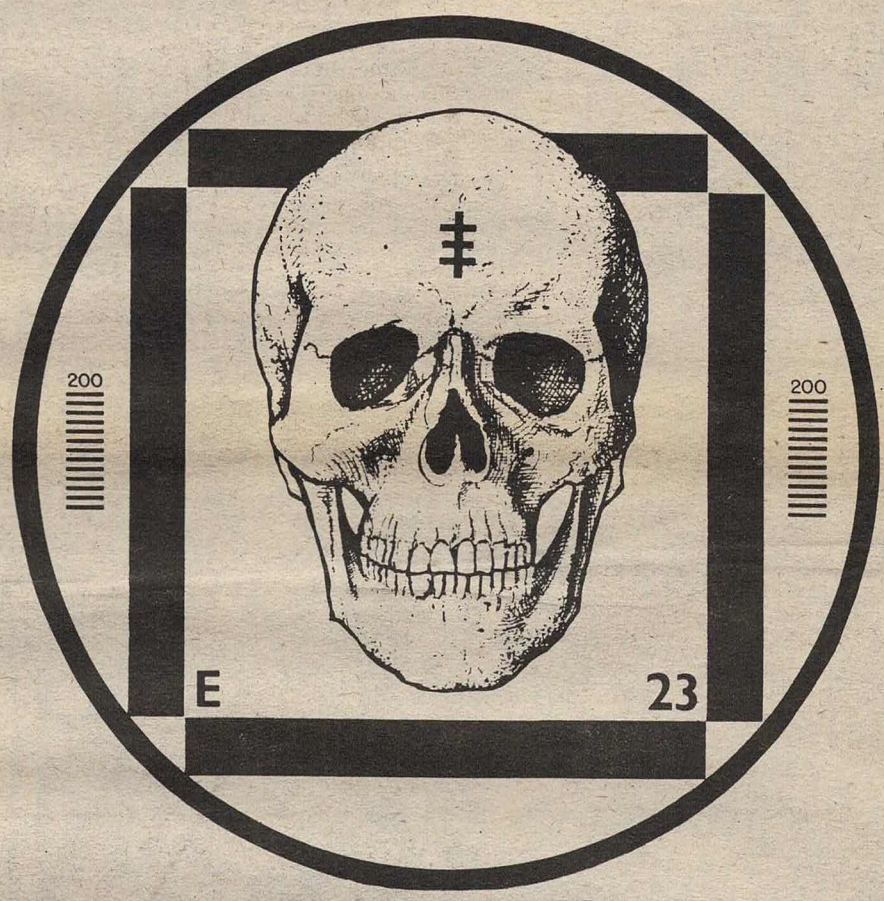


THOSE WHO DO NOT REMEMBER THE PAST ARE CONDEMNED TO REPEAT IT.



PSYCHIC TV
FORCE THE HAND OF CHANCE

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PSY I

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The best thing to happen to television since the OFF button ...

The Grants try and keep up with the Jones in 'Brookside'.

Cross channel skimmer Julie Burchill goes 4 it.

ALL IT took was an average of an hour a night for the first week of Channel 4 to see that the tyro had a funny bone, a brain and a heart — qualities that the old guard are all too willing to throw out with last year's licence.

Worst things first; *Channel Four News* — an hour every day, starting at seven — seemed like a good idea on paper but has got off to a *very* shaky start. I'd put this down to the ludicrous gesture towards "innovation" of having the newsreaders (led by a singularly unappealing Peter Sissons, whose expression of permanent sourness suggests that he is concealing a rank and rotten kipper beneath his clipboard) perched on high stools.

It makes the programme look as though it's coming from a singles bar on a slow night.

Everyone knows that newsreaders need a desk and a chair — that's the only way they can feel like solid, respectable journalists rather than flimsy, disposable talking heads.

I also dislike the programme's habit of chucking in a vaguely cultural item — meant to be classy but really rather offensive; one war, one massacre and one item about the Arts Council.

On the subject of spurious culture, I could have done without the way handpicked middlebrow morsels of boredom were thrown in to the first week's programming like red meat to a caged big cat; "Come and get it, Tiger!"

We were given Barishnykov practically drowning in a sea of drool issuing from the phoney face of Lisa Minelli, a performer so neurotic and jittery that merely watching her gives me ulcers.

Barishnykov, you might remember, defected from the glorious USSR when they began to relegate him to second-string roles seeing as how his talents were on the wane. The West — which means America — duly elevated him to the status of demi-god.

The West would deify a Russian rapist or child molester so long as he defected; the defection maketh the man.

In *Barishnykov On Broadway* Mikhail proved very obligingly that America is a trash-heap, fit only for the wrung-out and used-up, and that he himself was ready for the knacker's yard years ago.

Similar pseudo-culture was served up in the shape of Pavarotti and the RSC; mediocre mush for uppity morons.

Our two-year-old was very excited at the prospect of the best part of two hours of pop music, but *The Tube* was a bitter disappointment to him. After ten minutes he wandered off to have his bath.

It was ALL TALK: there was NO MUSIC.

When will the aged producers of teen-orientated TV wake up to the flat fact that nothing succeeds like a good tune, repeated endlessly? Most of the chat on pop shows would not be out of place on the news pages of *Melody Maker* (circulation 8).

The presenters are no Cathy MacGowans, nor even Aysheas; I personally have turned down THREE OFFERS to present TV teen shows for the simple reason that at 22 I am simply TOO OLD to tell teenagers what's what. Teenagers are a buyer's market. There's a massive pool of them, a lot of them are unutterably beautiful — and a lot out of work. Could not a couple of these living, breathing young people be purchased for a small fee and stuffed into this tired turkey in order to provide a little flavour and fun?

The present presenters would therefore be left to go back to their true vocations of hatching books and records that nobody wants to buy. *The Tube* — the weekend stops here.

The station's sole soap, *Brookside,* manages to be both cluttered and empty, and is even more shockingly bad when you consider that it was created by Phil Redmond of *Grange Hill* brouhaha and brilliance.

In the second episode a man ran out to turn off his car alarm, completely in the rude except for a copy of the *Sunday Times Colour Supplement*. That was the funniest thing that happened!

The dialogue was astonishingly unsubtle; "Get up, Bobby, you don't want to be late for Mass" — clever way of telegraphing Papism at the audience.

There were programmes that needed to be seen but that I personally wouldn't have watched for a coke-pushing carseller's ransom — *Walter* (Fleet Street with their sleaze-diviner and cerebral dry rot catching on to one brief encounter with a sex-crazed dwarf) and the unforgivable institutionalized torture of *The Animals Film*.

Channel 4 is wonderful for film buffs, at least seven films a week, a Boris Karloff season, *Pleasure Palaces,* and on a Saturday afternoon Jean Harlow vamping rather than Big Daddy sweating.

Talk is the best entertainment, and there is a lot of talk on this new channel. *Voices* chaired by Al Alvarez made you want to shake the hands of some of the speakers and break the backs of the others, which means that it was a success — it really was a *talk show* as opposed to that wretch the *chat show,* in which talk is the interval between cheap laughs and crummy crooners.

What The Papers Say — presented beautifully by Brian Ingalls who presented the first programme — is now networked *after more than twenty years* (do they think that only Southern people read newspapers?).

I am mad about *Union World* and *A Week In Politics* (the latter of which could be improved by the immediate sacking of anyone with an American accent — this is no time for fraternization) and *Face The Press,* the posse led by clever and charming Anthony Haward, is swoony.

The talk comes from all angles — consumers, feminists, blacks, children, the elderly, trade unionists — on Channel 4, the programmes turn up at normal hours of the evening and night. How unlike the London Weekend Freakshows Unit, which purported to be for minorities yet ghettoized anything that wasn't aimed at white, stupid men into a slot at 5.30am or some such equally stupid time.

CHANNEL 4 IS very strong on all things camp and wonderful; *The Avengers, The Munsters, I Love Lucy*. I saw the first show in a great children's series called *Everybody's Here* — concerned with the essential childlike pleasures of grub and games, the highlight took the form of a raspberry-blowing contest.

The children are British, Filipino, French, Greek, Indian, Jamaican and Oriental. It was great to see all this gorgeous food these lucky foreigners take for granted, and all the lively little games they play which don't depend on an expensive talking robot, but rather on skill and ingenuity.

After a couple of nights I started to wonder who Channel 4 were aiming their advertising at; you'd think that all people ever bought was wine, scent, cars, shampoo, underwear, records and Spanish villas.

After a few minutes of disapproval I realized with shocking guilt that most of *my* income goes on wine, scent, etcetera. I was mortified until yet another commercial cheered me up; touting something called "Sta-Sof-Fro", which blacks are intended to use on their hair. It was shown between purgatorial bouts of *Woodstock* — do they really believe that blacks are stupid enough to watch a bunch of rich white hippies revealing their ugly bodies and literally wallowing in mud? I howled.

But the funniest thing yet shown on Channel 4 came on the first night; *Five Go Mad In Dorset*. It was a hoot. I especially enjoyed the Five having a railway porter arrested for "looking foreign", the carry-ons under canvas with Timmy the Dog, and the portrayal of anyone not at a decent prep school as a shambling cretin with criminal tendencies.

I always say there's nothing wrong with showing life exactly as it is, ha ha!

JUST WHAT I ALWAYS WANTED: I would like to see Robyn Archer's floorshow televised by Channel 4. I would like to see *Cold Comfort Farm,* the most screamingly funny book ever written, serialised (starring Christopher Jagger as Seth, Bryan Ferry as Dick Hawk-Monitor and Kate Bush as Elfine!) I would like to see *The World At War* repeated in it's entirety, again and again until there is not one wretch left in this country who fancies having a swastika tattooed on his skinhead. I would like to see a Rita Hayward season. I would love a series of talks by the captivating genius A. J. P. Taylor. And it would be really slick to run profiles of mythic mysteries; Mike Todd, Gypsy Rose Lee, Kim Philby and Christine Keeler, perhaps under the banner *Scandalous Powers*.

Only such programmes would persuade your Spartan scribe to hire a new fangled video machine. But till then — well, Channel 4 is still the best thing to happen to television since the OFF button.

T.V.P.S. Saddest sight of the week was seeing an old schoolfriend of my husband being sent off during the Everton-Liverpool derby for trying to tuck in the shirt of scruffy Kenny Dalgleish.

Most sickening sight of the week was Jimmy Hill accusing the aforementioned Glenn Keeley of "cynicism" — wouldn't you say going to the brazenly Nazi state of South Africa to tout your miserable hide for a few lousy deutschmarks takes the cake when it comes to cynicism, "Jim"?

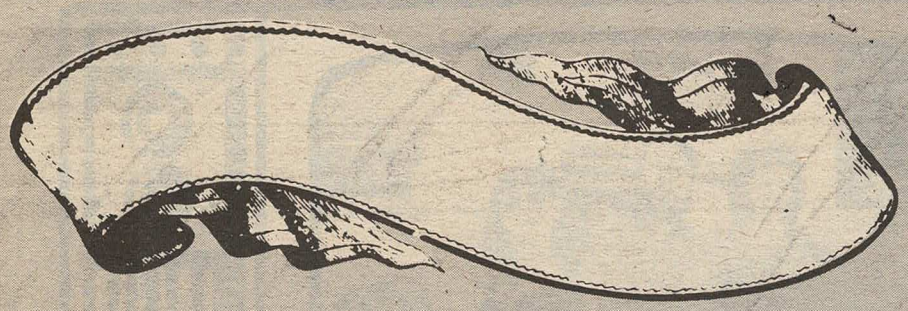
Grub and games in 'Everybody's Here'.

The Famous Five hunt for gags in 'Five Go Mad In Dorset'.

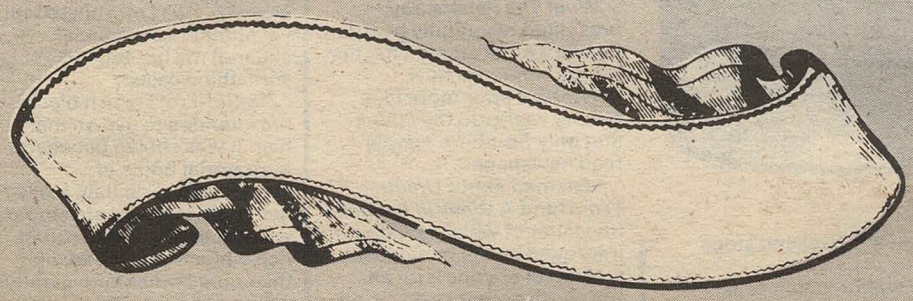
lowry not only rock and roll

LORD FISHPASTE AND A BUNCH OF TOFFS HAVE GATE-CRASHED THE MONOGAMOUS MOUNTAIN MEN'S HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL GIG...
PLENTY OF JOBS IN MOSCOW!!
SHOULDN'T YOU LOT BE AT WORK?!
UNAWARE OF THE TURN OF EVENTS, MONTY SINGS HIS COUNTRY AIRS..
I'M PROUD TO BE AN OKIE FROM MUSKOGEE.... PLACE WHERE EVEN BEARS CAN HAVE A BALL...♪
ISN'T IT NORMAL TO WANT TO GET MARRIED AND HAVE A FAMILY?
OF COURSE IT IS!
SUSAN.
DANCE FLOOR ANGST
OH HOOEY!! WHERE'S ALL THESE UNEMPLOYED RIOTERS AND DISSIDENTS?..
STONED!!!
2 G.C.E.'S
NOT ME, MATE-I'M RESEARCHING A NOVEL ABOUT WORKING CLASS CULTURE...
I'M A STUDENT.
I'M FROM THE S.P.G. ..I MEAN S.D.P..
ANYONE HERE ON THE DOLE?..
WE'RE ON ACID..
MAAANN!!
EXASPERATED BY THE HASSLE AT HIS SHOWCASE GIG-MONTY DECIDES TO ADJUST HIS SOCIALIST PERSPECTIVES..
EAT SHIT MOTHERFUEHRER!..
OOF!!

NEXT WEEK - RIDING AROUND LOOKING FOR WORK



THE PALE FOUNTAINS



VS 557

A
THANK YOU

B
MEADOW OF LOVE

VS 557-12

A
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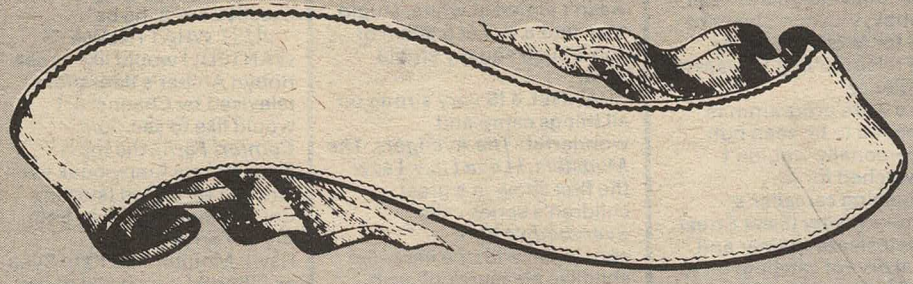
Re-Mix
(There's Always)
SOMETHING ON MY MIND



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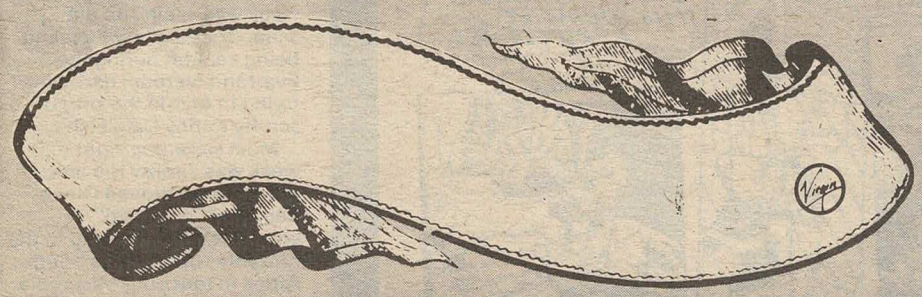
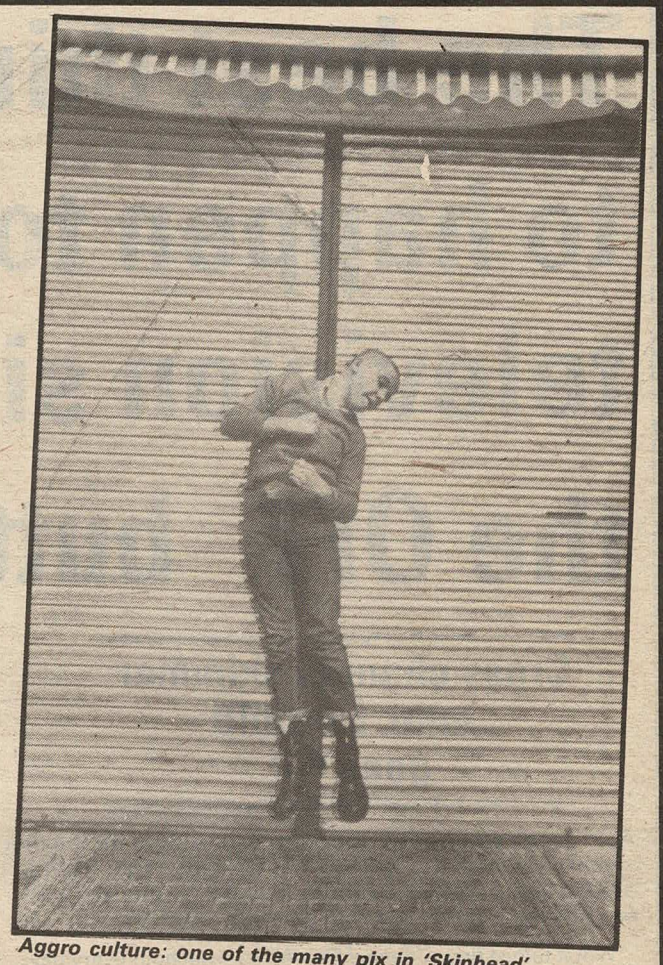


THEIR NEW SINGLE

PRINT

Looking after Number Ones



Aggro culture: one of the many pix in 'Skinhead'.

SKINHEAD

By Nick Knight *(Omnibus Press £3.95)*

EARLY '80s East London; in a front room Terry brandishes a bunch of ugly looking crowbars, knives and batons ('Terry's Tools'); a hunt the braincell ratpack kick a lonesome hippy to pulp ('The Dance Of The Skin'); or roam Bethnal Green on Sunday afternoon looking for a ruck with a few pre-pubescent mods.

It would take an amoral, voyeuristic journalist to stand back and record all this with total impartiality. Here he is — but the fact that Nick Knight spent almost a year snapping and interviewing before issuing a book like *Skinhead* suggests he approached his subject with sensationalist glee rather than impartiality.

Skinhead isn't even a slightly dubious book, it's filthy, wretched and worthless, a rank disgrace. It's badly written, poorly laid-out and Knight's pictures are blank and gormless (to be fair, in most cases they complement his subjects perfectly). It whitewashes fact, doesn't entertain a notion of

responsibility, and glorifies and exploits base instincts.

The text has Knight and Dick Hebdidge playing historian and wet nurse to the youth cult. It's a pathetic attitude that a 'youth cult' (by definition something you *grow out of)* should be established and examined as a valid expression of how those involved "feel about society". Despite the evidence he gathers Hebdidge is never prepared to forsake his wet liberal concern and sociologist's cap to admit that maybe the bulk of people he and Knight are interviewing are actually moronic, racist scumbags and don't deserve care, sympathy or understanding.

It's hard to see any worthwhile purpose that could be served by this book. Each page presents more violence, thugs and NF salutes — will it help to explain to your local Pakistani

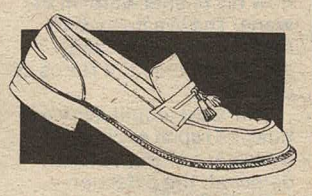
newsagent why he got a brick through his window? Or help an old dear appreciate the pressures that drove a young crop head to mug her and steal her pension? Hardly, but it's sure to give the thugs responsible a field day. Seeing their rucks and hate filled verbals reproduced in black and white they'll get a buzz — at last they're getting notoriety! It's all been worthwhile!

The historical context of the book is unwieldly, hopping from the egalitarian ska skin scene of the late '60s to the brutes of Southall before you can say "tufty club". It's been argued that Knight went out of his way to present a Fleet Street image of skinheads. It *is* a myth that all skins are fascist and some of those that are probably don't realise the full implications of whatever lost deposit movement they support. So Knight should be castigated for the polarisation of his subject matter and his failure to match the ruthlessness of said subjects with a swift lambast instead of all his space filling yellow bellied crud.

The alternative to the approach here would be a book that in some way separates good skins from bad skins. But, hey, aren't we getting a little too *concerned* here — examining and giving credence to any specific youth cult is immediately prone to a series of traps. It's stupid to freeze frame and pick to pieces an essentially transient, often volatile stage of growing up, because no matter how much meaning or approval you want to give to it that's all that being a skinhead, mod, punk or hippy amounts to.

Mind you, the dogma filled, clarion call tracts of the so-called "sharpminded skins" make it very unlikely they could produce a worthwhile book on this subject either.

Gavin Martin



The book of the pictures

Conny Jude's 'Hail Blackbeard' from the Sunday Times Magazine feature 'On Record'.

EACH YEAR the Association Of Illustrators publishes a compilation of the best of contemporary British illustration. This year *IMAGES 7* consists of some 250 pieces chosen from 2000 submitted entries. The comprehensive selection is drawn from advertising, print and design, editorial and book commissions, and includes a selection of unpublished and experimental work.

The book is printed in full colour and, even if you are familiar with some of the work, you are unlikely to have seen it reproduced as well as it is here.

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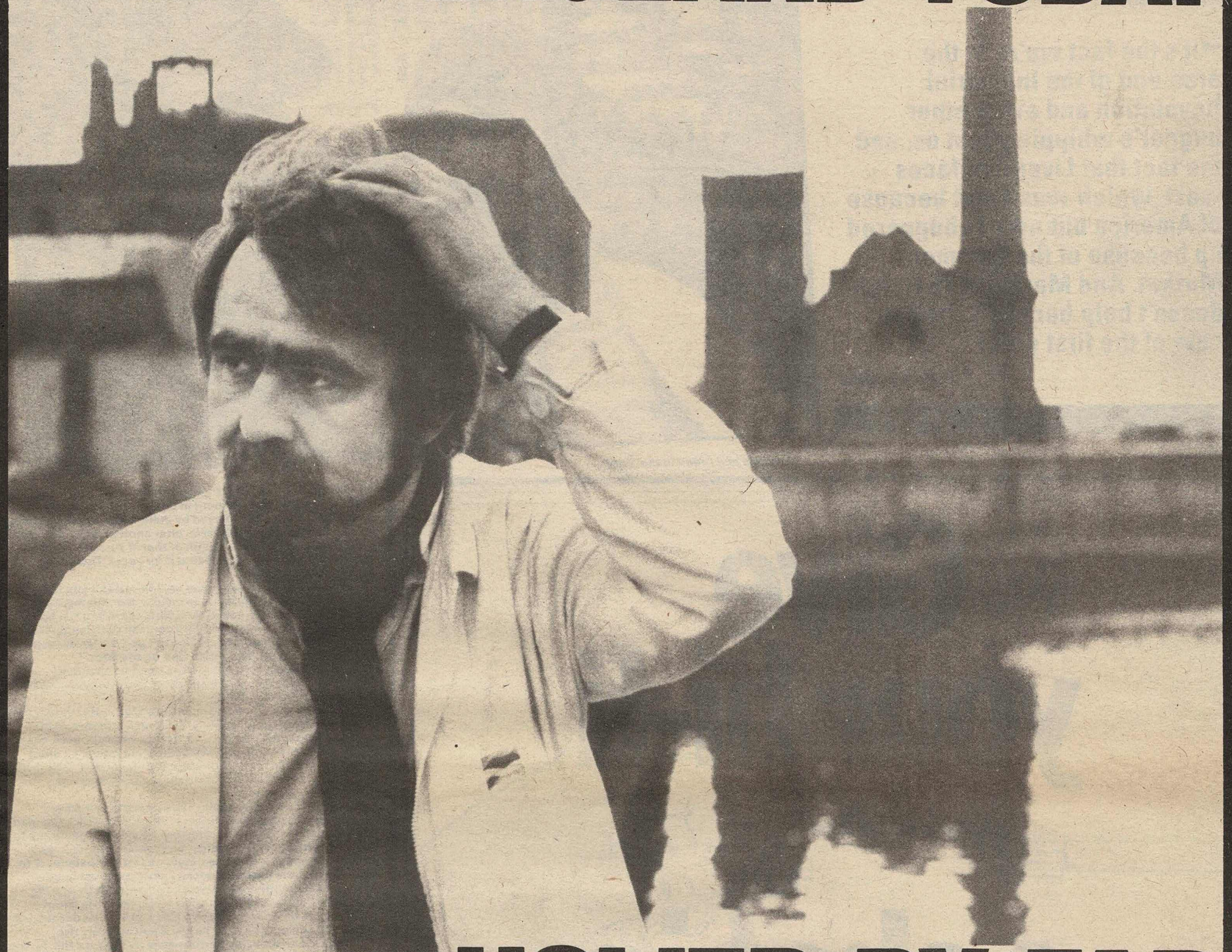
ENGLAND TODAY

PHOTOS PETER ANDERSON



UGLIER BY FAR

WE'VE JUST seen something very rare and special occur on British TV — and I don't mean the start of Channel 4.

Last Sunday concluded a series called *The Boys From The Black Stuff*, written by Alan Bleasdale, and I doubt that we'll see anything to equal it all year.

The five plays that made up *The Boys* — a sequel to that brilliant and funny TV drama *The Black Stuff*, which Bleasdale wrote four years ago — cut straight through our daily diet of dross and mediocrity, with all the power of the author's wit and commitment, assisted by a team of acting talent it was a joy to behold — even when the matter at hand became painfully raw, and real, and unrelievedly bleak.

The programmes' grim impact acquired an extra poignancy in contrast with the comic appeal of the pilot play. And Alan Bleasdale, along the way, consolidated a reputation as one of England's more crucial modern playwrights.

The original *Black Stuff* followed the misadventures of five lads on a Liverpudlian tarmac-laying gang: full of plans, scams and schemes, but coming drastically unstuck at the end, out-conned and out of luck, going home to Merseyside after losing their life-savings and their jobs.

The story was a beautifully crafted piece of work, ingenious and hilarious, though not without an unmistakably hard edge of realism and acute observations of life at the rougher end of the labour market.

Not surprisingly, the BBC agreed to let Bleasdale follow it with the present series. Through the episodes of *The Boys From The Black Stuff* we've watched our five hapless heroes facing up to tougher luck than ever before. They've tried scrambling for a living, legal or otherwise, in a city where employment looks like a thing of the past. Beset by misfortune and the ever-present attentions of their enemies in officialdom (chiefly the DHSS and Department of Employment) they've fought, and frequently failed, to cling to the last tatters of self-respect.

What's emerged has been a sequence of harrowing portraits; people at the end of their tethers, families falling apart, lives rent asunder by an unholy alliance of market forces and grinding bureaucracy.

It hasn't been a lot of laughs. But it's been superb television.

OF COURSE, these aren't the only things Alan Bleasdale's ever done. At 36, the former school-teacher from Liverpool (the town where he still lives and works) has notched up numerous stage plays. His earliest TV success was a play based on the character of *Scully* — a scally — a young scouse tearaway who starred in a couple of novels Bleasdale wrote in the mid-'70s. More recently on the box was *The Muscle Market*, another tragi-comic study of an ill-fated hustler in the Liverpool building trade.

Having personal contacts in that line of business, the building, made it a natural subject for him to use. And when, after the first *Black Stuff* was done, and he could see that unemployment was the logical and inevitable issue to explore next, it seemed an especially relevant setting — "cos that's always the first trade to get kicked in the balls."

Bleasdale's not an ideologist of any sort, but says the topic of joblessness was one he felt passionately about — as a product of the prosperous '60s, and now the father of three young children. He's also got a firm perspective on its causes.

"It's the multinationals, it's the fact we're at the arse-end of the Industrial Revolution and every other bugger's whipping past us, and the fact that Liverpool faces west, which *was* great because of America but now is buggered up because of the Common Market. And Margaret Thatcher doesn't help because she's a cow of the first order and she puts a cold, unemotional face on politics — as if nobody up there really cares."

Apart from anything else, the Black Stuff plays were very strong in detail. Is that the result of much research?

"I never really research anything, until after I've done it. Cos what I want to do is to say what I wanna say. And then what I do is I ask questions of the people who should know. If I've cocked-up and got it completely wrong then I'll go back and rewrite it. But normally, if you've got an instinct for the way people work, or lead their lives, then you're normally pretty right.

"In this case I had what was called A Mole In The Dole. I had a bloke who was in the fraud section of the Department of Employment, who was sick of himself and what he was doing — catching sprats while the sharks were getting away. And he was about to go to Australia so he gave me all the inside info, the forms and procedures, and all the fiddles that even some of the lads in the fraud section get up to."

Having seen the original play, lots of us were taken aback by just how serious the new ones were. *The Black Stuff* wasn't funny anymore.

"I knew that people would be shocked, or disappointed, and I didn't really care, because I don't think there is anything funny about unemployment. You can make jokes about anything: there was jokes about John Lennon, about Richard Pryor blowing himself up, about Kennedy, but the basic situation is not funny. There *are* funny moments in all the episodes, but the basic tone *is* depressing.

"And I don't care because I don't think you can show it any other way. We're talking about people's *pride* and position, and when they've got no position their pride cones into question. And you can't do that like *Carry On Dole*. You just can't."

BLEASDALE'S line here, I think, neatly overturns a certain cliche common in Liverpool, and similar places: You've got to laugh, haven't you? You'd only cry otherwise, the

CONTINUES OVER

ALAN BLEASDALE SAYS SO...

PAUL DU NOYER INTERVIEWS THE AUTHOR OF BOYS FROM THE BLACK STUFF

BLEASDALE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

"It's the fact we're at the arse-end of the Industrial Revolution and every other bugger's whipping past us, and the fact that Liverpool faces west, which *was* great because of America but now is buggered up because of the Common Market. And Margaret Thatcher doesn't help because she's a cow of the first order . . ."

Alan Bleasdale

Bleasdale and friend in the 'Pool.

old equation of hard times and humour.

There's a climactic moment in one episode, when the distraught young wife (played by Julie Walters) finally turns on her placid husband Chrissie, after another of his dejected, cynical quips, *"I've had enough of that 'If you don't laugh you'll cry',"* she says. *"I've heard it for years. This stupid soddin' city's full of it!"*

"Yeah — Well, why *don't* you cry? Why don't you fight back? Cos laughter is a defence mechanism. Crying isn't. When you cry, you're naked. And from there you can build up again. But just to keep defending yourself with laughter is no defence at all. I mean, a boxer doesn't go very far by laughing at all his opponents. Not when he's on the floor."

Talking of down on the floor, the most outstanding character in *The Boys* just has to be Yosser Hughes: *"Gizza job. Go on. I could do that."*

From being the manically ambitious bigmouth, Yosser gets dealt blow after crippling blow to his self-esteem and his circumstances reduced, first, to vicious embitterment, then to complete psychic collapse. With terrifying intensity, actor Bernard Hill leads his part through the inexorable decline and turns out a role which is, ultimately, a masterpiece of nerve-scraping pathos.

"Basically," says Bleasdale, "Yosser is the complete indictment of capitalistic society!" He laughs. "He's the man who wants to make it, who believes he's gonna get to the top. He's got conviction and energy, and immense power, and lunatic self-belief — and absolutely no talent whatsoever to achieve what the capitalist society says you must have — whether it's shopping at Habitat or buying videos or a big house on the hill. And that's what he thinks life is about — until he goes down into that trip into hell in episode four — he thinks you can only be truly happy if you are truly rich.

"I think it's an amazing performance by Bernard Hill. I wrote it knowing he was capable of achieving it. I think he *is* the finest actor of his generation."

And yet Yosser's mate Chrissie (played by Michael Angelis) is in some ways an even sadder case. *He* starts out as a contented man, solid and stable. He takes a quiet pride in his workman's skill, but once the job is lost, all his security, sense of identity and dignity come under assault as well.

"I think that although Yosser is probably the one that everyone will remember, Chrissie is the pivot of the series. He's the most important because he *is* your common man. He's the bloke who not so much drifts through life, but has a few pints, comes home, plays with the kids, has a reasonably solid relationship with his wife. And everything's gonna be OK, until forces that he has no control over take him over, and he's shipwrecked, his points of reference are lost.

"But I think. by the *end* of the series, you see a much stronger man in Chrissie, you see a development in him. And although a lot of people say that it's a very hopeless series, in that there's little hope there — I think the hope is personified by the character of Chrissie."

AT THE SAME time, Bleasdale's creations never degenerate into mouthpieces for the author's beliefs. Old George, the dying docker (played by Peter Kerrigan, in real life a militant docker until middle age) drifts through the action like the ghost of solidarity past, but amounts to something far richer than a political stereotype.

"I don't give any answers. Writers who give answers are like politicians who give answers — they haven't really got any. What *I'm* trying to do is reflect what it's like down there."

One of the plays' most valuable aspects is Bleasdale's refusal to sacrifice their vitality and unpredictability for the sake of scoring some agitprop points. An early confrontation, for example between the would-be marxist Snowy and the police is very deftly handled, turned to comic effect.

"You can't label people. You can't label all policemen as pigs, you can't label all politicians as dickheads, or all working class people as heroes. Labels should only be on groceries. And it's dangerous — I don't wanna be a Jehovah's Witness. If a Jehovah's Witness comes to the door they usually leave their foot behind, because I won't entertain it. Don't want to be preached to. And I have no intention of preaching to people.

"That's one of the reasons Snowy fell out the window in episode one — because the bugger was preachin'. Even though he was a good man, and an honest man, he was beginning to bore people. So I killed him off. Gerrout the window! *(Laughs)* I wouldn't dream of telling people how to lead their lives.

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Chrysalis

Stein takes a chance on James. Pic Edo

I IN A SPIN

MUSICIAN/ PHOTOGRAPHER Chris Stein has spent the last four years becoming what some Americans consider 'a compulsive over-achiever', and others call 'an enthusiast'.

He produced a single and LP for Warhol Factory manager Walter Steding; he produced French duo Casino Music for ZE; he scored and performed the soundtrack for Mark Reichart's film *Union City,* contributed to 'Call Me', the theme tune to Schrader's *American Gigolo,* and co-authored a 192-page rock book entitled *Making Tracks,* which showcased ten years worth of his photographs.

For four years he has been a regular contributor to *Interview* magazine critic Glenn O'Brien's cable TV show, *TV Party,* and currently he's scoring *Wild Style,* a movie Channel Four commissioned about the rap scene in the South Bronx. This spring will see the premiere of *Drats,* a feature-length animation for which Stein co-ordinated Lou Reed, Debbie Harry and Iggy Pop's vocal collaborations with some Toronto cartoonists.

Since '74, of course, Stein has also continued to play guitar in a band: Blondie.

In the winter of 1980, Chris Stein produced a demo for Manhattan jazzebos, Lounge Lizards. He took it round some record companies, but discovered that "trying to sell stuff — to explain to some executive guy *why* something is good — is *horrible.*"

It occurred to him then how many abnormal friends he had who lacked 'normal' outlets for their efforts. Walter Steding suggested Stein start his own label.

Two years later, Animal Records is a reality, with a staff of two: Chris Stein and Ed Strait — formerly the head of EG Management (America). Ed, who met Chris through Robert Fripp, had liked Lounge Lizards' old demo a lot. Like Stein, he is 33 years old and an enthusiast. He administers the Animal office, which is modestly housed within Shep Gordon's Alive Enterprises suite.

Shep Gordon manages Blondie. Blondie are on Chrysalis and Chrysalis distribute the Animal roster (Iggy Pop, The Gun Club, Walter Steding, James Chance, Snuky Taite and The Panther Burns). It took Stein two years to talk them into the venture on his terms, which are that Animal artists sign only for one-off deals and the label does not take their publishing.

And in point of fact, *all* the initial Animal releases were finished before *anything* was signed. It's what the artists describe as "basically a family thing".

"CHRYSALIS WERE really resistant to the concept at first," says Stein. "They really wanted to have options on the artists and I wanted to do something more modern. But at least they were open to an alternative label approach, because they'd had the 2-Tone thing and also Takoma, the obscure little folk label they picked up."

It was really Jeff Aldrich, Chrysalis' Vice-Pres of A&R and Artist Development in Los Angeles, who swung the deal. Then, of course, Stein could "count on being able to promise people good distribution through

THE

Once a Blondie sideman, now a music business entrepreneur, Chris Stein is determined to give the name Animal a new rock 'n' roll credibility with the creation of his own label

REPORT: CYNTHIA ROSE

ANIMAL HOUSE

Chrysalis. There are still all the same problems as with any big sort of corporate monstrosity . . . but for an outfit like them to cater to The Gun Club when they aren't signed to them and could go to another label in a second — that's a plus. They really have been open."

Is Animal a concession from the company though — a carrot dangled in front of Chris just to keep Blondie together? I asked Ed Strait.

"I think they did see it like that in the beginning," he replied. "But frankly, when it took off so fast they were really stunned. Now they're pretty happy."

Iggy Pop: "They actually do see it as an alternative. When I sent in sleeve shots for 'Zombie Birdhouse' I was in the hospital in Los Angeles (Pop, down to 130lbs, cracked a couple of ribs while in Haiti writing his new book, *I Need More).* And *they* went straight to the one shot that made the most statement. They *wanted* to make a statement! I was just shocked."

John Holmstrom, the cartoonist who once edited *Punk* and now runs *Stop!* magazine, designed the Animal Records logo: "Oh, Chris isn't stupid! I think he's the only guy from Blondie that will land on his feet. If some bigger company picks up, say, Iggy he'd love it . . . Chris is open to that. I just hope he can afford to continue like this. I mean, it's brave of Chrysalis with Blondie going out the window and Pat Benatar on the way out the window — what else do they have? *Jethro Tull?"*

II WHAT'S IN A NAME

SINCE STEIN has dropped 30 pounds and Iggy weighs what he did at 19 (even Jeff Pierce looks slimline and James Chance has never seen fighting weight), they ought to have called it Anorexia Records. But originally it was Skull. Why finally Animal, I asked Chris Stein.

"Well, the Chrysalis people thought Skull Records was kinda down, and I could see it was a little limited. The initial thing was just because everybody says that record companies are animals.

"You know. They're fuckin' animals at the label! I can't deal with 'em! Talking about these guys in suits.

"Anyway, I thought that was appropriate. But then I was talking to Lou Reed and he said, Well what's the name of the label? and I said, Animal Records, and the thing didn't click at all. I mean, there was the original Rock And Roll Animal, but . . ."

III HAIRCUTS

ON A HOT and muggy Thursday afternoon, as England sleeps, Iggy Pop is being interviewed at Animal HQ by *Interview's* Glenn O'Brien. Chris Stein is being interviewed by me. Since our interview space is darker, cooler and possessed of more carpet for el Osterberg to roll around on, the two sessions somehow get combined.

A longtime admirer of both his intelligence and his prose, I'm pleased to meet O'Brien — who is suffering from a hangover and a crush on Eartha Kitt. But with three men in one room talk inevitably turns to haircuts.

CR: What do people here mean when they say New Wave now anyway?

Pop: "Not JACKSHIT!"

O'Brien: "I've just got this book — the *Directory Of New Wave Bands* — which is like *this* thick with tiny print — it has 100,000 bands in it . . ."

Stein: "It's like totally obscure new New Wave, or it has old New Wave in it too?"

O'Brien: "Oh, you're in it. It has this big entry on you and the last line is 'shaky future'."

Stein: "Ha! I'll buy that."

Pop: "*Shaky* is a wonderful word."

CR: Shaky future is an endorsement considering what the future currently looks like.

Pop: "Yeah."

O'Brien: "This really is a *mammoth* thing — but, to me, the interesting part *is* — what is New Wave? It just means — from 1975 on except for stuff like Cheap Trick. *(Motioning to Pop) He's* not in it."

Stein: *"Iggy's* not in it?"

O'Brien: "No; he's 'before' it — besides, it's like you have to have a record out on some garage label. This book is a good idea because every band that's in it buys a copy and, I'm telling ya, it's *this* thick."

Stein: "If all those people met up at once, they could all plug in and play 'Satisfaction'."

Pop: "New Wave has just become this chronological distinction — After Pattie. It sucks anyway. I hate New Wave, I don't even like their haircuts. It all *sucks."*

O'Brien: "I like these Mohawks."

Pop: "I wanta have a Mohawk haircut — *I have wanted one* for so long! But I'm scared to get one cause I think, Oh my God, I'll look so queer, y'know?"

Stein: "Aw, you'd look alright cause you have a skinny head. Strummer has such *weird ears."*

CR: It doesn't always grow back you know. You can sort of limit your options there.

Pop: "Well, that's why I've never had one — cause I'm chickenshit. But I've always *wanted* one, cause I love Mohawks!"

Stein: "Strummer has such funny ears. I never knew."

Pop: "Has *he* got a Mohawk?"

O'Brien: "Didn't you see that videotape of him?"

Pop: "Whaddya think, I sit around looking at pictures of Joe Strummer? I saw a videotape of him . . . maybe I didn't have my glasses on."

Stein: "He's got these elfin ears — they're real pointy."

O'Brien: "Somebody should do a reverse Mohawk: shave the middle. I'd like to shave my head just to see what it looks like, cause I have this big dent in the back."

Pop: "Oh, I did it once. God, *I looked like an egg!* Oh, God . . . I couldn't get fucked for months, aaaauuuuggggghhhh — oh — Jesus . . . it grew back but . . . *That* was Bowie's idea."

Stein: "If you're going bald you're *supposed* to shave your head, then it comes back thicker."

Pop: "Well, I went to a quarter-inch — all over.

O'Brien (whose show has just gone to colour): "It doesn't look good on colour TV."

Stein: "Well, I gotta do something, I'm going grey."

Pop: "THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL COLOUR, MAN! It's fuckin' beautiful — it's *nice."*

Stein: "No, I should have, whaddya call it . . . Grecian Formula!"

CR: Grecian 2000. That's for newscasters and Luby's cafateria organists.

Stein: "Or Ronald Reagan."

IV THE BOSS RUNS DOWN HIS ROSTER

On The Gun Club:

"I'VE KNOWN Jeffrey (Lee Pierce) a long time — since Blondie first went to LA. When we met he was a very sad person; he's a little happier now that he's found what he wants to do . . . he was like this lost kid hanging around us seeking this *thing,* but he didn't know what it was. He used to send me tapes — the only reason we did 'Hanging On The Telephone' was because Jeff sent me a tape of it.

"It's funny about The Gun Club because I see all this heavy intellectualisation of what they do — like Jeffrey is sort of Mother Earth. When we were doing it, he would say, Oh, I got this thing that sounds like a country song or whatever, and that was all it was. Except that we worked very hard on his vocals for the record."

CR: Well, I saw them at CBGB's on Saturday night and they seem to be dealing with three kinds of music that have real clear limitations — punk, blues and rockabilly. But they sort of flaunt the limitations. I liked that, cause I thought it was one positive thing you *could* do if you didn't have anything genuinely original. Besides, they stand up for the *un*cool of America, and I like that.

"They've always done that. In LA there's like this real hierarchy of coolness that's supposed to be real important and they were always in and out of it. Jeff sorta went through all this stuff fast that we also went through in Blondie. I was just intrigued that there was this bunch of young kids in LA who were into this stuff I was into in the '60s . . . fuckin' old blues."

On James Chance:

JAMES IS a real controversial figure; people either hate him or love him — there's no middle ground. Ever since he was jumping into the audience and getting into fights, that's how it's been.

"James did his own thing and his own cover and everything — that LP was recorded last spring. James has been through lots of weird trips but he is what he is — a real original. I've always felt he's never given, but he's never given *in* . . . he's always been out for what he wants. He's always tried to maintain what he thinks is right — he's an honourable person and he is sensitive. We've been friends a long time."

CR: He strikes me as the most conventional guy on the label.

"Personally, he is. He's not a crazy guy like these others. People are not gonna readily accept his record, but James is aware of that. I'm just curious to see if it gets reviewed by any of the jazz purists, how they'd react to it. Cause it certainly takes a good while — especially with this whole fake jazz thing going on.

"Where things are going to lead though, that are just on record like James' thing, I don't know . . . because he can't perform what's on that record live. The record's really *thick* — it's the most heavily produced record he's ever made."

On Iggy Pop:

"I THINK Ig really got pushed into this American mainstream rock and roll thing the last couple of albums — I just wanted to see him be really free to go crazy. When we did his vocal sessions, he really *was* just totally crazy.

"Like that line *'buried in a melting coffin'* — he came in with the *New York Post* and that was the headline. That was from the Falklands, where the ship sank and the guys were sunk with the ship. And the line about *'zombie birdhouse'* was just completely improv . . . when you listen to the record you can hear some hesitation after *'zombie'* and suddenly it's *'birdhouse!'* — like, there it is, figure it out! *(Laughs)* On 'The Horse Song' one line was *'and when you burn my mattress down'* then suddenly when he was doing it it changed to *'and when you nicely let me in'."*

CR: Well, Jim is one of the few genuinely spontaneous individuals around. He's also got the clear thinking of another era.

"Yeah — that macho — whatever it is. It's a lot like Burroughs; when you talk to *him* he's like this funny old cantankerous guy. He doesn't like to come off as a real intelligent type. He doesn't like it, it's not his thing. The intellectual side of Jim's work is on automatic pilot; it just comes out and falls into place and it's there. Again, it's a spiritual thing.

"Nowadays everyone wants everything *explained:* they don't want integrated things that just function."

CR: That's the modern disease. I mean, you hardly have to make a case for things being complex — they *are* complex!

"Plus no matter how much you talk about it, music is another thing. It exists on another plane, in another sphere, what the fuck . . . The actual beat, y'know, when it goes into your head another set of laws takes effect.

"One thing Jim did on his record was use words which for him were capturing the emotion of the music, translating what he felt from the music into some vocabulary, just into

CONTINUES PAGE 53

"I just wanted to do something about what everybody always talks about. Everybody's always bitching about what's wrong with the industry, everybody shoots their mouths off, but nobody does anything." *Iggy and Stein*

In the foreground, Snuky Taite. Pic Edo

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2ND DECEMBER	LONDON LYCEUM

Virgin

RECORDS AND TAPES
HI-FI IN PETERBOROUGH & PORTSMOUTH
LONDON: MARBLE ARCH · OXFORD WALK · MEGASTORE 14–16 OXFORD ST
BIRMINGHAM BRIGHTON BRISTOL CARDIFF
EDINBURGH GLASGOW LEEDS LIVERPOOL MANCHESTER MILTON KEYNES NEWCASTLE
PETERBOROUGH PLYMOUTH PORTSMOUTH SHEFFIELD SOUTHAMPTON

SINGLES

GOSH, I'M really excited! This week's crop of 45s can only be described appropriately by resorting to the old MGM slogan from the '40s: "More stars than there are in heaven".

Yes, nearly everybody who has a single out this week is in some way or to some degree famous! Speaking personally to each and every one of you, I must confess that I love singles by famous people. Don't you? I think everybody must, in their real inner-type heart of hearts, admit that — if they're really being honest — they love famous people. Where would we be without the famous? We'd have to talk to each other!

And with that revelation reverberating uneasily in our collective psyche, let us forward in this generation and meet . . .

REVIEWED BY CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

SINGLE OF THE WEEK BY A LONG CHALK AND A SHORT HEAD

MUSICAL YOUTH: Youth Of Today (MCA)

Just around the time that popular music business wisdom seemed to have decided that reggae music was — as a marketable proposition — stone cold dead, along come two (count 'em: TWO) reggaematic number one singles in a row. Admittedly, one of them was by a decidedly odd-looking white group and the other by a gang of black kids most of whom were too young to be perceived as threatening, but it still suggests that more people want to hear reggae music than most major record companies would concede, plus it begs the question of why Aswad regularly cut beautiful singles and CBS regularly fail to sell any significant quantities of same.

So now we have the follow-up to 'Pass The Dutchie' and would you believe that it's at least twice as good? All the stylistic devices are in place — the high-pitched toasting bouncing off the vocals, the steel pan style keyboard and guitar sound, the unbelievably fresh harmonies — but the song is a goodeal (sic) harder and more specific. *"The youth of today are under heavy heavy manners,"* they state. *"it's a judgement time nah skang bong bong."*

Clint Eastwood couldn't have put it better. Another number one, *murder* stylee!

Musical Youth are a reggae equivalent to the early Jacksons except that they seem to have a far greater degree of autonomy, and they introduce into the mainstream reggae devices and ideas that programmers wouldn't accept from a bunch of heavy-looking adult dreads. As kids, they have a special licence to speak, but that doesn't mean that the ideas will have less weight or impact once they are heard. I look forward to hearing that chorus bit that goes *"Don't blame the youth"* everywhere I go.

KEYBOARD FAVOURITES (1)

YAZOO: The Other Side Of Love (Mute)

I would have very little hesitation before nominating Yazoo as my favourite new group of 1982, an assessment based on two remorselessly powerful singles and a vaultingly ambitious album (pity about 'I Before E', but there you go. We all mista — I'm sorry, I'll start that again. We all make mistakes, so they tell me. I made one myself once, but it was comparatively minor). Anyway — I do wish you'd stop interrupting me, it makes me wander off the point — the third Yazoo single departs from the pomp and circumstantial drama of 'Only You' and 'Don't Go' in order to essay a fast, sexy dance tune that gives this year's major new pop voice a chance to show off her soul chops. This Alf Moyet naturally does to exceptionally good effect — has she got a voice on her or what? — but Mr Clarke's background noises let the project down to a certain extent.

The backing track sounds too fast, too tinny and too lightweight: as if it had been speeded up to a quite serious extent before the vocals went on, and the end result is music of insufficient power to support the amount of enegry being pumped in Alfwise. This is why the record sits a notch below 'Youth Of Today' and a notch above . . .

KEYBOARD FAVOURITES (2)

THE HUMAN LEAGUE: Mirror Man (Virgin)

What can one say about a group of people mostly from Sheffield who set themselves goals that were considered totally absurd by everybody they knew who had any sense at all, and then went out and got them? This could be said to be pretty damn late to unload one's first single of '82, and it doesn't sound like the kind of masterstroke that squelches all opposition, but 'Mirror Man' is an enterprising piece of fake Motown with an introduction that combines the backing vocal line from The Four Tops' 'Baby I Need Your Lovin'' with the riff and rhythm from The Contours' 'Just A Little Misunderstanding'.

The League sound hasn't altered drastically since the 'Dare' days, but the Linn drums have gotten heavier and bashier and Ian Burden's bass is now in evidence, frolicking cautiously amongst the keyboards. Philip Oakey, balancing uneasily on his cruel shoes on the cover, still sings warmly and carefully, and no doubt all will soon be revealed concerning exactly why the mirror man of the title used to be a pinball fan, and what the significance of this fact is.

Sigh . . . I remember when this band were considered such a gang of no-hopers that Virgin wouldn't pay to have videos made to go with their singles. Mind you, that was when Marsh and Ware were in the band. Makes you think, that.

IT'S THE LADS! (1)

JAPAN: Nightporter (Virgin)

Recently I have been getting somewhat worried about Japanese Emperor David Sylvian. It has been brought to my attention that Mr Sylvian refuses to go out without his make-up, and indeed these days is exceptionally unwilling to leave his house even *with* make-up. The question therefore arises: what would happen to the unfortunate Sylvian if he ran out of make-up and there was nobody in his house to go out and buy any more for him? Would he place a bag over his head and nip out in a cab to the local Boots to restock, thereby adding *The Elephant Man* to his repertoire? Would he 'phone dial-a-blusher and have replacements brought round? I suspect that he would amble across his elegantly bare floorboards to his piano and compose a despairing little ditty about the bleakness of life. This task would keep him busy until he could be rescued.

It is, I suspect, my single greatest personality defect that I cannot take anguished young poets like David Sylvian very seriously. I have spent sleepless nights castigating myself for my inability to recognise this man for the great philosopher that he undoubtedly is, but it is difficult to banish the suspicion that the young master is simply unable — as are his acolytes — to distinguish self-obsession and self-pity from self-knowledge.

Still, you ask me, what is the record like? Well, I reply, it is something like 'Ghosts' only not remotely as coherent or articulate. And Bryan Ferry is still asking for his voice back.

IT'S THE LADS (2)

VISAGE: Pleasure Boys (Polydor)
ULTRAVOX: Hymn (Chrysalis)

This is annoying. I can see from the Visage sleeve that Steve Strange is wearing his underpants over his trousers, that he is reclining on a saddle and that he is waving a branding iron at the camera. All well and good: I have already ordered all these accessories and will therefore be up-to-date by next Tuesday. The trouble is that I cannot tell whether he has shaved his armpits or not, and therefore I don't know whether to do mine or not. Perhaps I could ask someone. The record provides no enlightenment whatsoever beyond the information that it is leisure time for the pleasure boys *"and the pleasure boys are you!"*

Ultravox provide no such vexed questions. Inside a sleeve covered in pilfered neo-Masonic symbols lurks a . . . a . . . *thing* called 'Hymn' of some pompous, numbskull grandiloquence that the mind's jaw is left agape, so to speak. I am told that the current economic recession is having a disastrous effect on the popular psyche: it would appear that serious delusions of grandeur are being fostered amongst the more impressionable, and the chosen method of doing so is to use the most lumbering variety of 'progressive rock' imaginable. This sort of thing should have been left frozen in an ice floe to be unearthed by bemused 21st century archaeologists along with the last mellotron. Ultravox are the Barclay James Harvest of the '80s, identical except for the ubermensch trappings.

Oh, and Steve — David Sylvian would like his voice back.

NOW PLAYING ON THE BIIIIIIIIIG SCREEN . . .

ROBERT WYATT: Shipbuilding (Rough Trade)

This has been around for a couple of months on 7", but its reappearance as a 12" with the *NME Mighty Reel* version of Monk's 'Round Midnight' as a bonus track provides a pretext for praising it to the skies on this page. Robert Wyatt has for some years possessed what many — including myself — believe to be the finest vocal instrument in the country, and this song (produced and written by Elvis Costello and Clive Langer) shows said voice off to stunning effect. A slow, inexorably building tale of the effect of the recent military adventure on the economics of the shipyards, it is recommended for any music-loving person not totally infatuated with the attitudes and policies of the present government.

A word or three about Wyatt's voice and its chosen context: he resembles more than somewhat a cross between a clarinet and an alto saxophone played passionately and vibrantly with a London accent. The sparse, graceful framework provided by piano, synthesiser and string bass supports Wyatt and Costello in this most eloquent of collaborations. To cap it all, it comes packaged in a reproduction of a Stanley Spencer (no relation) painting. This week's recipient of the George Orwell Memorial Prize.

This may or may not be a good time to point out that George Clinton's 'Loopzilla', which has been mashing up the import charts for some little while, is now available domestically as a Capitol 12". Hop to it (once it starts, you don't have a choice).

WHO'S A SQUARE?

JONI MITCHELL: (You're So Square) Baby I Don't Care (Geffen)

The Divine Ms M breaks a lengthy period of silence with what must have seemed like quite a nice idea on paper: a remake of the Leiber-Stoller 'Baby I Don't Care' (a touching little piece of fake rockabilly from the soundtrack of *Jailhouse Rock* originated by Elvis Presley and later covered fairly memorably by Buddy Holly). Unfortunately, it's been lumbered with the most monumentally stupid Californian hard rock production imaginable. I have not always been Ms Mitchell's most devout admirer, but this is the first time that the adjective 'Imbecilic' has seemed appropriate to describe one of her recordings.

THE DRIVE TOWARDS AN UNNATURAL PERFECTION

ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE: Love Is The Great Pretender (Innervisions)

A devastatingly smooth and polished evocation of big-band music marred only by some irritatingly play-safeish rock drumming, 'Love Is The Great Pretender' is one of those very rare records that actually manage to be amusingly sinister. In its way, one of the week's most stylish offerings. If you own a hat, take it off to Animal Nightlife. If you don't, buy one.

ANY SIGN OF JERRY, SERGEANT?

THE HIGSONS: Tear The Whole Thing Down (2-Tone)

The first Jerry Dammers production for quite a while, this does *not* threaten to outshine Rico's 'Jungle Music' or Rhoda's 'The Boiler'. How does it disappoint? Let me count the ways. It starts out sounding like a Pigbag record only with synth brass instead of steam-powered brass, and a vocal instead of solos, and then proceeds to go nowhere rather frantically. The Higsons have an enviable reputation for their live work, so one should do them the courtesy of assuming that said live sound has translated but poorly to vinyl. The song is virtually non-existent, the rhythms sound flustered and nervously hectic, and the production is simultaneously cluttered and unvarnished. Everyone concerned could do better.

ROCK AND ROLL WILL NEVER DIE, BUT CAN YOU CALL THIS LIVING?

LITTLE STEVEN AND THE DISCIPLES OF SOUL: Forever (EMI International)
JOE 'KING' CARRASCO: Don't Let A Woman (Make A Fool Out Of You) (MCA)

You can't accuse Miami Steve Van Zandt of not trying hard, but this single is all effort and no result. A band that bashes and a singer who whines adds up to something other than soul, and let's leave Dexys *out* of this, please. Meanwhile, Carrasco — a former Stiff — takes his turn at the whine-o-phone to do some complaining while an unnamed band tries to make up its mind whether it is attempting to play 'No Woman No Cry' or 'Don't Think Twice It's All Right' while blocking out the realisation that it can't do either particularly well. The lyric warns us of what we already know: that it's a bad idea to make oneself overly vulnerable to the opposite sex. I mean, we all know what vicious, deceitful, dominating creatures women are — don't we, gang? You must be Joe 'King'.

ANGELIC UPSTARTS: Woman In Disguise (Anagram)

A loud and direct blast of rage at our beloved Prime Minister from a punk band who wear their hearts fairly aggressively on their collective sleeve. It's a joy to hear Mensi tear into our nemesis in such a genuinely eloquent style, but I wish the lyrics didn't imply that Thatcher's gender is one of her crimes. Otherwise, a runner-up George Orwell Memorial Prize for the harsh clarity and genuine indignation of the Upstarts' performance.

MOST OBSCURE COVER VERSION OF THE WEEK, OR EVER

DAVE STEWART AND BARBARA GASKIN: Johnny Rocco (Stiff)

Would you believe it? A cover of a late '50s Adam Faith B-side! I am, naturally, far too young to know which one, but as soon as I saw the title and the 'Les Vandyke' composer credit, a vision of a red Parlophone label bubbled irresistibly up from the subconscious. This poker-faced romance-comic-style account of a gang fight contains one sublime moment; when Mary Brown, the beautiful girl over whom the protagonist and his oppo are about to tussle, spits out, *"I think fighting's* pathetic!" Stewart and Gaskin may have hit on a profitable racket as purveyors of modern(ish) electropop to old hippies, but 'Johnny Rocco' is a quiet little gem.

OH, THE HORROR, THE HORROR!

SEX GANG CHILDREN: Into The Abyss (Illuminated)
VIRGIN PRUNES: Baby Turns Blue (Rough Trade)

I quite agree: life is terribly mysterious and frightening. In other words, it is awful but I like it. This week's inhabitants of a world of black and white, sudden noises, hesitation, adventure, fear and passion include Sex Gang Children, whose single — blessed with a singularly Black Sabbathy title — resembles a Banshees record except that they have unaccountably omitted the song, the atmosphere and the production. They should lend an ear to The Virgin Prunes, who have similar pretensions but a slightly firmer grip on the practicalities of musical self-expression.

SILK'N SOUL (WOULD YOU BELIEVE POLYESTER 'N SOUL)

FAT LARRY'S BAND: Golden Moment (WMOT/Virgin)
LIONEL RICHIE: Truly (Motown)
SHALAMAR: Friends (Solar)
SYLVIA AND THE SAPPHIRES: Baby I'm A Fool For You (Stiff)

Fat Larry is a magnetically self-possessed performer: on *Top Of The Pops* he sat behind his drums with such mammoth self-assurance that he almost outvibed his entire band. This third track from the 'Breakin' Out' album is of the ballady variety a la 'Zoom', but it's still a million times perkier than Mr Richie's effort, which is like eight million songs you've heard before (mostly derivations of either 'Your Song' or 'Bridge Over Troubled Water') but have mercifully forgotten. By contrast, 'Friends' (the title tune from Shalamar's current album and the fourth single to be extracted from same) is a work of awe-inspiring cosmic genius simply because it's got a typically smart and snappy rhythm guitar line. There are still two tracks from 'Friends' which *haven't* been released as a single. Quick! What are they?

In a far less frenetic vein, the second Sylvia And The Sapphires single reveals that somewhere in Croydon there is still a small cottage industry dedicated to making Supremes records the old way, by hand. None of yer cheap modern muck here, mate!

DARLINK!

LENE LOVICH: It's You Only You (Stiff)

The European subconscious gets dreadfully worked up again; simultaneously a step forward and a look back to the first album, Lovich presents her most effective 45 for quite some time. Key-note line: *"I know what I want and I know how to get it."* Discuss ref Hendrix J, Rotten J.

BARRY FORD: Radio Active (Albion)
WEAPON OF PEACE: Hit And Run (Safari)

A couple of exploratory outward stabs from the dreadlocks camp: Barry Ford loses points for including the word 'Radio' in a song title, but scores for a lazily compulsive piece of sparse but kindly electrofunk owing about equal amounts to The Emotions' classic 'Best Of My Love' and the Grandmaster Flash/Rocker's Revenge school. Recommended, as is Weapon Of Peace's hectic but solid socafied funky reggae, which reminds this person of a peppier UB40 or — for some reason I cannot justify — The Specials.

THE COLUMN CLOSES WHERE THE WEEKEND STARTS

WEEKEND: Drumbeat For Baby (Rough Trade)

This record intrigues me because its impact is greater than the sum of its parts: a simple repetitive bass and drum pattern with occasional choreographed intrusions from voice, guitar and saxophone could easily add up to a record so understated as to be virtually nonexistent, but 'Drumbeat For Baby' has the eerie perfection of an ambiguous snapshot or a clip from a Roeg movie. It also has Larry Stabbins playing saxophone.

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HALL & OATES

THE ACCEPTABLE SOUND OF YOUNG AMERICA

by Richard Cook photos Mark Collicott

THEY DON'T get up when I come in, but then despite their slight physical stature Daryl Hall and John Oates are big men now. After ten years of waiting at the gates, Hall and Oates have joined the American Gods.

Daryl Hall, slightly the older, seemingly the more active constituent of the duo, douses his blond firebrand hair every so often with a sweeping hand.

When he was a few years younger it seemed Hall had the halo of style itself shining over his brow: in his beauteous, cherubic features and androgynous stare the protean force of chic took solid shape. When that effortless, silvery voice curled and arched through the rapt stairway of 'Is It A Star', their masterful nod to the changing states of Philly pop music, the only answer was a swooning surrender.

I ask Daryl Hall what he thinks is the epitome of style.

"Style?" He is bemused. "Musical style or lifestyle? I suppose . . . having a sense of yourself. Being real. It's not fashion, otherwise anyone can go into a store and buy style."

He hugs his tunic around him, looking a little like an older, less merry Gareth Sager.

"I think it's if you feel right," observes John Oates softly. Oates is content to allow Hall's rapid typewriter delivery its head, prefering to add the occasional coda to a speech. He appears a calm, rather literate man. No doubt he is taking a quiet pleasure in their catapulting success.

Although their increased share of attention here has been only slight, the sudden onrush of Hall and Oates into the centre-stage of American music was, along with the extraordinary revitalisation of the J Geils Band, the most remarkable Stateside resurgence of last year.

After 'Voices', their first self-produced record, alerted FM audiences to an alternative radio pop to the usual California freeway pablum, 'Private Eyes' sent them almost crazy. It spawned three number one singles and at a stroke regrooved two veterans into a look they'd modelled ten years before: the Acceptable Sound of Young America.

What made America change its mind?

"I think the mind of America moved east again," says Hall. "Ten years of being subjected to Californian music did it. We make urban, east coast music, something we've always done, and when we started producing ourselves it seemed to finally make the change."

So the East vs West struggle is a palpable thing?

"Definitely," says Oates. "We had to spend a week in California recently doing videos and stuff and it was the same — like, nothing happening. The club scene, everything . . . nothing."

"New York, Boston, Philadelphia — they're urban scenes. People are thrown together, every ethnic group. But on the West Coast everyone's insular. They stay in their cars or by themselves and there's no interaction. No street life. It's been dominant so long from the '60s, the hippy days, which turned into mell-o-o-o-w laid-back '70s music."

Hall smoulders quietly at his memories.

OATES DOUBLES the evidence.

"The producer-sessionman thing sprang up. A great periphery of people who *help* people make records. Now self-sufficient families have come around, groups who tour and organise all their own material, and the old so-called hit-makers have been left out in the cold.

"The thing of going looking for a producer to get a hit record, that isn't happening any more. Now people are going into a studio with their band and they're all ready to go. It's changed.

"If you go out on the street in New York you have to deal with it. In California you have a Mercedes with black windows which you can ride to the studio in and avoid all interaction. In New York, in *any* East Coast city, you can't avoid it."

In 'Private Eyes' and their new 'H20' all this concern for abrasion and guts is tempered to the sweeter formulas of American pop: two rather irresistible LPs that for once don't invoke the guilt feelings that usually accompany any enjoyment of the silken offal that still makes up the preponderance of the US chart log.

The near-punky intelligence that runs through belligerent entries like 'Crime Pays' or 'Friday Let Me Down' and smooth, skippy concoctions of the class of 'I Can't Go For That' and 'One On One' is a demonstration of what should be the new norm in American pop: the grouchy, R&B-derived energy and gauchely wholesome taste of cruisin' rock streamlined by the vast resources of American studios.

There is no floating of subtleties or unexpected graces here. Hall and Oates have little time or space for nuance and ambivalence. In their distillation of white boy soul, a monochrome pitch floodlit by sound of such presence and definition it suggests an entirely fresh lifespan for this brand of pop, a cold precision has been steeled into an uncommonly aggressive heat.

HOW MUCH pressure did they feel while making 'H20', with 'Private Eyes' such a vast success?

Hall: "There's our *own* pressure to do better. We don't pay much attention to outside pressure. We have to press ourselves to advance on what we've done before."

Do they feel the single is an important artefact, after the 'Private Eyes' singles scored so high?

"A single is important because it helps a lot of people hear you. It's not so important for us to have a lot of singles on an album now because people are aware of us. People will buy the albums anyway.

"But there's so much music in America — people are constantly bombarded with too much music and if you can get a *different* attention with a single that's great. The single is like a calling card for the periphery."

This is a slightly disappointing response. If anyone can re-establish The American Single as a valid, separate entity rather than just an odd track off the all-important album it's surely Hall and Oates — born singles-makers if ever there were any. Why not do some custom-made singles?

"Well, yeah, we could do that," says Hall, as if the idea's never occurred to him. "Except if we could sell an album by putting out a single it's a lot more sensible putting out one that's on an album. We don't *record* when we're not making an album and we work so fast that we'll have an album done before a 'single' track could be released. We have released singles in advance of an album."

"We don't *look* at songs like singles," says Oates. "We never know what to pick as singles. There's a guy at RCA and he tells us what'll be a great single — and we say OK, put it out."

But . . . I try and explain about our different attitudes to the single. They shrug it off. America isn't going to change just yet.

Even so, establishing yourself in such resounding commercial terms must bring a greater degree of corporate muscle — a greater chance to change things. How will they use that?

Hall: "We try and take chances. Our new single 'Maneater' isn't something that sounds like anything else on the radio and we like it that way. The idea is to make things better. To get enthusiasm going for things that are better, that aren't in the great mass of things that go by."

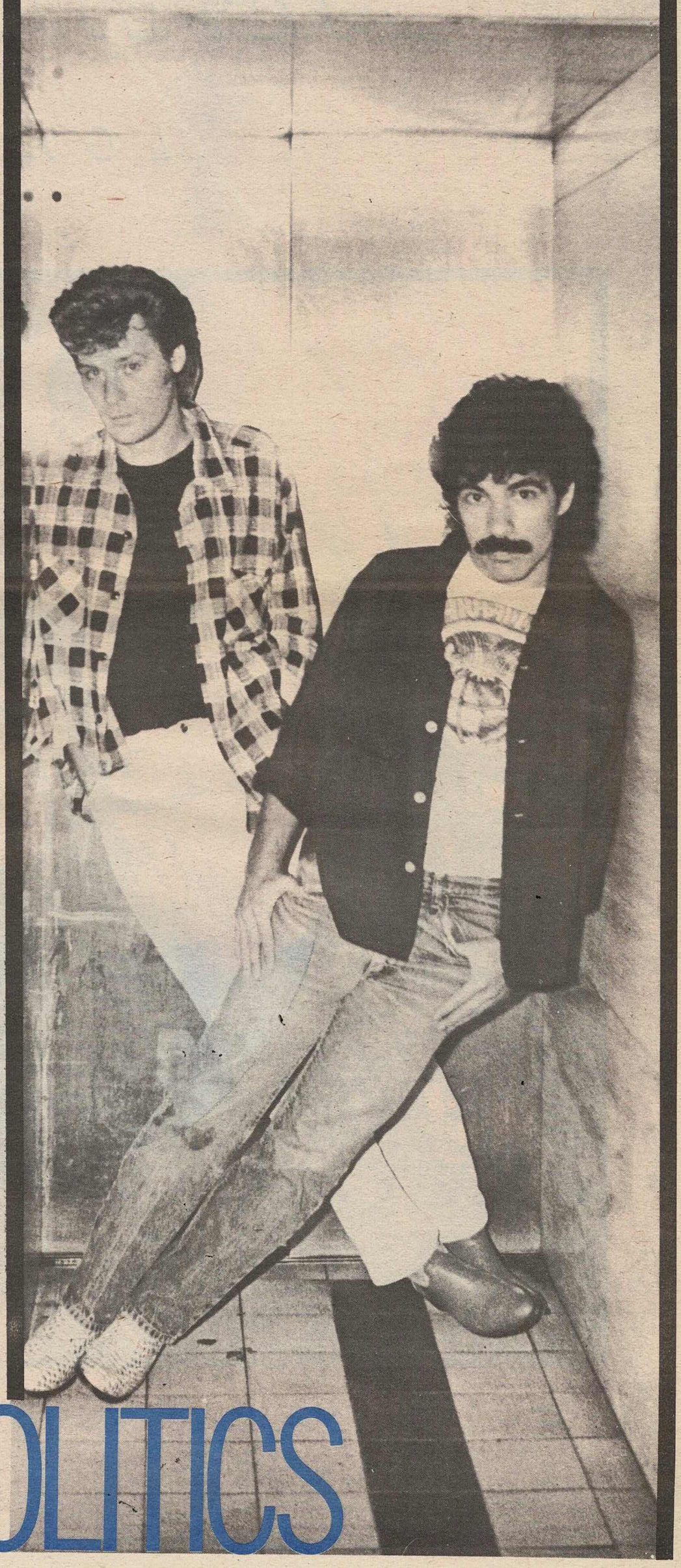
"It will help us to change our work pattern," adds Oates. "Now we don't *have* to do six month tours or keep to strict schedules. We can stretch out a bit."

He gives me a stretched-out look. John Oates isn't much bothered by what people expect from him.

DARYL HALL might perhaps be more susceptible. In 1980, RCA finally released Hall's solo LP 'Sacred Songs', written and recorded three years earlier and produced by Robert Fripp. Despite a quota of the flashy, exuberant bop music that trademarked the earlier Hall and Oates records, a brittle, stripped atmosphere of urban decay blew around a collection that suggested a sandglass almost run through on a haunted city. The producer's injection of Frippertronics turned the vision snowblind. Hall remembers.

"That album was a symptom of what we wanted to do in the area of changing not only other people's perceptions of us but our own way of doing things. We felt at war with the '70s in general, that full-blown production thing, and I didn't feel we were properly in control. 'Sacred Songs' was the first attempt to break out of that mould. It took the production less seriously. But the business got real nervous because I was changing my tune.

CONTINUES PAGE 55



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Backstreet RECORDS

MCA RECORDS

SILVER SCREEN

Stephen Rea and luckless victim in Angel.

ANGEL OF DEATH

Angel
Directed by Neil Jordan
Starring Stephen Rea and Honor Heffernan (Palace)

THE LAST thing we expect from cinema this side of the water is a visionary film, but in *Angel* we are being shown images and ideas of such magnitude that 'visionary' is the only term that will do justice to a spellbinding experience. Neil Jordan's movie has the aura and weight of an authentic masterpiece.

It is this very fascination with image that makes *Angel* so uniquely cinematic and free from the ponderous reliance on commonplace narrative tension that the contemporary thriller is wont to fall prey to. Jordan's claim that it "stemmed from a gun, a saxophone and a dance hall" places responsibility with the imagination and results in atmospheres at once truthful and fantastic.

Although the scheme of events is very much a splintered window on gangster violence and morality its treatment orbits a disorientated, frightened community where awful loneliness and loveless memories are borne like unyielding crosses.

The environment, of course, is Ulster — but Jordan's first masterstroke is to divorce his scenario from the all-engulfing shadow of The Troubles. Aside from a few flickers in the script the only direct reference is a single, brief shot of a soldier peering nervously around a street corner.

The violence — it is a story of quite terrible violence — stems instead from hoodlum-run protection rackets inside the stale glamour of the showband circuit. Danny, a saxophonist of faraway demeanour and roguish charm, witnesses the professional murder of his group's manager and a deaf-mute girl bystander and is shell-shocked into a reverie that sours and hardens into escalating revenge.

This is no simple descent into psychotic relish. A remarkably judged performance by Stephen Rea suggests a figure bewildered more than brutalised by his experience, leaving him somewhere between avenging angel and a catatonic, irrational agent of destruction. Danny's almost mystical air of isolation and spasmodic dementia is a world away from the motorik craziness of a Travis Bickle.

The danger here is in coating retaliatory violence with religious fervour, an obvious temptation with the spiritual nettlebed of Ireland as background but a dead end both morally and cinematically.

Jordan has the measure of it: although there are fascinating insights into the influence of two churches, no simple theological anchors are brought into play. It's the *random* propensity of violence that emerges so scaldingly — the blind terror of murder is shockingly illuminated, and the pulling of a trigger is made agonisingly intent and chillingly simple.

Beside this central discourse — on the ravenous hunger of evil to consume protagonist and victim — the director spins out an Ireland floating in tender recollection and bitter remorse. From Danny's wise and gentle Auntie May to stray bandsmen encountered by the distracted hornman, everyone has a story to tell and unrequited secrets to impart to a stanger.

In Chris Menges' shimmering photography, the ballrooms and stony beaches and disintegrating streets of an Ulter poisoned by its ancient, inbred fears are brilliantly transfixed. It's pointless to recount favourite moments, for scene after scene has a striking particularity that reverberates continuously in the mind.

Most extraordinary of all is the way *Angel* seems to come from no clear cinematic tradition. There is no clumsy dues-paying to *film noir* or idle plastering of reference and allegiance across a daringly individual approach. Jordan's grasp seems almost entirely instinctual — he gives the appearance of breathing in an elemental attitude to film-making. That it works so tellingly is a testament to a rare talent.

***Angel* will turn up on Channel 4 eventually but I would urge attendace at a theatre screening, because this is above all else phenomenally accomplished *cinema*.**

Forget *Diva* for a moment — *this* is the debut of the year.

Richard Cook

Director Neil Jordan (centre) with Stephen Rea and Honor Hefferman, accomplished leads in Angel.

DEBUT OF STYLE

WITH HIS FIRST film, 32-year-old Neil Jordan immediately joins the front rank of young, er, directors. I nearly wrote "British" directors, but Jordan was born in Sligo, grew up in Dublin, and drinks Guinness. His debut feature *Angel* (reviewed elsewhere on this page) is the first Irish film to be made for 20 years; John Boorman's *Excalibur* was filmed *in* Ireland, as have been several other 'international' movies, but Jordan's film *is* Irish.

And not just because of its Ulster setting; equally dominant is its characteristic Gaelic quality of poetic obsessiveness. In fact, the Ulster 'troubles' are very much in the background — nothing is rammed down your throat even though the reverberations are there to be felt.

"I wanted to speak about a certain kind of violence which has come up in Ireland the past five or six years," says Jordan, opting for Perrier in the daylight hours. "Violence which is not directly political but in some bizarre way is a spinoff of the availability of armaments.

"Irish politics are quite complex and I felt the place to make a comment on them *wasn't* in a feature film, and tried to concentrate on the consequences of a violent event on one human being — who happens to be a musician.

"I mean, he'd expressed all his neuroses and all his obsessions through his music, got presented with a gun and then expressed them all through that."

NEIL JORDAN was himself a musician, playing guitar in a few Dublin bands "way back". His collection of short stories, *Night In Tunisia* (after the Charlie Parker tune), won the *Guardian* Fiction Prize in 1979. His first novel — the painterly *The Past* — won glowing reviews from the literary establishment. As far as he's concerned, *Angel* is merely an extension of that — telling a story: "That's what my job is."

When he set out to make *Angel*, though, did he know that this particular story would work in Ireland, or that it might upset some people?

"I thought it would disturb people. The only thing I knew was that I wanted to make a film for people who were used to seeing American films. And I didn't want to allow myself the luxury of attempting any elaborate stylistic tricks, or any kind of in-movie references.

"I wanted people just to assess it on its own terms, not as an Irish film or anything like that."

THE STYLE or quality of life in Ireland remains a mystery to most British people. What is it like, living so near Ulster — like some nightmare, or is it very real?

"It's very real. More real than we realise because it *has* affected everything. People in the South like to pretend it's not there — and successive Irish governments have tried to do that. But it affects everything, and Dublin has become quite a violent city."

The violent, obsessive nature of *Angel* abstractedly recalls films like *Taxi Driver* and, especially — the Anglo-Irish connection — *The Long Good Friday*.

"*Taxi Driver*, yeah — stalking someone you don't know and not even sure why you're doing it. And, of course, De Niro played the saxophone, too, didn't he, in *New York New York?* (laughs) I looked at that before making *Angel*. He looked like an odd kind of saxophone player to me.

"But I wasn't aware of any connection with *The Long Good Friday*. I liked it, it's a great film about London. And it was made by a director who'd made a couple of films before. You could see that in it — there was an exuberance, a boldness. I couldn't attempt that."

Angel works on a different level, anyway. It must have been difficult to resist the temptation to cut faster, a la *Long Good Friday*.

"That's the temptation when you're making a thriller. Because you're always scared of losing the audience. But I wanted Danny to be almost somnambulent, a real ordinary Joe who's got a gun and doesn't know what to do with it. To try to show how on the one hand a gun is an unlikely thing for this man to hold and on the other how ridiculously easy it is for him to get it to work."

THE BRITISH director John Boorman *(Point Blank, Deliverance, Excalibur)* was executive producer — did he talk in terms of how you should approach *Angel* or was he happy to leave you to your own devices?

"I'd say he was worried about me doing it, by me realising my own script. We were both conscious of the fact that it had to have a funny poetic dimension for it to work, you know, to kind of justify itself. The only way you get that dimension is to go for a dreamlike quality, to allow you into the central character's mind in a way you're not normally allowed into in a thriller.

"He did help, though, yeah. He visited the set just once, which was probably a good thing. You know, one person would do a thing one way, another person another way."

Monty Smith

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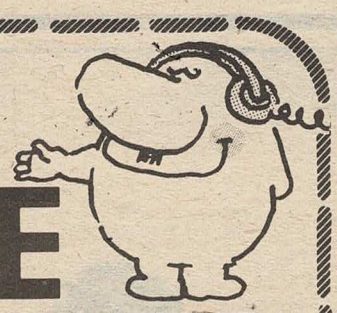

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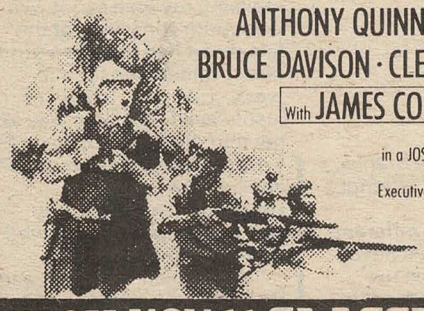

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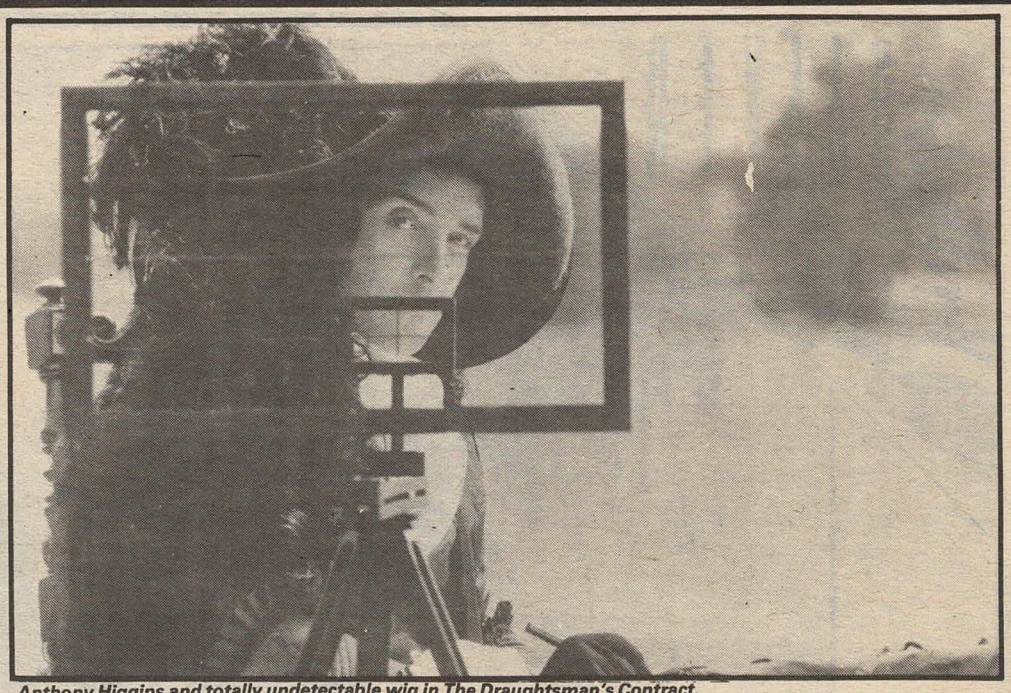


Anthony Higgins and totally undetectable wig in The Draughtsman's Contract.

RIDDLES IN REVERSE

The Draughtsman's Contract

Directed by Peter Greenaway
Starring Anthony Higgins, Janet Suzman, Anne Louise Lambert and Hugh Fraser (BFI)

OPERATING AT some remove from the new mainstream British cinema — a mainstream characterised by the harsh, unflinching realism and televisual dynamics of *The Long Good Friday* rather than the glib sentimentality of *Chariots Of Fire* (or is this just wishful thinking?) — Peter Greenaway makes films that owe as much, if not more, to art, literature, music and philosophy as they do to films pure and simple. Which is not to say they're films for people who'd rather be reading books, merely that they draw into the cinematic scheme various operations and devices more usually associated with other media.

His last full-length feature, *The Falls*, offered 93 potted biographies of people whose surnames began with the letters F-A-L-L, entwining their histories with lateral connections and a multitude of references to birds and aviation in order to illuminate a Violent Unexplained Event said to have taken place some time in the recent past. A series of partial answers to unasked questions, the film was rather like a riddle in reverse, a cryptic crossword puzzle suffused with a literate, allusive humour.

Unfortunately, at the screening I attended (at that mausoleum of modern cultural endeavour The Riverside Studios), the majority of the audience presumably felt laughter a little beneath their dignity . . .

With *The Draughtsman's Contract*, Greenaway harnesses his experimental, acrostic bent to a stricter narrative progression and comes up with a murder mystery which echoes Borges in terms of storyline and structure, and Resnais' *Last Year In Marienbad* visually — no mean accomplishment for a movie costing a mere £300,000, the price of a fair-to-middling First Division footballer.

Set in some baroque exaggeration of the late 17th century ("the wigs are larger than any 17th century European ever wore a wig," admits Greenaway), the plot centres on Mr Neville (Anthony Higgins), the draughtsman of the title, or more exactly on the drawings he makes of the house and grounds of a Mr Herbert (Dave Hill). Commissioned by Herbert's wife (Janet Suzman) to do the drawings whilst her husband is away on business, Neville makes a deal which gives him complete control of certain aspects of the house at certain times of day, and which also provides for sundry sexual favours courtesy of Mrs Herbert.

Working on the same picture at exactly the same time of each day (so as to fix the shadows precisely), Neville starts work on the first half-dozen views. On the second day, however, certain objects are introduced into the landscape — a shirt here, a ladder there — by unseen hands, contrary to his express instructions that nothing be altered! Being an avowed perfectionist, he nonetheless includes these objects in his drawings.

On completion of the first half of his contract, it is suggested to him by the Herberts' daughter, Mrs Talmann, that the objects may be clues to a mystery, a hypothetical crime of some sort. A second contract is struck, whereby she undertakes to provide further visual clues in the last six drawings in return for sexual favours from Neville . . .

The quiet calm and stateliness of the house and its inhabitants, exquisitely realised as an edifice of Perfect Order by Greenaway and photographer Curtis Clark, is soon shattered by the interruptions of a plot involving double-dealing, real estate, cuckoldry and murder, all effected in the sedate and courtly manner befitting the (idealised) time.

On one level, *The Draughtsman's Contract* could be said to drag the English murder mystery out of the drawing room and into the garden; Greenaway's real achievement, however, is of the kind that John Barth achieved with *The Sot-Weed Factor*, or John Fowles with *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, of investing supposedly "historical" characters with the mental sophistication of the late 20th century, and involving them in the kind of conspiracy-theory plot popularised in the last couple of decades.

That he manages to do so without sacrificing the illusion of history is all the more to his credit.

Andy Gill

SCUM, TOO

Scrubbers

Directed by Mai Zetterling
Starring Amanda York, Chrissie Cotterill and Kate Ingram (HandMade)

OBJECTIVE, INFORMATIVE films on life within institutions are hard to come by. Just as the evasive, closed door attitude was finally conquered there arose two types of investigative procedures.

The first, the 'documentary' type, views life inside from the point of view of a patronising outsider with no previous knowledge or understanding of the inmates, and no desire to move from the safe distance of onlooker.

The second type, spawned from the new 'public' taste for sensationalism, is loosely based on a framework of reality, lifting from it rough hints of the horrors, and spicing them up Hollywood style.

Both procedures are worthless as far as insight is concerned.

Mai Zetterling understands this and seeks in *Scrubbers* to depict the hard facts of Borstal life for women without unnecessary dramatisation. In order to do this, she's centred the film on two inmates, both emotionally ill-equipped to deal with the oppressive rigidity of life in a closed prison.

Annetta, a teenager forbidden from seeing her baby daughter, finds the torment of separation tears her senses apart, so she channels her frustration into violence, which in turn lessens her chances of parole — a vicious circle in its truest sense.

Carol, a more vulnerable girl, finds herself the scapegoat for Annetta's wrath, so she involves herself in a protection deal with the resident bully.

Unfortunately, the other prisoners appear too much like dejected, downtrodden schoolgirls resigned to a long spell at boarding school, participating with delight in token 'activities' like the nine o'clock deadline disco.

But there are good points, too. As far as subtlety is concerned, Mai Zetterling's touch is perfect, thus avoiding the clumsy, ponderous point-making that is so unnecessary where the facts are stark enough not to need outlining in black and white.

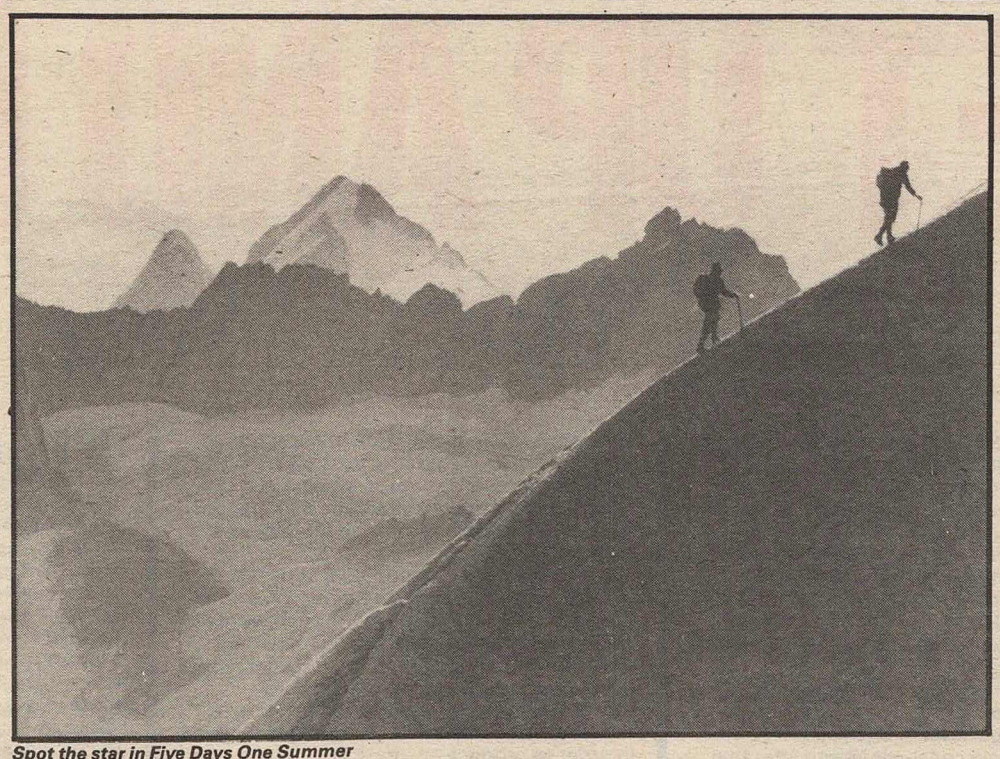
The real perceptions are glimpsed in snatched shots or snippets of conversation — a passing mention of incest in childhood, a glanced view of a mentally disturbed loner toying with a piece of broken glass, the savage hatred of self-inflicted wounds. Endless clinical corridors say more about anonymity than words; chanted songs repeated every night convey nihilism better than countless theatrical sighs; and the cool, soothing tones of the resident psychiatrist provide a deeper comprehension of frustration than heavy explanations.

In spite of its shortcomings, the stance *Scrubbers* takes is a hallmark of genuine concern.

Leyla Sanai

SWISS MIST

Five Days One Summer
Directed by Fred Zinnemann Starring Sean Connery, Betsy Brantley and Lambert Wilson (Warner Bros).


Spot the star in Five Days One Summer

RECONCILING THE tics and flutters of inexpressible emotion with mighty, unchanging settings is something Fred Zinnemann is rather good at: witness *The Sundowners,* and *Julia,* two instalments from a career-long meditation on the epic. *Five Days One Summer* continues that interest, moves the playing pieces in a game of the heart with impeccable precision — something to admire rather than warm to, perhaps, but in film-making this private one seldom comes close to the director's own impulses.

A middle-aged doctor has taken a much younger girl, masquerading as his wife, on a week's climbing in the Swiss Alps, Their trek, already a little prickly because of her doubts, leads eventually and inevitably to tragedy.

It may be rather charitable to ascribe the film's weaknesses to a rather lame script and the plain fact that the tale itself, originally a short story, is scarcely up to substantial movie treatment: but it must be acknowledged that Zinnemann orchestrates his raw material with such persuasive skill and intelligence that something deeply personal has broken through by the climax.

There are no bold strokes of characterisation and few torried exchanges of heated words. The background is outlined through flashback, and we are not even sure of the girl's true relationship with her partner until half-way. Betsy Brantley makes a rather unappealing female lead, and the other newcomer Lambert Wilson is similarly unremarkable as the young mountain guide who tempts her.

But Zinnemann's masterstroke is to cast Sean Connery as the doctor. Connery's grim, almost impenetrable manner has seldom been used so effectively: he seems as stoic and monumental as the mountains themselves, even though he has been almost undone by his own emotions. Although Brantley's Kate may originally have been the key character it is with Connery's Douglas that the director's sympathies lie, and he responds so idiomatically — self-control so assured that a sudden burst of anger is almost frightening — that he carries the picture with Atlas-like strength.

There is more, too. What Zinnemann conveys so clearly is the extraordinary quiet and implacability of the mountainscapes. The last climbing sequence is marvellously handled — no distracting musical crescendoes, only the crunch of boots in snow — and a falling rock is made to sound like a thunderclap. The bluish light of the film perceives everything exactly, even though it is indecision and inarticulacy that control the moral of the story.

Paradoxically, it is a spare and understated work, a slim sketch on a great canvas. If it never finally transcends the formula of the romantic matinee there is at least a certain quiet pleasure to be taken in its sombre reflections.

Richard Cook

ON THE BOX

Richard Pryor in for a shine at the Carwash

Thursday November 11
Hobson's Choice (Directed by David Lean 1953). Harold Brighouse's classic northern comedy brought to the screen with vivid black and white photography, and a characteristically fruity performance from Charles Laughton. **(BBC2)**

Sitting Ducks (Henry Jaglom 1978). A pair of petty thieves chance their luck on the road against the Mob. Quirky comedy, made entirely worthwhile by the engaging performances from Michael Emil and Zack Norman. **(Channel 4)**

Friday November 12
Operation Petticoat (Blake Edwards 1959). Quite a coup, to cast Cary Grant and his best impersonator (Tony Curtis) in the same picture. Easy-going humour was the result, in an unlikely setting: a damaged sub during World War 2. **(BBC1).**

Mildred Pierce (Michael Curtiz 1945). Full-blooded melodrama with Joan Crawford going all out for an Oscar (she got it). Full-blooded women will love it. **(BBC1)**

The Man They Could Not Hang (Nick Grinde 1939) . . . in the film they should not have shot. A crappy old Boris Karloff B-picture, the first in an enervating season. **(Channel 4)**

Saturday November 13
The Cassandra Crossing (A. Hack 1976). Sophia Loren, Burt Lancaster, Richard Harris, Ava Gardner, Ingrid Thulin, Martin Sheen . . . how ever much they deny it, they made this film. **(ITV network)**

Shockproof (Douglas Sirk 1949). Every corny cliche in the book (there's another one!) is tarted up a treat and served neat to broadminded cineastes. A duff old stinker, really, about ex-con Pat Knight falling for her probation officer. **(BBC2)**

Sunday November 14
Moby Dick (John Huston 1956). A big one, and no mistake. **(BBC1)**

The Late Show (Robert Benton 1976). I Remember Monty Smith (you remember Monty Smith, don't you?) once raving about this little picture: fantastic, he said, a real warmth and love of movies comes through, completely transcending mere pastiche. No wonder they got rid of him. **(BBC2)**

Monday November 15
Carwash (Michael Schultz 1976). Much jocularity and too much disco muzak in a down-at-heel LA car wash. Richard Pryor pops up in a cameo, but there are plenty of laffs elsewhere. **(BBC1)**

Hacker T. Hack

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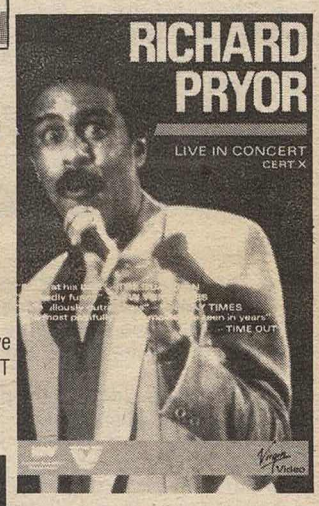

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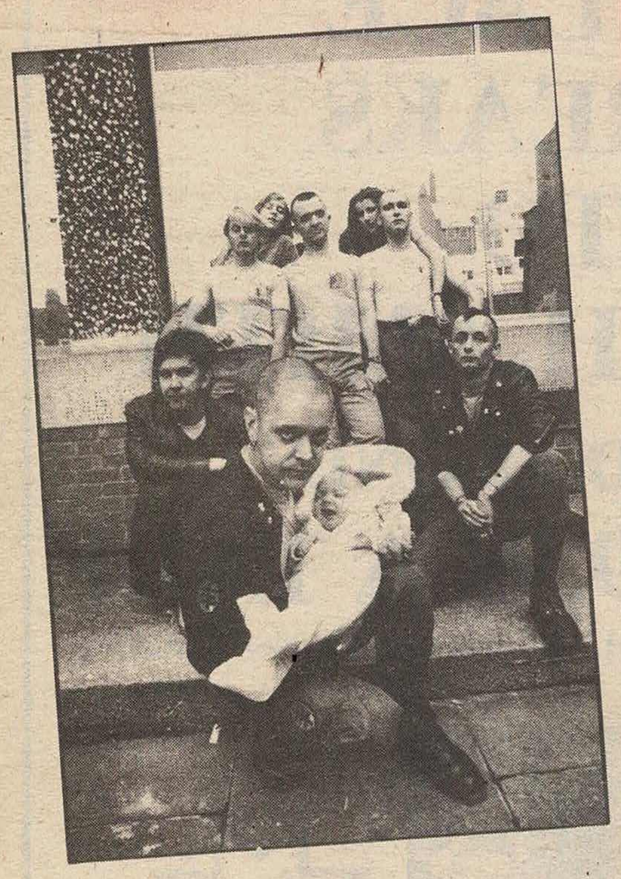


PROLOGUE: WHO KNOWS

what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows . . .

"So you thought I had gone away, you'd given me up for dead, you marked me down for a loser. Ha! But how my heirs prove you wrong!

"Stare misery in the face and you'll see me looking back at you. Wherever small men harbour grand designs you'll hear my words. Listen to the hideous voices of Afrika! Sing praises to Idi Amin and Bokassa! Look to the East! Salute Pol Pot and his heroic remodelling of man! All round the world I send my greetings! Pinochet's Chile! El Salvador! Turkey's military regime! Germany's Baader-Meinhof! Italy's Red Brigade! I could go on. I will go on!

"I live on in Albania! Rumania! Singapore! IRA! The Spanish Basques! Begin in Beirut! From me you learnt the thinness of Civilisation's veneer. After me the human capacity to commit atrocity has proved limitless.

"To YOU I bequeathed the principles of terror and how quickly you took to them! Terror! Terror! Terror! Terror recognizes no ideologies. Franco or Stalin the methods are the same. And how well YOU have all improved upon them! YOU even shock me sometimes with your brute efficiency. YOU have done me proud! I have done YOU in!

Yours. A.H."

HOW TO TACKLE THE

monster without emulating him.

It's an old truism, but an accurate one nevertheless, that those who stare the monster in the face long enough become that monster. Terrorist actions are no less ugly than those of the system they oppose . . . the gutter press hysterically denounces immorality just as it sells itself on it . . . Popular artists hilariously pretend to be dismantling the music industry munster while all the time approximating its ridiculous shape . . .

So it goes on all the way down the scale.

No matter how well these people understand the psychological make up of the monster — the control organism — they set themselves up against, they inevitably underestimate the immense powers of psychic suggestion that bind them to it. Once the monster becomes the singular obsession of its opponents — to the point where they know what they're fighting against, but no longer what they're fighting for — it knows it has won.

After all, nobody understands the nature of the beast better than the beast itself.

As half of Throbbing Gristle, Genesis P-Orridge and Sleazy Peter Christopherson, now of Psychic Television, detailed the operations of that monster with such terrifying accuracy that many of us — me included for part of the way — couldn't see the dividing line between recognition of an abject conditon and the condition itself. The unrelenting horror of TG imagery reminded us of the worst manifestations of control — the death camps, the Berlin Wall — and the way it warped its opponents — Manson.

Can the world be as sad as it seems, they asked, and people took the way they posed the question to be contributing to its misery. It was easier, TG would argue, to dismiss them so than answer it.

"The media image in general," postulates Sleazy, "is to keep us concerned with the mundane day to day things to prevent you thinking about those things which are more important . . . Some people interpreted the kind of music and the kind of image we used to work on as a pessimistic one and actually became violent when they realised we were *not* interested in repeating those same old pessimistic formulas that they were being fed by everybody else."

"We weren't pessimistic," clarifies Genesis P. "We were journalistic. We were describing what we saw and when we had seen enough we said, What can we do about it? It's no good describing things indefinitely, you have some obligation to draw conclusions and after that suggest solutions that might make life more tolerable and constructive. Which is precisely what we're trying to do. We may not be considered correct by many people. But our motivation is pure and, hopefully, reasonable."

Simply put, where Throbbing Gristle probed directly into the heart of the monster, Psychic Television are investigating ways around it.

"PEOPLE AND GROUPS

have been scared off from thinking," asserts Genesis P.

"They're all desperate to seem phun, superficial and groovy, and avoid wherever possible the concept that they can analyse the world. There's been a very successful smear campaign on thought in music, which I think is a shame. On the other hand it leaves it wide open to us, because we're the only ones stubborn enough to keep on . . . hahaha . . .

"Given the options of triviality and pedantry, I'd choose pedantry."

He is being unnecessarily self-effacing, but now we all know where we stand we can focus on the matter at hand. Psychic Television, by their own description, is the propaganda wing of a thing called the Temple Ov Psychick Youth, which will be elaborated on later.

PTV is basically Genesis P-Orridge — "He's my front man," mocks Sleazy — and Sleazy Peter Christopherson — "And he's my emotional crutch," retorts Genesis P. The PTV operation incorporates sound, word and vision. Its ultimate choice of weapon in the information war is television, for which they are preparing themselves with weekly half hour broadcasts for New York cable. In the meantime they'll content themselves with video, records and broadsheets that are at once interrelated and complete in themselves.

The first readily available clue to the PTV state of mind is an excellent LP 'Force The Hand Of Chance', released this week via Some Bizzare/WEA. That it is distributed by a major isn't important, except it does prove that PTV are opening up to the outside world where TG tended to isolate themselves from it.

More importantly, the record is as insidiously attractive as it is extraordinarily varied: an acoustic love ballad is followed by an Ennio Morricone styled Wild Boy story, which in turn metamorphoses into a controlled noise release, before finishing with a delicately strummed guitar theme.

Elsewhere, a phased chopper sound retraces an apocalyptic journey into the heart of darkness; a disco track is turned into a sex incantation and, best of all, Marc Almond is stretched to his limits singing a sombrely penetrating manifesto 'Guiltless' which, like the closing 'Sermon' — intoned by PTV's tattooist and body piercer in a cod sanctimonious voice — clearly states what PTV are all about. Though the level of PTV entertainment is far more sophisticated and challenging than anything the participants have been involved in before, it is not trying to fool anyone.

One thing leads to another, the strange sweetness of the LP might induce you into attending a PTV event where — going on the evidence of their first statement of intent at The Final Academy — you will be alerted to the ritual application of PTV music. The visualisation of PTV fantasies is far more difficult to assimilate than its musical equivalent.

A bank of three videos either side of the stage show two sets of film, the trick being you can only see one or the other. One begins with a hooded figure being strung up and whipped, after which he is systematically scarred all over and sucked at by PTV participants.

The other set of screens, meanwhile, project an anthropological film displaying natives up to the same thing. Those watching the former turn a blustery squeamish red while those watching the latter observe the screen with blank scientific interest. Draw your own conclusions. But first . . .

"It did say very categorically in the text that the event was an incantation to make things happen and a statement of our new position," explains Genesis P, "which is to much more overtly and without camouflage demonstrate the conclusions we came to in our previous research."

"Maybe it will be helpful here to provide a few definitions," interjects Sleazy. "We don't have the same association with such words as spell or incantation as others. For example, what we were doing at the Final Academy was not a question of evoking or using any mysterious external force. It's a question of focusing internally on what's going on around in order to produce an affect . . ."

"It's just self-analysis taken a lot further," says Genesis P, "and through that concentration on real goals you can achieve more. It's quite logical that if you concentrate on things you really want you stand a better chance of getting them. But obviously people with a very strong sense of direction and their own individual power and character are going to be far more dangerous. That's why it is actively discouraged . . ."

"Our culture has not understood the dialectic between civilisation and savagery. More precisely, it has sacrificed the dialectic for a dualism. Someone who rationalises and civilises without limit must create a destructive savagery in himself or others." **(Hans Peter Duerr, a German political anthropologist, talking to *Semiotext(e)* Volume IV, No 2)**

YOU DON'T HAVE TO

scratch away at the veneer of civilisation long before it reveals its primitive roots. Given the right situation — a Falklands crisis, Beirut — supposed civilised states will behave with unprecedented cruelty, the participants secure in the knowledge that they are protected by the various bureaucracies that regulate behaviour.

That is, it is never one individual's fault, the responsiblity is always someone else's.

"Why there are people who would much rather fuck up the world is one of the great mysteries of the human race," pronounces Genesis P "and why everybody else will tolerate and even follow these people quite often is even more of a mystery.

"However, there is definitely an apocalyptic feeling around now. People feel there is presently a crisis point. And if you observe these things you are therefore under obligation to take sides. Instead of allowing these negative people to continue their games at our expense — even if it is just by being passively nihilistic, saying, I don't care — you should indicate there are optimistic and positive ways to behave. There is no such thing anymore as being neutral or not guilty by omission."

A new pattern of thought developing in Europe suggests the proper relocation of those primitive roots as being an important first step to really *feeling* the consequences of your own actions. Thus, being more cognizant, you must act according to your conscience and not the will of your commander.

Those who try to reclaim the power to make decisions are invariably regarded as anti-social. Sometimes for good reason. Often they band together as criminals, huddle together in strange sects, operate in bizarre magick circles. Most of them identify each other with scars, tattoos or incriminate each other, so to speak, via their secret rituals. However, there are more open, positive — in their own peculiar way — signs of primitivism today.

"It is interesting that during the punk phenomenon self-cutting became a strong system of rebelling and almost taking back of the power," says Genesis P. "There is a resurgence of interest in tattooing and piercing and scarifying and banding and tribalism. Those are all marks of an instinctive grasping for this lost power or lost unity that has been stolen from us, from our culture. The physical side of our attitude to life has been denied us and we're all told to contain it in document or ideas.

"What we are trying to do is, maybe, to synthesise a practical, non-dogmatic, non-mystical modern philosophy that is both existential — like Sleazy I don't believe in spirit forces or external powers — and romantic."

Explore daily your deepest desires, fantasies and motives, gradually focusing on what you would like to happen in a perfect world, a perfect situation, taking away all restrictions and practical considerations, what you really want. **(from 'Sermon' — the key to the Temple Ov Psychick Youth)**

YES, BUT WHOSE DESIRES

and fantasies, whose strange sex quirks, are rituals such as the one described earlier exploring? And through such a ritual whose mind is being focused? The man with the knife or the man under the knife?

"The raw material had evolved from fantasy," admits Sleazy. "Some of the raw material were video recordings of a ritual . . ."

"In all societies there are different rituals which in themselves are not important, but are made as overt public statements of commitment," expands Genesis P. "Once you've actually decided you would do it, it really doesn't matter whether or not you finally undergo it, because by making the decision you have already made your commitment to that idea.

"In that sense those rituals you saw are one or two people very voluntarily stating commitment to an idea. None of them had to do it, and whether they did it or not doesn't mean they can't appreciate or be commited to it.

'That's why on the other side of the room there were pictures of other initiation rites from other cultures to make it clear that what we were doing is reinvesting modern technological society with what we feel are necessary primitive rituals."

"We don't expect anybody to do anything we will not do ourselves," he adds. "If people don't do anything we do, that's fine. But anyway there's nothing that we would even suggest that we won't do, which seems only right. Otherwise we would be fantasising in a very non-constructive way."

Some people viewed Psychic TV's event at the Final Academy as recruitment drive for The Temple Ov Psychick Youth. Going to all the trouble of setting up the mechanics of the temple, issuing bulletins, providing readily identifiable marks, seemingly contradicts the temple's main dictum: releasing the individual's potential for his *own* use, nobody else's. Of course any such organisation must make claims on behalf of the individual, appealing to his ego, otherwise nobody would join.

The difference between theirs and other movements, claim the pair, is that they have no meeting place as such and simply communicate the means of tapping that potential. Ultimately, Psychick Youth would appear to operate along perversely logical lines to Groucho Marx's. Where he would never be a member of any club which would accept the likes of him, they are willing to accept anyone into the temple foolish enough to want to join.

"We've got no interest in being an emotional crutch for anyone," asserts Genesis P with an air of finality. "We just haven't got that much energy that we would want to start looking after masses of people. The whole thing about Psychick Youth is to provide people with lots of different triggers, to make them realise we're trying to give them back to themselves. We're not after them at all.

"Obviously," he continues, "having talked about things like anthropology of brotherhoods in different societies and various tribal rituals we do feel an onus to investigate these things, to see if there is any modern application in them."

How about the logo, the uniform tibetan haircuts? Visible signs of a spreading virus?

"It proves nothing, except perhaps some kind of enthusiasm or likemindedness," laughs Genesis P. "Besides, knowing these things always tend to happen, having observed how people cloned TG, we thought we might as well script it and design it so the image we get from that particular process is pleasing to the eye, at least."

"THE GREAT THING IS,"

says Genesis P. "you don't need to know any of this to enjoy the record. You can take it purely on its sound, or if you want you can go way, way out."

THE FINAL TRACK OF

TG's last official LP 'Funeral In Berlin' is all the applause of two Berlin concerts spliced together. Called 'Trade Deficit' it is so named as TG's final word on the proceedings.

"We would put in so much," gesticulates Genesis P-Orridge, "and people thought that all they had to do was clap! That applause was their part of the bargain!"

As Psychic Television, Genesis P-Orridge and Sleazy Peter Christopherson paradoxically give more and demand less. This time round you will only get as much as you put in.

Strike your own bargain.

USE ME

PSYCHIC TELEVISION

BY CHRIS BOHN PHOTOS PETER ANDERSON

Now that they can speak, what shall they say? Genesis P-Orridge and Sleazy Peter Christopherson explain their media masterplan to avert the imminent apocalypse with The Temple Ov Psychick Youth.

Genesis holds a Psychick; Sleazy takes central position in the Temple.

LPs

AFTER THE DIVORCE, THE PASSION

MARVIN GAYE

Midnight Lady (CBS)

JUST AT the point where the synthesised squelch and squeal and sledgehammer beat of the new metalloid funk seemed poised to kick the cool elegance of the black American soul tradition firmly into history, along strolls Marvin Gaye with a chart-busting, floor-filling single ('Sexual Healing') that shows up most of the current crop of funk for the clumsy butt-banging it is.

'Midnight Lady' completes the upstaging act and, together with offerings from fellow '60s veterans Curtis Mayfield (with his dazzling 'Honesty' LP) and Johnny Taylor (with his vital 'Reaganomics' discomix), not to mention the classier newcomers like Shalamar and The Valentine Brothers, brings a welcome portion of innovation and humanity into a flagging Stateside scene.

'Midnight Lady' shows that Gaye, now nudging 40 with his first top ten hit some 20 years past, is still growing up. Marvin's a divorced man these days — divorced from his wife, the estrangement providing the inspiration for his last and undervalued 'In Our Life' set for Motown, and now divorced from the Motown corp itself. Much of 'Midnight Woman' seems to have been conceived and executed in Europe during the limbo-like period of exile pending the final seperation from Motown and the subsequent contract with CBS.

At the time of his exile in London, Gaye told NME how much he enjoyed the atmosphere in the city, and perhaps the elctro-innovations of the Human League and the like teased his ear during his stay; certainly 'Midnight Woman' displays a command of the digitised synth beast that few of his peers have managed.

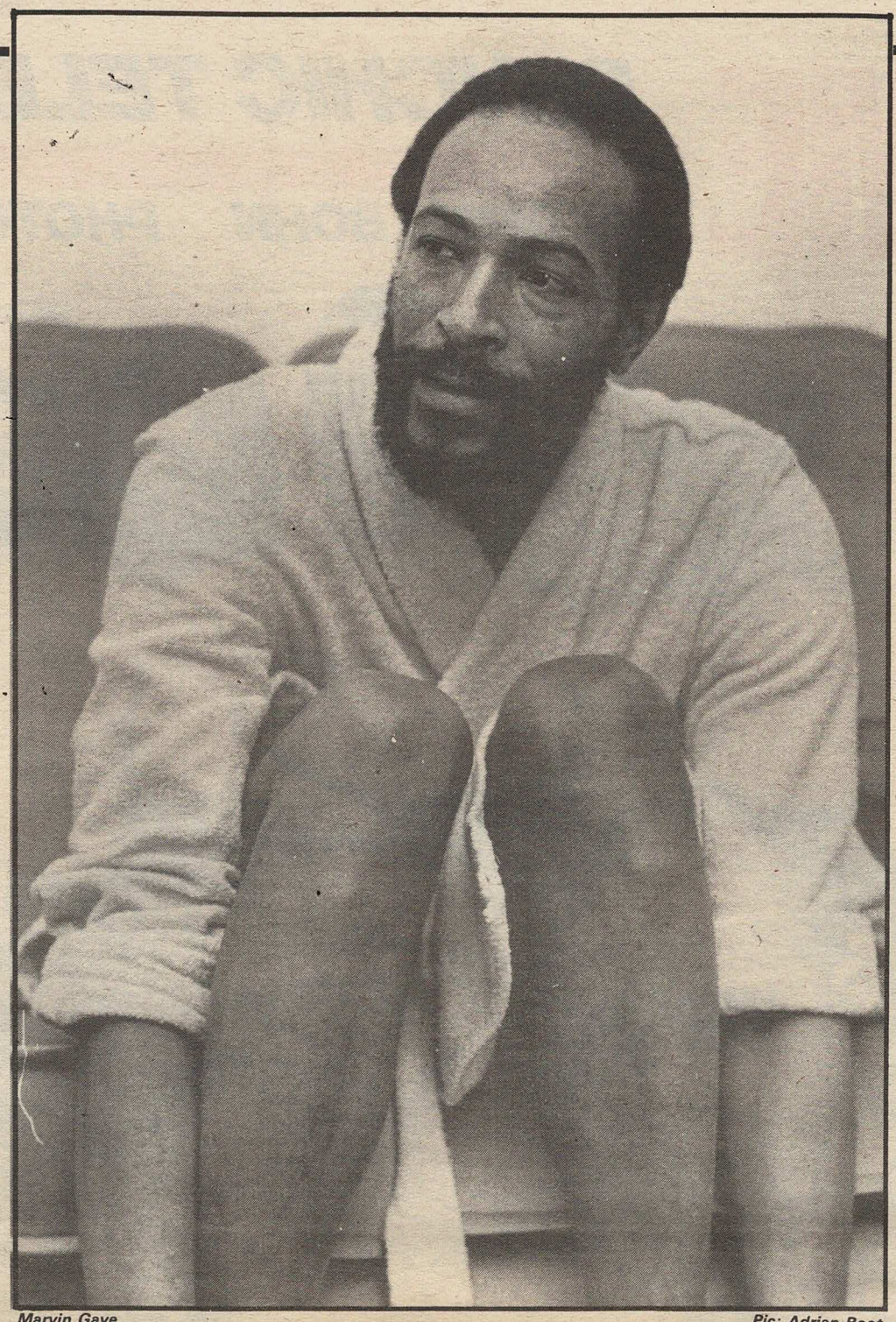
Synthesised handclaps, synthesised banjo (check 'Sexual Healing') a 'rhythm section' composed for the most part entirely from artificial bass, drum and percussion affects and a swarm of other subtle synth shadings are all blended perfectly with the tricky assertive horn arrangements and, of course, the Gaye voice.

For, make no mistake, Gaye's voice is the true star and animating force of this set, more than the romping rhythms, more than the crisp production and arranging, more than the songs that Gaye has provided, excellent though most of them are. Time has taken nothing from the man's vocal powers, and he soars, swoops and duets with himself in unfaltering style throughout, as if defying others to come along and top *that*.

The almost Reichian passion for sexual matters Gaye displayed on his celebrated 'Let's Get It On' set in the mid '70s continues to hold sway here, most evidently on the slinky, seductive 'Sexual Healing' itself, but it would be a mistake to think that 'Midnight Lady' is little more then a re-run of old dates. It's a more coherent collection for one thing, as well as being instrumentally more adventurous. Gaye's role as soul philosopher has been somewhat overrated in the past and those looking for emotional or spiritual insights are better directed towards Curtis' 'Honesty' set. What we have here is for the most part lusty celebration, and accordingly much of the album is pitched at a pace that could rock a dancefloor with little problem, the almost frantic title track and 'Rockin' After Midnight' being cases in point. 'Third World Girl' captures a Caribbean mood with lithe ease while thankfully avoiding the kind of stilted reggae rhythms that invariably accompany American excursions into the arena.

A masterful return to form in other words — not that Marvin's ever exactly been away or off-beam, simply that 'Midnight Lady' boldly steps where few have previously ventured.

Neil Spencer



Marvin Gaye *Pic: Adrian Boot*

LENE'S LAND

LENE LOVICH

No Man's Land (Stiff)

IT'S THE same old predicament. Lene Lovich is lumbered with a history, a track record, and such a distinctive one that the resultant pigeonholing has assumed oppressively confining proportions.

A victim of Stiff's predominantly successful launching policy, the wacky Lovich persona, all gipsy flourish and central European mystery, combined with an arresting dress sense and operatic voice to match, garnered hits with a (then) modern backbeat and the knock-on credibility her record company vociferously mustered. It is now four years on and the Lovich sound, having been picked over and unscrupulously prostituted by lesser talents, appears very old hat indeed.

'No Man's Land' is by no means a *bad* album, it simply offers nothing new — no fresh slant on Lovich and partner Les Chappell's worldview — no moves toward fresher avenues of investigation — nothing to restore that Lovich stamp of originality. Rock's rich tapestry remains free of additional embellishment.

Musically, it's pretty turgid fare — a standard issue, pacy (though leaden) new wave rock awash with spirally, 'weird' synth lines — the synthetic twiddles and squawks perching uncomfortably atop the anonymous rhythms, seemingly a mandatory inclusion in the wake of those quirky hits. The tracks aspire to no greater ambition than this dour uniform, 'Walking Low' offering the sole respite — a slower, eerie meeting of electronic spaghetti western and mid-European atmospherics — the actual song turning out disappointingly slight, though.

For a performer of such detailed extroversion and broad ambition — marked by her recent theatrical excursion — Lene Lovich's inhibited approach to songwriting and record production becomes all the more unsatisfactory — the narrow musical path she treads appearing at odds with an otherwise expansionist policy. On 'Special Star' she says, *"I've been standing at the crossroads far too long, And time is running out now..."*

Too true, Lene — the time has come to step out.

Graham K Smith

Edwyn Juice *Pic: Harry Papadopoulos*

ZEST-FREE JUICE

ORANGE JUICE

Rip It Up (Polydor)

I JUST played Buddy Holly's version of 'Rip It Up' to remind me, although Edwyn Collins gives the impression he is unfamiliar with such iconography. Orange Juice's 'Rip It Up' is a development of an altogether more wistful deal on life: such is the cycle of youth music, so are our salad days enfeebled.

Orange Juice are a minor group trying hard to be bigger and more significant than they really ought to be. Their wan series of Postcard singles served them better than any fetchingly polished album ever will: their real dimension is best considered through the blurred viewfinder of those scratchy, bashful records. The difference between 'Breakfast Time' here and its Postcard prototype is that between nervous energy and familiar excitement.

Or, to nail it down, Collins' interests and attitudes melt away in the glare of a clear focus. The fatuous ruminations on love in 'Mud In Your Eye' and 'Louise Louise' betray the indolence of his thinking, tepid variations on pop hackery long since consigned to public domain free-for-alls. The music they devise to accompany these musings is mostly old-fashioned, alarmingly reminiscent in places of the kind of genteel lace-making of the likes of Caravan. The clarity which has served the Banshees so well serves principally to highlight the clean digital momentum of a faceless pop music.

Sometimes it is a little more than that, because the arrival of drummer/vocalist Zeke Manyika does effect a bizarre revitalisation in places. Manyika's presence seems so contrary to the spirit of Juice — which, despite Collins' protestations, remains essentially lacking in red corpuscles — that the impossible works and something raised on a different spirit rises up. 'A Million Pleading Faces' and particularly 'Hokoyo', where Manyika takes the lead vocals, have the infectious upswing that characterises the finer syntheses of white pop and black dance.

But those moments pass, and always we have to return to Collins' spineless singing and naive critiques of romance. What is most clearly missing from Orange Juice is wit, a commodity they seemed to be circling around on their amusing retread of 'L.O.V.E.' There it appeared that Collins could end up as Green's embarrassed and guileless cousin — except there is none of the resplendent style of 'Songs To Remember' in 'Rip It Up'. 'I Can't Help Myself', a fairly doltish melange of familiar pop hooks, shows they have no idea of what irony is.

Collins' worst failing is his overweening sentimentality. Perhaps he and Buddy Holly aren't so far apart at that.

Richard Cook

LOST IN SPACE

THE STARGAZERS

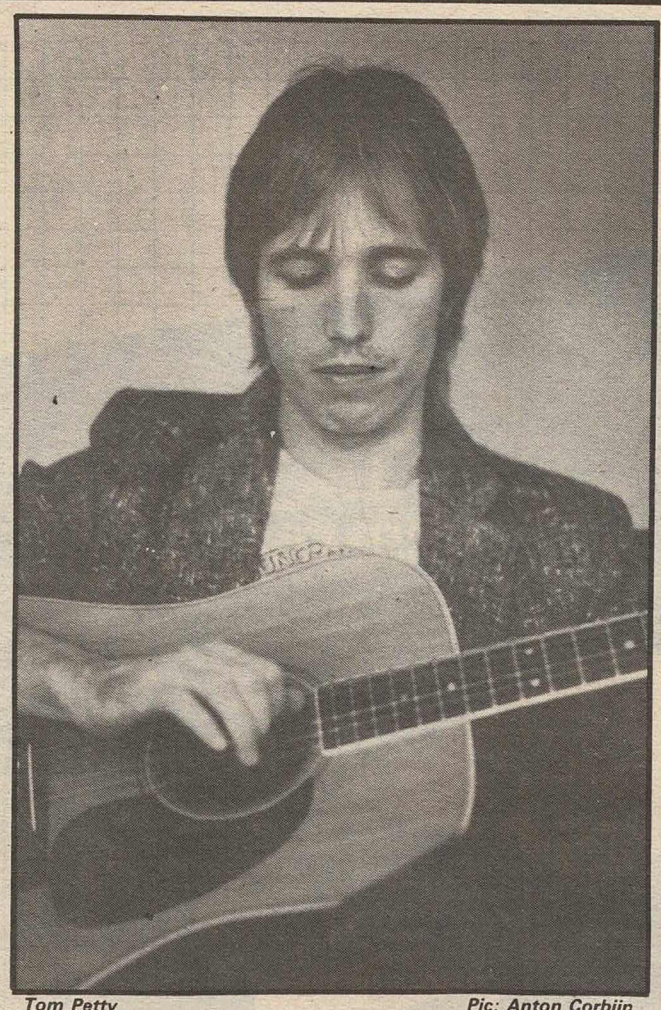
Watch This Space (Epic)

NOSTALGIA FOR the numerous facets of 'Billy apparently knows no bounds. Mutation has been the keyword, with the leading lights of each year's regular 'revival' bestowing some specific enticing twist upon the essential bop core — The Polecats' jumping camp flash, The Stray Cats' stonesian grit or The Meteors' horrorshow noise.

This year's contenders, The Stargazers, fail in their quest for scant minutes of chartdom by the very fact that their "gimmick" — an almost reverential purism — although worthy, is not the recipe hits are made of in '82. If the heady pastiche of the cover, winding up the '50s schlocko effect with the boys looking more like Devo than Devo, promises a weird, tangential departure from the common starting point, the actual disc disappoints in its ambitionless direction.

The Stargazers are probably an extremely entertaining live act; their effervescent, rock'n'roll showband personality does not, however, translate comfortably onto plastic. As they forfeit energy for the lightweight realism of their chosen genre there's nothing to grab the attention once the novelty of the (historically correct) interpretation wears off. The record features a handful of covers, the remaining originals hardly differing from a thousand other rewrites — if I want bossa nova I'll consult Xavier Cugat, and get Bill Haley to provide the gossamer rock 'n' roll. Perhaps a live Stargazers record would paint a truer picture...

Graham K Smith



Tom Petty — Pic: Anton Corbijn

SOME FELL ON STONY GROUND

TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS

Long After Dark (Backstreet/MCA)

STRAIGHT OFF the bat, let it be known that I stand by Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers. At its most effective their moulding of the '60s beat group sensibility to an adroitly contemporary American hard rock pulse packs a seductively melodious punch and a consistency of 'focus' that dovetails all ingredients into one *absolute* statement of intent.

Two years on from 'Hard Promises' its immediate predecessor — itself an agreeable if slightly patchy follow-up to 'Damn The Torpedoes' this band's finest work to date — 'Long After Dark' is well up on its application of that winning formula, whilst simultaneously leaving the listener feeling, well, shortchanged.

As frontman and singer of his own compositions what Petty has is *conviction*. His voice possesses a genuinely poignant frailty of timbre that can provide the ideal counterpoint to his bouts of racousness. Thus Petty's key works — 'Even The Losers', 'Insider', 'Refugee', 'Shadow Of A Doubt', 'The Waiting' — have succeeded in side-stepping both "rock and roll man" cliches and ponderous self-pity to pierce to the heart of an issue, with Petty's emotive singing perfectly bolstered by the exquisite groundswell of thick bass and drums, baroque keyboard voicings and Mike Campbell's stinging lead guitar.

Yet the ten tracks of 'Long After Dark' vary drastically in the actual content lurking beneath the luscious sheen. It now appears that Petty's struggle to develop new insights for his songs has proved something of a failure. The image he fostered through 'Torpedoes' and 'Promises' has simply not been developed.

In fact, although ersatz manifestoes abound, the conviction quotient is hamstrung by often lacklustre melodies and the overwhelming sense of this album having been constructed via laborious studio sessions to fit the perfect formula for US radio.

On 'Straight Into Darkness' the problem can be most clearly denoted: everything sounds like it *should* be great until you notice the main riff is simply 'Don't Fear The Reaper''s beguiling coda regurgitated. Similarly on 'Deliver Me' — along with Petty's tersely vitriolic performance on 'You Got Lucky' the best work here — the similarities betwixt this and 'The Waiting' are a tad too close for comfort.

Petty's still mining his "you gotta keep on keepin' on" credo, replete with a stout-hearted belief that *"Real Love is a man's salvation"* — and, fair enough Tom, I'll concur with such platitudes. What I don't like is that lurking behind Jimmy Lovine's seamless production are an unsettlingly 'samey' bunch of chord progressions elegantly embellished and swelled up by the staunch Heartbreakers, adept as ever.

Not that 'Long After Dark' is bad, it simply questions Petty's ability to group together a truly challenging set of musical conceits. In the field of opportunity it's ploughing time again, as fellow singer/songwriter Neil Young once opined. It's just unfortunate that the seed seems to have fallen on stony ground this time around.

Nick Kent

CHINA? WHO CHINA?

CHINA CRISIS

Difficult Shapes And Passive Rhythms (Virgin)

CHINA CRISIS — another semi-anonymous name from that melting pot of vague and forgettable promise makers that stir and rustle in the shadows, cause whispers, then merge back into the gloom.

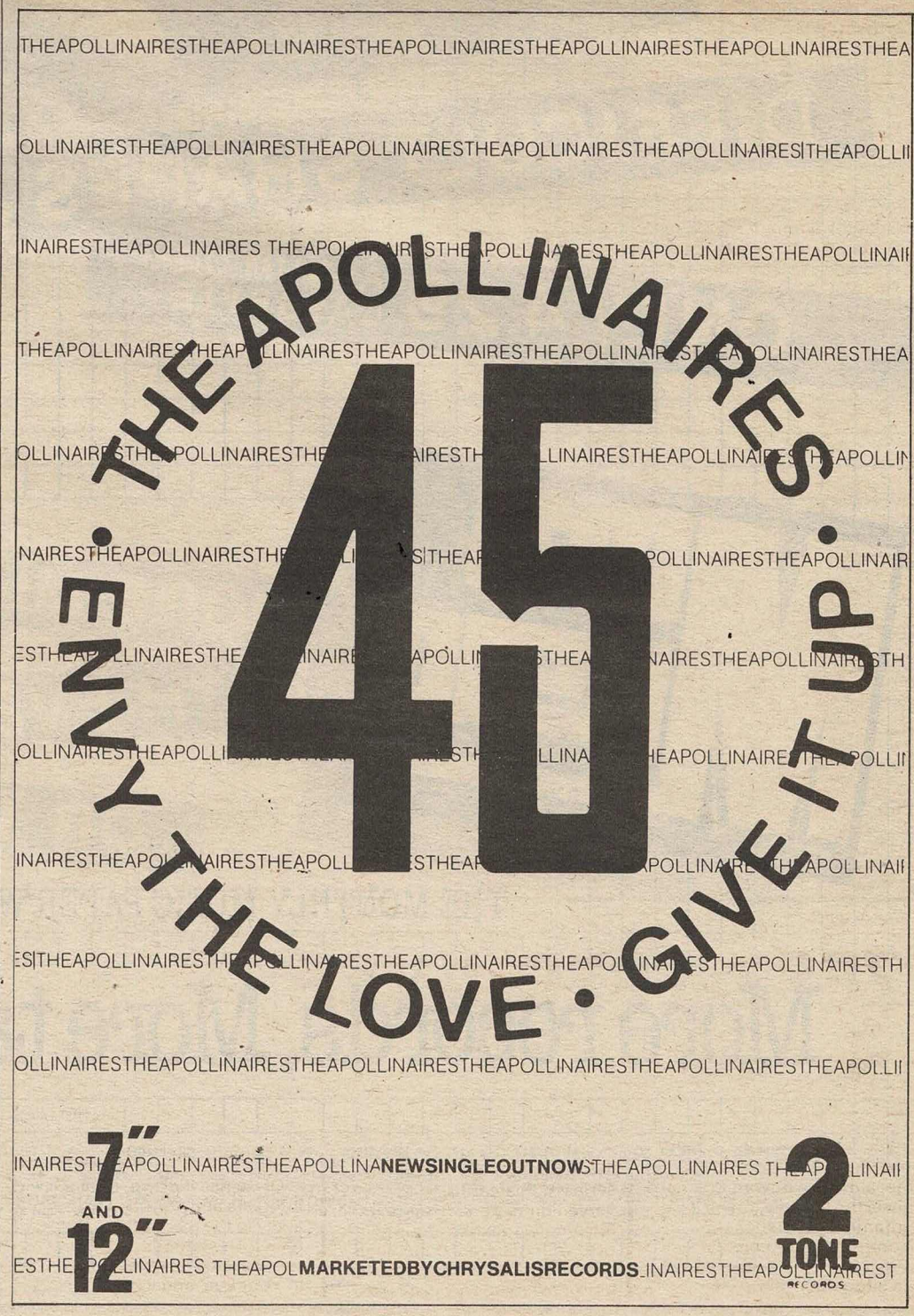
Liverpool's thrown up more than its share of borderline hopefuls with an eye to the future but a foot so firmly cemented in known territory that they chance nothing, least of all their stable mediocrity. China Crisis are a perfect example of an accomplished but deplorably safe band. When 'African And White' was released as a single, it was plugged with the subtlety of a flying brick by Kid Jensen but never broke into the mainstream, and the reason's obvious. China Crisis make a *goodish* sound (that 'ish' is so important, relegating a record to the ranks of mediocrity in one sweet syllable) but if we made room in our hearts for the 'goodish', where would we fit the real gems?

This is pleasant, inoffensive electrobop, as invigorating as Depeche Mode on barbs, *nice* music that would be at home floating out of Shirley Williams' radio or updating BBC muzak and oozing mildly from the girl with the noughts and crosses board; music that doesn't raise goosebumps or eyebrows, cause thrills or chills or interfere with the dozy calm of a Sunday afternoon. The life-support system of each track is a pale four-note tinkle washing through a tinny synth with all the force of an awestruck six-year-old discovering 'My First Book Of Chords' on an antique harpsichord. The vocals are equally pallid, whining faintly like dying mosquitos with such lacklustre world-weariness you can hear the groove curling up and dying.

Alright, I *know* it's not as bad as all that, not 'bad' at all in fact. Just totally forgettable like 95% of other releases nowadays. If bands like this continue to venture so little, they can't hope to be remembered . . . er . . . China *who?*

Leyla Sanai

The Stargazers



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Portrait of Andy Partridge as a waxing and waning moon. Illustration: Jill Mumford

XTC — THE SDP OF POP?

XTC

Waxworks/Beeswax (Virgin)

"HAVE A nice weekend!" said the man in the motorcycle garb as he handed over this record. Sarcasm, thy name is despatch rider! — is there any aid on earth less conducive to having "a nice weekend" than "2 ALBUMS FOR THE PRICE OF 1!" — as the desperate little never-mind-the-quality-etcetera label brags — by those ponderous practitioners of Pet Rock XTC; one record covering their singles from 1977 and 'Science Friction' to 1982 and 'Senses Working Overtime', the other covering (of all things) their B-SIDES!?

If you were ever unfortunate enough to hear an XTC single, you will know that their *A-sides* tend to sound like B-sides, so I think you'll agree that it would be wiser to draw a veil over the sound of their self-confessed second stringers. But XTC at their best (the quite authentically high-spirited 'Statue Of Liberty') is not exactly breathtaking, and the whole collection can be immediately recognised as Deejays' Darling dull, the kind of records that are played relentlessly by the pilot of the airwaves pillocks for months on end until they finally scrape into the charts at number 29 or some such godforsaken placing. The singer has a sort of fat, fatuous voice, self-mocking as it tries to beat all the other mockers to the draw; the band sound as competent and impotent as any band have after The Fall. They are a typical Richard Branson mod con non-*Event*, altogether so unpersonable that when they sing songs against objectionable things like conformism ('Making Plans For Nigel') and militarism ('Generals And Majors'), the objectionable things start to sound quite attractive.

They now sound the last word in uselessness, and it is hard to believe that they once served a purpose for certain sections of the populace — but they did. At the dawn of punk XTC and their ilk — short-haired smirking hippies — provided a real service for those who wanted to be UP TO DATE without wanting to CHANGE; the business and the world are infested with them.

This is SDPop.

Julie Burchill

HASSELL FREE MUSIC

JON HASSELL

Vernal Equinox (Lovely Music)

HOW'D YOU like to u-n-w-i-n-d to the new electric ethnic? Although it was recorded six years ago, this visionary piece of techno-primitivism is only now freely available in this country (through TOL, diligent distributors of 'the other label'.)

This was the record that Eno played continuously when he first moved to New York, using it functionally, as a sort of 'acoustic air-conditioning'. It's only ambivalently ambient, however. The percussionists' rhythms insinuate rather than pound, but those keening, melismatic melod es bite deep.

On one level 'Vernal Equinox' can be enjoyed as experimental jazz, following up the ethnic-instruments byway that seemed so alluring in the early '70s, before funk had quite sunk in. But there's more to it than that.

Hassell is an American new-music trumpeter who didn't exactly shoot to prominence on Terry Riley's 'new tonality' landmark recording, 'In C'. Like Riley and LaMonte Young before him, Hassell's studied Indian classical singing. This has helped him to develop a uniquely personal approach to the trumpet. The result is a weirdly breathy tone-quality, full of extraordinary wavering vocal inflections. The cultural cross-pollination is further aided by his use of a four-valve instrument, and abetted by various electronic bugs and drones.

At his most overtly technological, Hassell can sound like a herd of elephants trapped inside a digital delay line, but here he's just getting started down that road. He might come across as a mite serious and academic, but he's a stylist as distinctive as Miles and he takes just as many calculated risks. A Professor of Darkness, perhaps, if not the Prince.

Felix Jay

FUNKY, IN THE MOST PECULIAR WAY

EDDY GRANT

Killer On The Rampage (Ice)

HE'S A very admirable figure, is Eddy Grant; he's got the whole business sussed, sewn up, he really has. Each year he releases a few impeccable pop singles — bristling with hooklines, great to dance to, bursting with vitality. The singles go out and make a mint on the international market (so much in fact that Eddy can ship himself and his family off from Stoke Newington to Barbados) and while the likes of his present smash hit 'I Don't Wanna Dance' is notching up the ackers you can be sure that in between eating those exotic fruits, splashing in the surf and soaking up that climate he's started to record, write and produce some more of his skilful, irresistible pop music. It won't be a radical departure — his own background provides enough scope and the things about his particular formula is that no-one else knows the secret — but it's sure to come up sounding as sundrenched and daisy fresh as its predecessors.

He's earned his lifestyle and acclaim, establishing his sound and credentials in the '60s with The Equals and a string of excellent singles, then moving on onto a solo career as studio owner (his Stamford Hill studio was the first black owned recording studio in Britain) and mastermind for the hits of others and himself. He's talented, determined and enterprising *and* he still manages to be a raging success. He's *got* to be special.

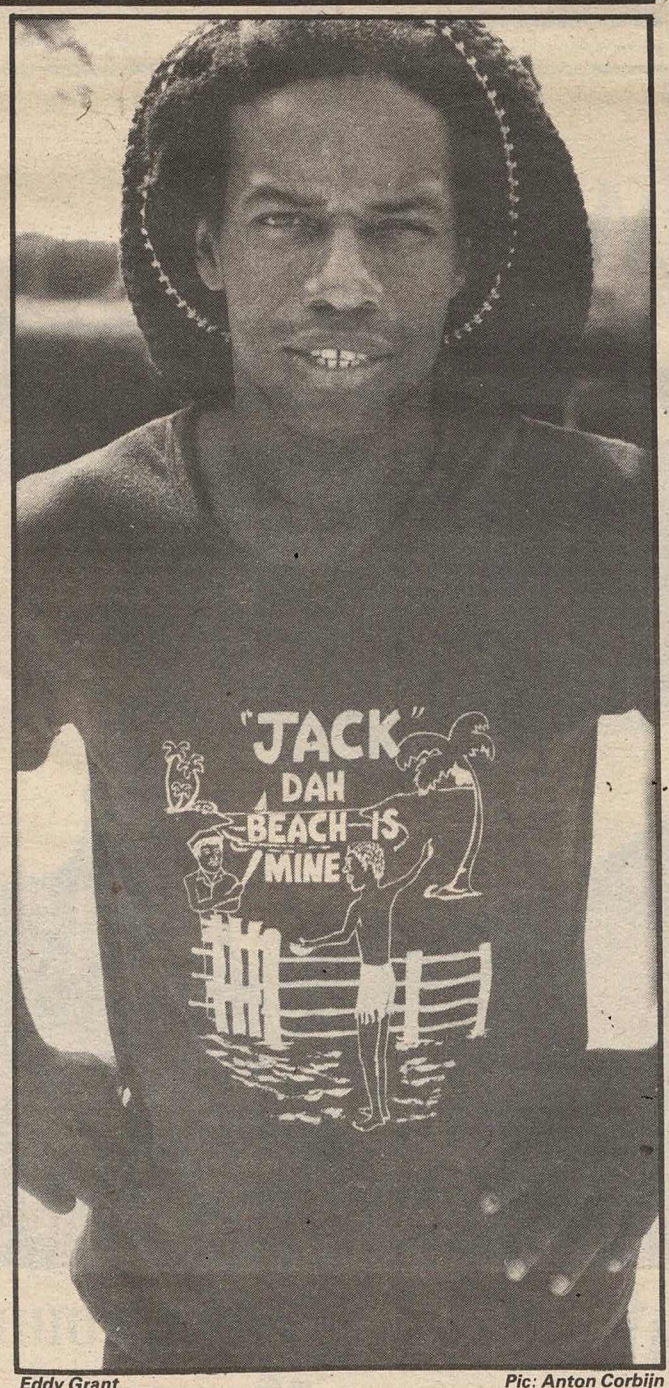
If you want any more proof just look at the back cover of this LP — where else in the world would you get an LP sponsored by Caribbean Airways and a Barbados tourist club? Like I say, Mr Grant's got the whole thing sussed.

As an LP, like all Eddy Grant LPs 'Killer On The Rampage' doesn't pull off a total coup, although you could take damn near any track off it and it would make a great single. Why so? Well, for starters his voice isn't the most durable instrument stretched over two sides of vinyl and the lyrical minimalism hung around that vast meaty beat doesn't hold its effect for a full 40 minutes.

'It's All In You' seems the most obvious choice for the next single; a gorgeous overpowering melody with crisp acoustic guitars, it's redolent of Paul McCartney at his best (aka 'Band On The Run'). There's nothing quite as simple as the effortless magic of the happy sad lament 'I Don't Wanna Dance', but the heartfelt anger of 'War Party' *("You're a bastard just like Pharoah, You killed the children just like Pharoah")* is as convincingly purveyed as his dance celebrations or love songs. And on 'Another Revolutionary' he shows he's capable of writing a poignant atmospheric piece about vainglorious rebel combat without lapsing into phoney Che Guevara crap.

The range and eclecticism Eddy Grant can build on sturdy but apparently limited foundations is quite startling. Like he says, it's *"Funky rock'n'roll and it's funky in the most peculiar way."* Hear 'Killer On The Rampage' and find out exactly what he's driving at.

Gavin Martin



Eddy Grant *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

LIGHTNING STRIKES

OK JIVE

At The Blue Chonjo Sky Day And Night Club (Frenzy)

A ZAMBEZI breeze, a Dakar dacquiri, a Gabon goddess whispering seductively: "Hello Kwela". All are indicative of the thoughts aroused by the tropical trifles and allied highlife rhythms proffered by the five piece known as OK Jive.

Though guitarists Datsun Cherry and Bavon Wayne Wayne both hail from the land of the kick up the Kikuyu, the band's music often has the aroma of Hollywood back-lot fare, perfect pop for would-be white hunters and teenage delinquent district commissioners. If Altered Images had hailed from Cameroon instead of Caledonia they might well have sounded this way — 'cept that vocalist Ruby Jive, bless her multi-coloured hair-ribbons, is a mite more roar roar than rah rah.

Fred Dellar

OK Jive

15 FLORIDA BANDS

The Land That Time Forgot (Open)

A BLOOD brother to the Stiff/Akron compilation of a few years back. What are all too patently lacking are the guiding hand of an idiosyncratic pop visionary like the former's mastermind Liam Sternberg and the proud, inspired, screw-you-Jack isolation of the groups from Rubber City. Instead we're left with an ungainly collection of garage music ranging from the messy ('I Led Two Lives' by The Eat), the crass ('Mondo Congo' by Rubber Thongs) and back to the messy ('Monkey Jungle Breakdown' by The Vulgar Boatmen). Tape the cool, sweet pop of The Breathers' 'Did You Think' and file it away until 1990 when you can sell it for hundreds and hundreds of pounds to some dumb-ass collector. That's what everyone here is doing, anyway.

Gavin Martin

PHILIP LYNOTT

The Philip Lynott Album (Vertigo)

IT IS always a minor pleasure to hear Phil(ip) Lynott sing because he has a wonderful voice, a sly romanticism, a likeable hint of self-mockery and — at his best — a touch of genuine magic. What is more than a minor pleasure is to hear him sing a memorable song; something he does nowhere on this album despite — or perhaps because of — interventions and contributions by Mark Knopfler, Midge Ure, Rusty Egan and Pierre Moerlen. Highly recommended to devotees of disappointing, unimpressive albums.

Charles Shaar Murray

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Streetnoise Vol I (Streetwave/Epic)

'Streetnoise Vol I' is a collection of truly awful, three-hour long disco songs. But don't despair, the record company has realised its mistake, and 'Streetnoise Vol II' is already in production. It consists of the 31 bus, drunken football hooligans, pneumatic drills, car doors slamming, the Flying Eye traffic helicopter, balloon salesmen and rabid dogs.

Lloyd Bradley

JANET KAY

Capricorn Woman (Solid Groove)

A REAL pity that this mish-mash of deviously acquired, unfinished tracks had to appear when it did, at the start of a much deserved revival of Janet Kay's fortunes. Best ignored — as the lady herself is trying hard to do — because it is a completely false example of anything Janet Kay is capable of, or is going on to do.

Lloyd Bradley

JOHN'S CHILDREN

Orgasm (Cherry Red)

ARTEFACT of utterly talentless '60s group whose main claim to fame is that celebrated modernist Markie Field is briefly a member. The 'Smashed Blocked' single holds some slight interest for its crazed charm, but the rest of the set with "audience" overdubbed from *A Hard Day's Night* is merely an unholy noise.

Penny Reel

CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR

Think Positive (De-Lite)

WHAT more is there to say about an album entitled 'Think Positive' when its first track is called 'Somebody Tell Me What To Do'?

Lloyd Bradley

MARTYN BATES

Letters Written (Cherry Red)

EVOCATIVE monochrome-brown ten-inch package in gaunt Wilfred Owen style discloses Eyeless In Gaza singer Martyn Bates' drear tone poems given musical accompaniment. The tone in question a monotone.

Penny Reel

JOHNNY THUNDERS AND THE HEARTBREAKERS

DTK — Live At The Speakeasy (Jungle)

IN 1977 The Heartbreakers seemed like a pretty good idea to a simple country boy. But now I've had a close-up view of what heroin does to people's lives, hindsight makes this sprawling, slurred, rabid slab of rock'n'roll not quite the fun it would've been back then. All the hits are here, freshly caught from the out-of-it-heads of Thunders, Nolan, Rath and Lure. I never saw them live and I really wish I had; they sure knew how to play. But it sounds from this performance like they had some help they didn't need.

Dave Hill

CARMEN McRAE

Recorded Live At Bubba's (Kingdom Jazz)

SOMETIMES hitting dissonance in the search for difference, McRae kicks the hell out of some old warhorses — a straitlaced intro to 'Secret Love' comes followed by the explanatory line: *"That was the way for Doris Day, now this is the way for Carmen McRae"* — and attempts to leave her own imprint on such contemporary fare as Billy Joel's 'New York State Of Mind' and Michael Frank's engaging 'Underneath The Apple Tree'. The sleeve details are sadly awry but all such faults can be forgiven when McRae renders the verse to Gershwin's 'How Long Has This Been Going On?' *"Neath the stars at bazaars often I've had to caress men/Five or ten dollars then I'd collect from all those yes-men/Don't be sad, I must admit that they meant no more than chessmen/Darling can't you see?/T'was for charity."*

Put that in your lexicon and Fry it!

Fred Dellar

James Blood Ulmer

Illustration: Ian Wright

BLACK AND BLOOD!

JAMES BLOOD ULMER

Black Rock (CBS)

BLOOD'S NEW record is both a retreat and an advance on the heart of the matter. Although 'Black Rock' relents and relaxes more frequently than the blackout tumult of 'Tales Of Captain Black' ever did, its designs contrive to strike even more ferociously at the basic reassurance of past, played music. Its colours are molten and running.

If 'Freelancing', his first album for CBS, seemed a touch too aimless in spraying energy every possible way, the achievement here is in concentrating the shots on single targets. 'We Bop' is a rack-and-pinion racetrack that calls for exact articulation and dialogue of fearsome precision; 'Overnight' bucks frantically between red and green lights and gathers a terse strength until it's about to burst; and 'Moon Beam' houses gruelling states of activity between huge harmonic wedges.

The instrumental face of Ulmer's muse has never sounded so intelligently exciting. Even though there's a primeval thrill about the velocity and aggression that powers the music, the most tantalising rewards lie in slowly assimilating the layers of expression. It takes time to grasp how the most intimate and pleasing melodies are concealed, how the furious release is firing up a peculiar atmosphere of joy, how the kicking interaction between guitars and bass and sax and the two drummers is resolved without injury. In something as simultaneously abstract and accessible as the all-out slugfest of 'More Blood', electric instrumental music is having its guts scorched and returned for fresh appraisal.

But the song plays a part too. The almost charming treatments of 'Family Affair' and 'Love Has Two Faces', Blood's rascally croak artless beside the sweet remonstrations of Irene Datcher, have little to do with the darker tensions of harmolody. 'Fun House' sounds like a dimension on the far side of George Clinton, and in the manifesto piece of 'Black Rock' itself, tremendous violence is channelled through a spare and compacted setting.

It won't do to write this off as virtuoso scribbling, a blackened strain of hyperdrive jazz-rock. It's true enough that 'Black Rock' is an often impersonal and speed-written session; it doesn't deal in emotions of great candour, unreeling itself in a consciously 'public' manner. Blood's CBS records are not the searching and private documents his first LPs reached after. What *is* exceptional is this music's capacity to jolt, to reawaken and to provoke. The *method* of Ulmer's sound is what counts, and it should still lead to greater things, even if they don't actually come from him.

In the meantime, 'Black Rock' remains an ecstatic charge: one to make yourself jump.

Richard Cook

BRETTER BY FAR!

WAH!

The Maverick Years (The Wonderful World Of)

PETE WYLIE was always the nutter 'mongst the plain bores. While Julian's crowd and that other little gang with the rhythm machine whinged and posed badly, Wylie at least sounded as if he was enjoying himself.

Which brings us smartly (cos I'm writing this) to one of rock's ginchy little mysteries; namely, I could never tell the difference 'twixt all those plain bores. Teardrop Explodes, Echo & The Bunnymen *et al* ran a close second only to bad Mogadon — put all those closet depressives together and they congealed into a mighty depressing mess. Some new order . . .

If jazz, so Paul Weller would have us believe, is music to drink Pernod and Perrier water and read books to, then anything on Zoo (with the brief exception of The Expelaires) was music best just got blind drunk to. Synth pop's fine by me but synth rock always sucked a biggie. Period.

For a town with a sublime football team and a glorious beat heritage, Liverpool's second coming was real crummy. Pity the pillock who rated Julian, Zoo and all that jazz as any kind of follow-up to Gerry & The Pacemakers . . . and then they point to Echo & The R-r-rabbits as natural seconds to a band as *positively powerful* as The Jam! God help us . . .

Wah!'s greatest virtue was they never fitted in 'longside all that laboured lompen schtick. Wah! always looked too good, always dressed too well. Pete Wylie seemed to take his cue from ragged has-been statesmen like The Clash not lamebrain poet never-weres. Point: Jim Morrison was a jerk (he *died*, didn't he?), Joe Strummer's old 'n' healthy (Wylie made the right choice).

On this album he sounds like neither Jim nor Joe ('s that less contentious?). 'Wah! — The Maverick Years' sounds like demos and rehearsal tapes, some of it great, some atrocious. With blank sleeve / blank labels as a ready-made excuse, 'Remember' sounds ace for a bootleg — similarly 'Seven Minutes To Midnight'. Washington pumps and the drums they-a-rattle, tho' no Wah! here's as great as 'The Story Of The Blues'.

I'd give you a songlist but howsabout you save your pocket money and buy the single? Whack 'Story Of The Blues' into the charts and we can all laugh at Wylie on Top Of The Pops — it's time we put a nutter 'mongst all those plain bores.

X. Moore

MUSIC FOR PLEASURE

Into The Rain (Polydor)

POST-MAGAZINE rock rears its hackneyed head as Music For Pleasure dive, feet first, into the synth quagmire of 'Into the Rain'. As dated and as overtly plagiaristic as the fledgling Simple Minds' 'Life In A Day', MFP flounder in the limbo of a once revered Devotee dream without a trace of protest or dissidence. Even the song titles — 'Switchback', 'Nostalgia', 'Time' and 'Lost Detail' — merely serve to accentuate MFP's anachronistic and unrequited experimentation. Synth Rock was positively interred while MFP were in hibernation; it's time they snapped out of their sleepy synth walk and marvelled at the Comsats' vital progression.

Amrik Rai

Little Steven and the DISCIPLES OF SOUL

Men Without Women

New album-New Cassette

Produced by Miami Steve

Includes the single 'Forever'

EMI AMERICA TC/AML 3027

SOFT-FOCUS ART TARTS?

SANDII AND THE SUNSETZ

Immigrants (Sire)

THE REVERSE-SIDE sleeve of this LP is one of those cinema advert mock-up efforts. It begins to tell the tale. Responding in kind, my conclusion is that camera and production work are considered and efficient, but that a surfeit of over-direction adds fuel to my fears for what substance actually exists.

It's a little over a year since Sandii And The Sunsetz stuck their noses overground over here. Chief composer and studio director Makato Kubota expressed enthusiasm for this nation's warmer response to the group's melange of Western and native Japanese pop inputs, pleading himself to maintaining that approach. Well, they've certainly managed that. Also, they've got chummy with Japan man David Sylvian (must have been, uh, made for each other) who contributes three lyrics to the group who are currently supporting his own mob's sell-out shows. Well, that'll sell some copies. But sales-figures be damned. Does the record *work*?

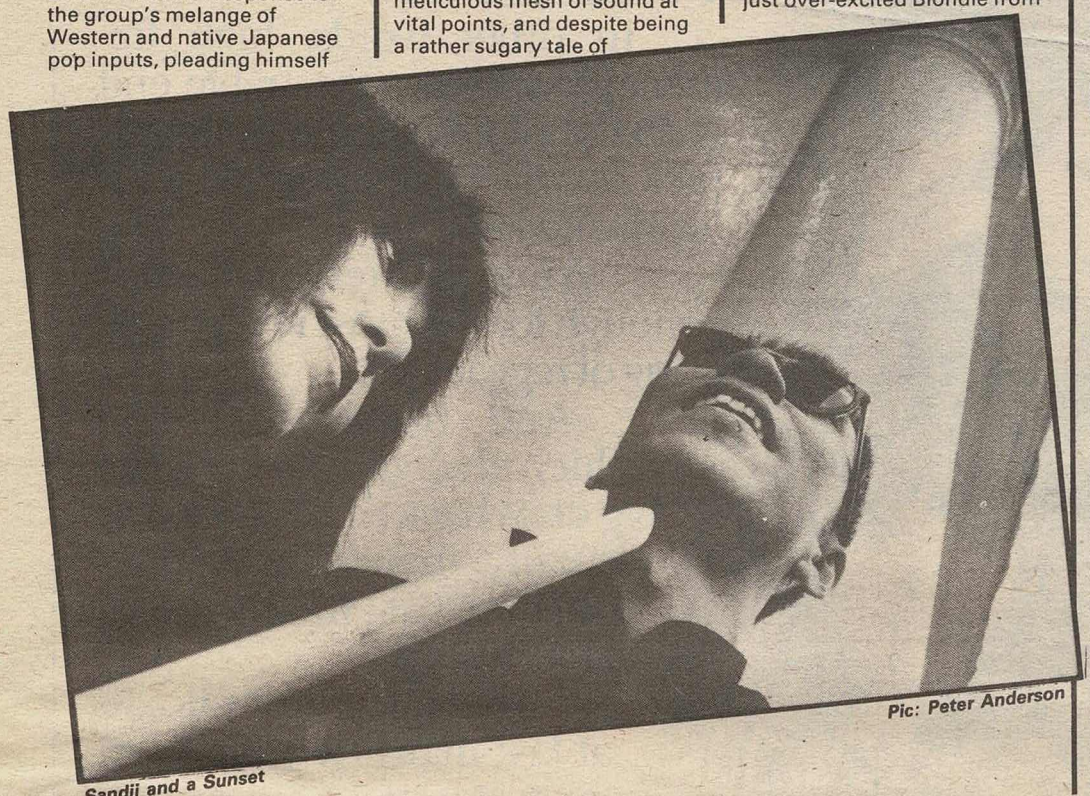
Well, sometimes it does. 'Dreams Of Immigrants', the opening track (also their current single) encapsulates the combo's forte, but also hints at failings which hinder subsequent songs. There's a winning melody which breaks attractively through a meticulous mesh of sound at vital points, and despite being a rather sugary tale of rootlessness, it does suggest the group to be potential bearers of a likeable new strain of pop cosmopolitanism, as planned. Yet Sandii's voice is almost buried by the sheer, intrusive density of the backing, and the tune takes a beating from some rather pushy treated drums.

Most of the remainder fades in this one's wake, as an inventive but over-ornate cross-cultural musical weave crowd's the album's grooves. 'Open Sesame' is a cute, beaty little shuffle with a Japanese lyric, but 'Mirrors Of Eyes' is ultimately just an airy bit of fluff. 'Illusion' and 'Perfect Strangers', meanwhile, are just over-excited Blondie from a different consumer context.

My favourite track makes no bones about being pure tacky pastiche. 'Jinjirogeh — The Chunk O' Funk' is just bright, Sunstezised dance exhortation, and here the geometric guitars, snakey synths and Jubota's earnest production efforts result in a keen and punchy whole. The studio deliberation for once actually aids the initial intent.

So if all the world's a cinema screen, Sandii And The Sunsetz are useful players of the right kind of bit part, but have no reservation on the rocket ship to stardom. The problem? Erratic performace and role confusion. Do they wanna be proper trash, or soft-focus art tarts? They'll be better when they've found out.

Dave Hill



Pic: Peter Anderson

Sandii and a Sunset

ARTERY

Oceans (Red Flame)

THIS ALBUM, I thought, has *got* to be a joke. It is so exquisitely *bad* I naturally assumed that it was the product of the diseased imagination of C. P. Lee and his mates out on the piss one night. But even *he* knows that brevity is the soul of wit, and this farrago just plods on and on. Yes, I'm afraid the perpetrators of this outrage are a bona fide group to be found skulking around Sheffield, thus wiping out at a stroke the good name which that fair city has made for itself in recent years.

From the sub-Magritte cover painting onwards this album exudes the rank odour of legions of long-forgotton art-rock LPs that clogged up Cheapo-Cheapo's racks throughout the '70s. These were the brain-children of dour, earnest chaps who imagined themselves second only to Peter Hammill when it came to soul-sensitivity, inspiration etc. However, heroes change. Artery's presiding genius Mark Gouldthorpe does a good impression of Howard Devoto in one of his Joel Gray moods.

Pic: Pete Hill

Artery's Mark Gouldthorpe

This is the sort of thing he sings: *"The smell / of sex / blended with the scent of the flowers / but was swept away / by the wind / in a matter of seconds"*. Or this: *"There's no light left in the sky tonight / the moon must have left for Mars / the clown's garden is as dark as hell / the drizzle must have drowned all the stars."* It makes Tom Verlaine sound like Smokey Robinson.

But unlike Mr Verlaine, the music possesses no redeeming qualities whatsoever. The band are all instrumentally proficient, but what use is that if the entire LP gives less musical pleasure than any two seconds of 'Eye Of The Tiger'?

Remaining awake through several playings of this unbelievably pretentious thundering banality was only possible with the cheerful prospect ahead of delivering an out-and-out hatchet job. That done, I want never to hear their name again.

Mat Snow

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Methods of Dance Vol. 2 (Virgin)

NOW HERE'S a bright idea on how to make bucks on the back catalogue — tamper with the odd mix here and there, stick in a couple of previously unavailable oddities, slap a ballet dancer or two on the cover, call it a concept and flog it off cheaply — 'Methods Of Dance', huh? Thoughtful stuff.

If you have the dedication to survive past China Crisis's opening stinkeroo (more songs about Japan and rising suns — give it a lest fellas) and the American Remix (anyone who admits aiming for America must be up the spout for a start) of I-Level's 'Give Me' you'll find the Party Mix (God, what next?) of Rip Rig and Panic's 'You're My Kind of Climate', which shows our uncompromising crew going in for a spot of overproduction. Originally available only as a DJ promotional copy — My, my, Rip, Rig and Pander get caught out.

D.A.F.'s 'Kebab Traume' is, of course, superb — but we all know that already don't we?

Side Two kicks off with The Human League, thinly disguised as The Men, making an early work out of the 'Don't You Want Me' conversational cut-out technique, and continues through an old Simple Minds B-side, a re-mix (surprise surprise) of Culture Club's 'I'm Afraid Of Me' and a dub-mix of Billy Mackenzie's 'Secret Life Of Arabia' from the 'Music Of Quality And Distinction' album. Sterling stuff all but, barring the odd echoe here and there, surely familiar to the intelligent record buyer.

Slapdash and thoughtless in its compilation, 'Methods Of Dance' is strictly for dedicated mugs.

Don Watson

New Single

SOMEONE SOMEWHERE (IN SUMMERTIME)

Remixed version produced by: Peter Walsh
From the album 'New Gold Dream (81, 82, 83, 84)'

c/w

KING IS WHITE AND IN THE CROWD
Original version produced by: John Williams
Released by arrangement with the BBC

7" available in full colour poster pack

12" also contains extra track

SOUNDTRACK FOR EVERY HEAVEN
Produced by: Peter Walsh
Previously unavailable

Simple Minds are on tour throughout November and December

VS 538

Hearing aid.

This symbol is going to be appearing on more and more pre-recorded cassettes.

In fact, if you've recently bought a tape of 'Complete Madness' or Blondie's 'The Hunter,' you may already be wondering what it's all in aid of.

If you've listened to them, on the other hand, you may already have discovered.

Because it means that the cassette has been recorded on chromdioxid tape.

Chromdioxid is set to change the quality of pre-recorded cassettes as much as Dolby did in the early '70s.

If you think that sounds a trifle exaggerated, try the proverbial simple test.

Listen to an ordinary pre-recorded version of a piece of music you know well.

Then listen to the same piece on a record.

The difference is, to say the least, noticeable.

Do the same with a chromdioxid pre-recorded cassette, though, and it's a different story.

Because chromdioxid covers a much wider dynamic range than you'll find on conventional pre-recorded cassettes.

In other words, high frequency response (the treble end of the scale) is sharp enough to pick out every instrument with unrivalled clarity.

While bass response is full enough for the most reverberating of reggae riffs.

And background hiss (which always used to be the big drawback of cassettes) is virtually inaudible even in the quietest moments of Supertramp.

In fact, chromdioxid at last makes it possible to manufacture a pre-recorded tape that is indistinguishable from a record.

Whether you're listening to a lyrical bit of Leo Sayer or some ear-splitting heavy metal.

But the real beauty of these new cassettes is that they are designed to be replayed at the normal playback setting.

Which means you can get these results when you play them on portable cassette players like the Sony Walkman, in cars and on music centres.

However you don't have to take our word for all this. Just get someone to lend you a chromdioxid cassette and listen to the difference it makes.

Or you could even go mad and go out and buy one for yourself.

When they don't cost a penny more than ordinary pre-recorded cassettes, they won't exactly leave you out of pocket.

And you could be in for a pleasant surprise.

CHROM
FOR HIGHER QUALITY

The sign of a better pre-recorded cassette.

tour NEWS

Shalamar farewell date at Wembley

SHALAMAR have encountered such a heavy ticket demand for their current UK tour, to which several extra dates have already been added, that they've now added one final London show before they leave the UK — and it's at the biggest venue they could find, the Wembley Arena. The date is Monday, December 6, and tickets are priced £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50 — they go on sale from tomorrow (Friday) at the box-office, Premier, Albemarle, London Theatre Bookings and branches of Keith Prowse.

FUNKAPOLITAN are playing three short-notice Scottish gigs this weekend — at Aberdeen University (tomorrow, Friday), Glasgow Strathclyde University (Saturday) and Irvine Flicks Disco (Sunday).

KISSING THE PINK have added three more dates to their current UK tour, which promotes their single 'Watching Their Eyes' — at Manchester UMIST (November 18), Nottingham University (23) and Uxbridge Brunel University (28).

WHITESNAKE have now confirmed their revised line-up, which makes its debut on their British tour opening on December 10. New members are noted drummer Cozy Powell (ex-MSG and Rainbow), ex-Trapeze guitarist Mel Galley and bassist Colin Hodgkinson. Guitarist Micky Moody, who left earlier this year, now returns to join David Coverdale (vocals) and Jon Lord (keyboards).

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY — who have spent the last five months living, recording and drinking in Berlin — return to the UK for a brief visit this month. They record a session for John Peel's Radio 1 show, then play Edinburgh Coasters (November 22), Glasgow Night Moves (23) and London Brixton Ace Cinema (25). The group will have a new four-track EP titled 'The Bad Seed' issued by 4AD Records in January.

THE COCTEAU TWINS play their first London headlining date on November 18, when they appear at Victoria The Venue. Special guests will be German outfit X-Mal Deutschland, who are currently in London recording their debut UK release.

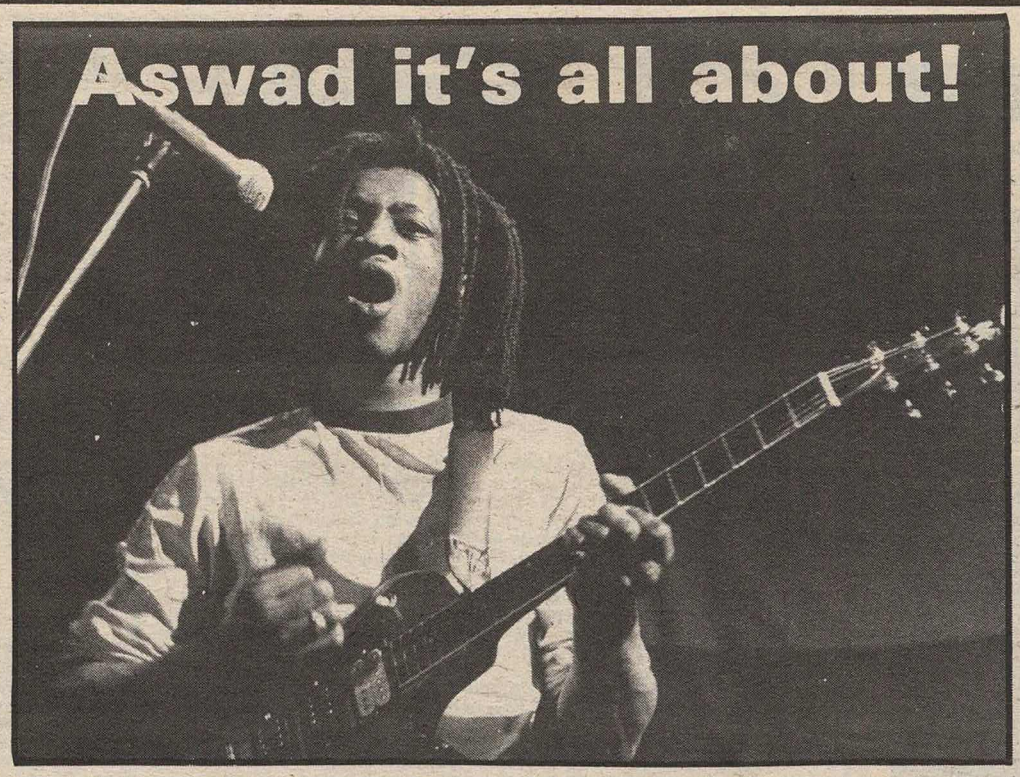
SIMPLE MINDS have now confirmed the three Scottish dates which will complete their extensive UK tour, starting on November 18. They are at Dundee Caird Hall (December 17), Aberdeen Capitol (18) and Edinburgh Playhouse (19).

TOM ROBINSON makes his only London concert appearance this year when he plays Stratford Theatre Royal on Sunday, December 5 (8pm). He'll be presenting his *Midnight Cabaret* show from the Edinburgh Festival. Tickets are £3 (advance) or £3.50 (on the door).

ITN CONFUSION OVER MUSICAL YOUTH GIGS

MUSICAL YOUTH are going ahead with their ten-date UK tour, starting on November 24, despite a confusing report on ITV's *News At Ten* last week. An item showed the group returning to school on the orders of the education authorities, and the voice-over commentary said that "they had been forced to cancel a planned British tour". The next day, *NME's* switchboard was bombarded with calls from anxious readers, wanting to know if the tour was still on — and, yes, it most certainly is! Presumably ITN was referring to their projected guest spot on the Kid Creole Tour, from which they withdrew weeks ago. A major London date to complete the tour schedule will be announced next week.

Aswad it's all about!



ASWAD have now re-scheduled their UK tour, originally planned for last month, but forcibly postponed due to illness — and their revised date sheet, which includes a major London showcase at the end of this month, has been extended.

The itinerary comprises Birmingham Carlton Cinema (November 19), Sheffield Leadmill (20), Norwich East Anglia University (21), Bradford Caesar's (23), Loughborough University (24), Hitchin The Regal (25), Manchester University (26), London Strand Lyceum Ballroom (28), Liverpool Warehouse (30), Cardiff University (December 1), Canterbury Kent University (2), Plymouth Polytechnic (4) and Brighton Jenkinsons (5).

Support act on all dates is Sparticus R, the former Osibisa bassist — he'll be promoting his current cassette release 'Africa I See' on his own label, available through Rough Trade.

DILLINGER, MICHAEL SMITH DUE

DILLINGER flies into Britain later this month to headline a short tour. After a couple of dates in Ireland at Dublin TV Club (November 26) and Bangor University College (27), he plays Glasgow Night Moves (28), Aberdeen The Venue (29), Edinburgh Coasters (30), London Camden Dingwalls (December 1), Leeds University Union (3), Birmingham Carlton Cinema (4), Lancaster University (5) and Manchester's Hacienda Club (6). One or two more dates may be added.

MICHAEL SMITH, Jamaica's foremost dub poet, is to support Gregory Isaacs in his previously reported UK concerts starting next Wednesday (17). He is also the subject of an hour-long TV show to be screened on November 23 — titled *Upon Westminster Bridge*, it's part of BBC2's *Arena* series, and it also features fellow poet Linton Kwesi Johnson. Smith's debut album 'Mi Cyaan Believe It', recorded in London this summer, is released by Island this week.

EDELMAN BACK FOR 11 SHOWS

RANDY EDELMAN returns to the UK later this month to headline an 11-date concent tour, tied in with the recent release of his new Phonogram album 'On Time'. He plays Sunderland Empire (November 23), Stockport Davenport Theatre (24), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (27), Worthing Assembly Rooms (28), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (30), Eastbourne Congress (December 1), Hatfield The Forum (3), Cardiff St David's Hall (4), Dublin Royal Showground (5), London Tottentham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre (9) and Plymouth Theatre Royal (12). It's possible that one or two dates may be added, and he'll also be doing several TV shows.

Bucks Fizz set spring trek

BUCKS FIZZ this week announce details of their spring tour 1982 — even though we're still in autumn 1982! And that's because tickets are already on sale at some venues, while all box-offices will be open by December 1.

The group have a new single out this weekend on RCA titled 'If You Can't Stand The Heat' couple with 'Stepping Out', which will also be available shortly in both picture disc and 12-inch formats. Following their appearance in the Royal Variety Show this week (to be seen on BBC-1 this Sunday), they started work on a new album for release in February.

Tour dates are Edinburgh Playhouse (March 3), Glasgow Apollo (4), Aberdeen Capitol (5), Dundee Caird Hall (6), Irvine Magnum Leisure Centre (7), Middlesbrough Town Hall (8), Newcastle City Hall (10), Harrogate Conference Centre (11), Manchester Apollo (12), Blackpool Opera House (13), Hanley Victoria Hall (14), Bradford St George's Hall (15), Corby Festival Hall (19), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (20), Hull City Hall (21), Birmingham Odeon (22), Leicester de Montfort Hall (24), Ipswich Gaumont (26), Basildon Festival Hall (27) Crawley Leisure Centre (28), Eastbourne Congress (29), Portsmouth Guildhall (April 1), Oxford Apollo (3) and London Tottenham Court Rd Dominion Theatre (4 and 5).

McGEOGH COLLAPSES, AND Robert Smith to Siouxsie's rescue

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES suffered a severe setback on the eve of their major British tour when, on returning from a trip to Madrid, guitarist John McGeogh collapsed and was admitted to hospital. Doctors diagnosed nervous exhaustion, and he has been detained for a while, after which he will have to rest until given the all-clear to resume work once again.

But, with only a week's notice Cure guitarist Robert Smith (right) has stepped into the breach. He toured with the Banshees in 1979, and was felt by the group to be the only person capable of taking on the task. So the tour is now able to open on schedule in Birmingham this Saturday (see *Gig Guide*).

Kinks outing

THE KINKS hit the road next month for their first UK tour in over a year. Dates so far set are Edinburgh Playhouse (December 2), Manchester Apollo (3), Liverpool Royal Court (5), Middlesbrough Town Hall (6), Birmingham Odeon (7), Ipswich Gaumont (11), Norwich East Anglia University (12), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (14), Hanley Victoria Hall (15), Bradford Caesar's (16), Sheffield Lyceum (17), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (19) and Brighton Dome (21). Tickets for these shows are on sale now priced £5, £4 and £3 — and further provincial dates, plus a major London concert, will be announced shortly. The group's new single 'Come Dancing'/'Noise', featuring two new Ray Davies compositions, is released by Arista on November 19 — and their new album follows early in 1983, with the possibility of further UK dates to coincide.

Gary Moore adds further concerts

GARY MOORE has added three more dates to his previously reported debut tour with his new band. The schedule now has a new opening date at Guildford Surrey University on November 24, and the other extra gigs are at Llandudno Astra Cinema (December 4) and Hanley Victoria Hall (5). As announced, the band pick up the second leg of their tour in the New Year, playing Edinburgh Playhouse (January 12), Manchester Apollo (13), Birmingham Odeon (14) and Hammersmith Odeon (15).

THE SINATRAS, who supported Adam Ant in his mini-tour last week, now play a string of one-nighters in their own right — at Basildon Raquels (tonight, Thursday), Bournemouth Midnight Express (Friday), Bath Moles Club (Saturday), Whitehaven Whitehouse (November 19), Hartlepool Gemini (20), Glasgow Maestros (21), Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (26), Cardiff Nero's (27) and Leeds Warehouse (30).

HANOI ROCKS are playing four headlining dates in London, three of them at the Marquee Club — this Friday, December 1 and 9 — and the other at Oxford Street 100 Club on November 23, prior to leaving on a 2½-month world tour. Their new album 'Self Destruction Blues' has just been issued in their native Scandinavia, and is available here on import from this weekend through Stage One, selling at normal UK price.

COLD CHISEL have been one of Australia's leading rock bands for some time, but they've never visited Britain. They're now set to make their debut here at London Marquee Club on November 23 and 24, after which they join Slade's previously reported pre-Christmas tour as special guests. Another show in their own right is at London Victoria The Venue on December 9. Their single 'Forever Now' is issued by Polydor on November 19 — it's taken from their 'Circus Animals' album, which came out in July.

ORANGE JUICE, whose UK tour was announced last week, precede it by playing tonight (Thursday) at London Brixton Ace Cinema together with Orchestre Jazira. It's being filmed by Channel 4 for inclusion in their rock magazine *Whatever You Want* next Monday (15), and admission is £2.50. Future attractions in the series — to be filmed at the same venue — include The Higsons, The Thompson Twins and The Comsat Angels.

DAVE KELLY BAND, still carrying the flag for The Blues Band in the absence of Paul Jones, extend their current tour with gigs at Bedford College (November 26), Leicester University (December 9), Nottingham University (11) and London Fulham Greyhound (23). After the holiday break, they resume at Oxford Westminster College on January 22.

THE RAINCOATS are playing three dates this month, their first since they acquired two new members — at Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (November 17), Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel (18) and Glasgow Night Moves (26). The two newcomers are Richard Dudanski (ex-Pil and Basement Five) and Derek Goddard, both of whom play drums and percussion on the band's new album, duo out early in the New Year.

DAVID THOMAS, of Pere Ubu fame, has added another London date following his recent successful appearance at The Venue. He's at London University Union on Friday, November 19, when The Go-Betweens are also on the bill.

THE APOLLINAIRES are playing a few selected pre-Christmas gigs to promote their second single 'Envy The Love'/'Give It Up', released by Chrysalis this weekend. So far set are Bath University (November 19), Bristol Polytechnic (30), Canvey Island Gold Mine (December 3) and London Victoria The Venue (14) — with an extensive UK tour scheduled to open early in the New Year. The Swinging Laurels, who featured on the band's first single, have been replaced on the new release by a regular five-piece brass section, who will also accompany them on stage.

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record NEWS

PHIL COLLINS' new single, issued by Virgin on November 19, is the only song on his current album which he didn't write himself — his version of The Supremes' classic 'You Can't Hurry Love'. The flip is 'I Cannot Believe It's True', with the bonus of the previously unreleased 'Oddball' on the 12-inch format.

THE REVILLOS, who've been absent from the recording scene for a lengthy period, have now signed to the Aura label — and their first single for that outlet is 'Tell Him' coupled with 'Graveyard Groove'. The band — led by Eugene Reynolds and Fay Fife, and featuring Rocky Rhythm (drums), Vic Santini (bass) and new member Max Atom (guitar), plus The Revettes — will be undertaking a full UK tour in January and February.

DAVID CHRISTIE follows up his Top Ten hit 'Saddle Up' with a new single, issued by RCA this weekend — titled 'Our Time Will Come', it's coupled with 'Fools Only See', and there's a bonus track called 'Heartbeat' on the 12-inch version.

LOUIS CLARK & The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, best known for their 'Hooked On Classics' hit LP, have now gone to work on 11 of Queen's best known songs — including 'Bohemian Rhapsody', 'Crazy Little Thing Called Love' and 'Under Pressure'. The album is called 'The R.P.O. Plays The Queen Collection', and it's issued by EMI next Monday (15), with all proceeds being donated to Cancer Research.

CULTURE CLUB, whose No. 1 hit 'Do You Really Want To Hurt Me' is still figuring strongly, have their follow-up single released by Virgin on November 19 — it's a brand new group composition titled 'Time (Clock Of The Heart)'. The B-side is 'White Boys Can't Control It' from the 'Kissing To Be Clever' album, and the 12-inch format features an extra track called 'Romance Beyond The Alphabet'.

Christmas frenzy reaches its peak

CARMEL, the name of the singer and the band who back her, have signed to London Records (distributed by Decca) — they'll have a single out in January, followed by an album in March. Currently touring as support to ABC, they'll be playing their own headline dates to coincide with these releases.

BANANARAMA join the pre-Christmas bustle with a new single issued by London on November 19, in both 7" and 12" formats — both titles, 'Cheers Then' and 'Girl About Town', were written by the girls. They are now putting the finishing touches to their debut album, produced by Barry Blue and due out in January. They spend most of next month touring Japan and Australia, where their last single 'Shy Boy' reached No. 2.

LYNYRD SKYNYRD have a collectors-item single issued by MCA this week, featuring two tracks new to the UK. The A-side 'I've Been Your Fool' has never before appeared on vinyl, and the coupling 'Gotta Go' was only released in the US and that was back in 1969.

OTWAY & BARRETT, who have now irrevocably gone their separate ways, have their last recordings as a duo released by Empire on November 19. It's a four-track EP called 'The 12 Stitch', which includes three different versions of 'Headbutts' — the original jingle from which it was derived, the studio recording which was first released on the Stiff Indie label, and a live version.

LINDA RONSTADT has a new single issued by Asylum this weekend — it's the title track from her album 'Get Closer' which came out last month, and it's coupled with another song from the same LP called 'Sometimes You Just Can't Win'.

KISS have their single 'Killer' / 'Love It Loud', taken from their 'Creatures Of The Night' album, issued on November 19 by Casablanca (through Phonogram). It's available in limited quantities only, due to the expensive sleeve — which, by using a new technique, appears to show Gene Simmons rolling his eyes and sticking out his tongue!

CLIFF RICHARD's Christmas single has already been announced by *NME* as 'Little Town', taken from his album 'Now You See Me, Now You Don't' — and we can now tell you that the official release date is November 15. The B-side features two brand new Cliff compositions.

BONEY M are back again after over a year's absence, and could well have a Christmas hit with their version of The Seekers' 1965 chart-topper 'The Carnival Is Over'. It marks the debut of new member Reggie Tsiboe, who recently replaced Bobby Farrell in the line-up. The B-side is 'Going Out West', and it's released by Atlantic/Hansa on November 19.

FLEETWOOD MAC release their new single 'Oh Diane' on Warners next weekend — it's an edited version of a track from their platinum album 'Mirage', though the 12-inch format features the album-length version. They'll be performing it live by satellite on the Noel Edmonds *Late Late Breakfast Show* on BBC-1 this Saturday (13). The B-side is 'Only Over You', and the 12-inch has the bonus of 'The Chain' from their 'Rumours' LP.

THE ANIMALS, whose 1964 recording of 'House Of The Rising Sun' has been enjoying a new lease of chart life, have two more oldies reissued by Polydor next week. They are 'Good Times' and 'San Franciscan Night', both stemming from 1967, by which time the band was being billed as Eric Burdon & The Animals.

MADNESS aim for the Christmas charts with a follow-up to their recent 'Driving In My Car' hit. Their new single, for Stiff release on November 19, is a track from their 'Rise And Fall' album titled 'Our House'. The B-side is the instrumental 'Walking With Mr Wheeze', featuring Lee on sax. It's also available as a limited edition 12-inch dance mix.

JOHN MARTYN releases the single 'Gun Money' through WEA International on November 19 — it's an alternative version of a track on his Top 20 album 'Well Kept Secret'. The B-side 'Hiss On The Tape' was recorded live at Oxford Apollo during his recent UK tour.

CROSBY, STILLS & NASH have their single 'Southern Cross', culled from their recent reunion album "Daylight Again", released by Atlantic on November 19. It's already been a chart success in the States.

CHAKA KHAN, who first achieved fame as the singer with Rufus, has her new single 'Got To Be There' issued by Warner Brothers on November 19. It's a track from her fourth solo album, due for release in the near future.

KILLING JOKE have a live album issued by EG/Polydor this weekend, recorded in Toronto on their recent tour and produced by Connie Plank. It's a low-priced ten-inch LP titled 'Ha — Killing Joke Live', and it's their first to feature the new line-up with Paul Raven on bass.

CHARLENE & STEVIE WONDER have joined forces to record a single titled 'Used To Be', for release by Motown on November 19. It's said to have a controversial lyric, with references to teenage sex and drugs. Charlene is, of course, best known for her No. 1 hit during the summer, 'I've Never Been To Me'.

THE CURE have a new single out on the Fiction label, through Polydor, on November 19. It features 'Let's Go To Bed' and 'Just One Kiss', and it's also available in 12-inch form as a specially extended dance mix.

HANK WANGFORD BAND's seasonal offering is what they claim to be the world's first triple A-side single. It feaures 'Rootin' Tootin' Santa Claus', 'White Xmas' and 'Mama Won't Be Home For Xmas', and it's on Cowpie Records, distributed by Spartan.

'A HISTORY OF PUNK'

CHERRY RED this week release their double album 'Burning Ambitions (A History of Punk)', containing 38 punk classics from 1976 onwards. The label licensed tracks from 23 different companies, though a few labels refused to co-operate — hence the omission of such important figures as The Sex Pistols, thereby preventing the set from being regarded as a definitive punk history. Despite the unavoidable gaps, the line-up is quite impressive, as follows:

The Buzzcocks, The Fall, Wire, ATV, The 101-ers, 999, The Adverts, Dave Goodman & Friends, Slaughter & The Dogs, The Stranglers, Generation X, The Vibrators, X-Ray Spex, Swell Maps, The Saints, The Heartbreakers, Eater, The Lurkers, Adam & The Ants, The Damned, The Boomtown Rats, Spizz Energi, The Ruts, Sham 69, UK Subs, Cockney Rejects, Killing Joke, Anti-Pasti, The Dead Kennedys, The Exploited, Vice Squad, The Business, Partisans, Blitz, GBH, Atilla the Stockbroker, and The Angelic Upstarts.

NEW ON WXYZ RECORDS

THE DEFECTS

DEBUT ALBUM

DEFECTIVE BREAKDOWN

LMNOP 2

● Top Belfast band **The Outcasts** have signed to Abstract Records, and will have their album 'Blood And Thunder' released at the end of this month.

McLaren does his own thing

MALCOLM McLAREN — he of Sex Pistols and Bow Wow Wow notoriety — comes up with his first solo recording project on the Charisma label on November 19. It is 'Buffalo Gals', billed as being by McLaren and The World's Famous Supreme Team — who, in fact, are two New York "scratchers". The B-side is 'Buffalo Gals (Traditional Square Dance)', complete with bullfiddle, while the 12-inch format also contains a third version of the same number. And there's a four-track cassette containing those three tracks, plus 'She's Lookin Like A Hobo'. An album is scheduled for February.

Robinson mad about Coward!

TOM ROBINSON has run into trouble with his new album 'Cabaret '79', released via Statik Records. Although the LP has been available for some time, Statik has now been told by Chappell Music Publishers that permission cannot be given for the release of Robinson's version of the Noel Coward classic 'Mad About The Boy', which is contained on the album.

Chappell say they hold instructions from the Noel Coward Estate precluding this song from being recorded or performed by any male artists. Robinson, has in fact, been performing it on stage for many months — and, despite Chappell's edict, it was rendered by Yul Brynner in the movie *The Magic Christian*. At press-time, the situation was still in a state of flux.

Bowie singles collection

DAVID BOWIE is the subject of a special collectors set issued by RCA, containing ten of his classic singles, all with their original B-sides, They're all being reissued in picture disc form, contained in a special binder featuring a full colour painting of Bowie on the front and back covers. The edition is limited to 25,000 packs, and the singles involved (only A-sides listed here) are **The Jean Genie, Life On Mars, Drive-in Saturday, Sorrow, Golden Years, Boys Keep Swinging, Ashes to Ashes, Rebel Rebel, Sound And Vision** and **Space Oddity.**

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THE HAÇIENDA

Thursday 11th November
THE HIGSONS
Friday 12th November
THE HONEYMOON KILLERS
HERMINE
Wednesday 17th November
BIG COUNTRY
Friday 19th November
HEY! ELASTICA
Monday 22nd November
GREGORY ISAACS
Thursday 25th November
ORANGE JUICE
Friday 26th November
SANDY & THE SUNSETZ
Monday 29th November
PALAIS SCHAUMBERG
Wednesday 1st December
Special guests ring for details
Monday 6th December
DILLENGER

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Thursday 18th November — Adm 3.00
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MORRISSEY MULLEN
Wednesday 17th November
BOB KERRS WHOOPEE BAND
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GUILT EDGE
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Tuesday 16th November
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CAMDEN LOCK, CHALK FARM RD, LONDON NW1 01 267 4967

THURS 11
HANK WANGFORD BAND
WITH GUESTS
J.J. & THE JEALOUS GUYS
C&W ROCK £2.50

FRI 12
THE TRUTH
FEATURING DENNIS GREAVES
SUPPORTED BY
THE ILLUSIONS £3.50

SAT 13
JUICE ON THE LOOSE
SUPPORTED BY
THE CORPORATION £3.50

MON 15
WHAAM RECORDS NIGHT
T.V. PERSONALITIES
DOCTOR & THE MEDICS
THE DIRECT HITS
ROCK £1.75

TUES 16
ABWARTS MC²
WEDNESDAY 17 THURSDAY 18
FROM JAMAICA
CULTURE
£4 ON THE NIGHT

COMING SOON
SAT 20
THE PINKEES
TUES 23
U.K. PLAYERS
WED 24
MOTOWN MAGIC WITH
MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS
THURS 25
FROM JAMAICA
PRINCE FAR I
WED 1 DEC
DILLINGER
TUES 7 & WED 8. FROM USA
ETTA JAMES

THE EMBASSY CLUB

7 Old Bond St London W1
print music presents

PROMISES

THURSDAY 25th NOVEMBER 10pm
Admission with Guest ticket
Only available from 'Print Music' Please
Phone 0342 21952
or **£6.00** Admission on the night

FRIARS

AT THE MAXWELL HALL
AYLESBURY

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 13th 7.30pm
One of only two British dates in 1982 From U.S.A.

THE GO-GO'S

+THE STOLEN PETS
+ Special guests in the Aston Hall
THE MONEY SAVERS

Tickets 3.50 from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion High Wycombe, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, Strings 'n' Things Amersham, FL Moore Bletchley, Dunstable & Luton, D.J. Holland Leighton Buzzard, Record City Luton, Hi-Vu Buckingham, Happy Days Banbury, Music Market Oxford or 3.50 at door on night. Life Membership 25p.
Reservations: Phone Aylesbury 84568 or 88948
We got the beat.

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS

MCP presents
plus Guests **KAN KAN** **IDLE FLOWERS**
LYCEUM BALLROOM
MONDAY 15TH NOVEMBER 7.30 P.M.
Tickets : £3.00 Adv, £3.50 Door
Available from Lyceum Box Office Albemarle Keith Prowse, Premier and LTB.

GARY MOORE

MCP presents
with **IAN PAICE, NEIL MURRAY & JOHN SLOMAN**
+ GUESTS
ODEON THEATRE HAMMERSMITH
SATURDAY 15th JANUARY at 7.30
Tickets £4.00 available from Box Office
01-748 4081 and usual agents

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

GUY KENT presents

badmanners

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
THE PINKEES
PLUS SUPPORT
Monday 15th November 7-30pm
All tickets £4.00 *From Box Office* 01-748 2812 *and all usual agents*

THE TUNNEL

Thursday 11th November — Free
WATUSI BROTHERS
+ Double Fault

Friday 12th November — Free
FORTUNE
+ Spy vs Spy

Saturday 13th November — Free
ZURICH ELEVEN
+ The Answer
+ Paragon free

Tuesday 16th November — £1.50
POISON GIRLS
+ Cold War
THE MITRE
338 TUNNEL AVE., GREENWICH, SE10
Tel. 858 0895 (200 yards southside Blackwall Tunnel)

BRUNEL UNIVERSITY

Kingdom Room

Friday 12th November
8.00 pm Admission £2.50

THE BELLE STARS
+ Support

Nearest tube, Uxbridge, M40 2 miles
Tickets from Students Union Kingston Lane, UX 39125
Also from Premier Box Office
Bar available to club members

The Venue

160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB
Tel 828 9441

Doors Open 8.00 pm
Main band on at 9.30 pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 11th November £3.00
AZTEC CAMERA
+ Hurrah
+ The Dainties

Friday 12th November £3.00
ANY TROUBLE

Saturday 13th November £4.00
PRINCE LINCOLN THOMPSON & THE ROYAL RASSES
+ Johnny Gadasha

Monday 15th November
CLOSED

Tuesday 16th November £2.50
COCTEAU TWINS
+ Xmal Deutschland

Wednesday 17th November & Thursday 18th November £5.00
GREGORY ISAACS

COMING SOON
Saturday 20th November — KOKOMO — £3.50
Monday 22nd November — PLEASURE & THE BEAST + COVER VERSIONS — £3.00
Tuesday 23rd November — NICO + THE ROOM + VISION — £3.00
Wednesday 24th November — JOHN OTWAY — £3.00
Friday 26th November — MARILLION — £4.00
Saturday 27th November — MARTHA REEVES — £2.50
Monday 29th November — SANDII & THE SUNSETZ — £2.50
Tuesday 30th November — WEAPON OF PEACE

THE JAM

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS AND MCP PRESENT
BIG COUNTRY
Wembley Arena
~~SOLD OUT~~ 1st & THU ~~SOLD OUT~~ 2nd DECEMBER
FRI 3rd DECEMBER
EXTRA SHOW
SAT 4th DECEMBER
DOORS OPEN 6.30 PM, SHOW STARTS 7.15 PM
Tickets available from Wembley Arena Box Office (01-902 1234), Keith Prowse, London Theatre Bookings, Premier and Albemarle. By mail @ £6.30 and £5.30 (inclusive of 30p booking fee) from THE JAM, S & G Promotions, P.O. Box 4NZ, London W1A 4NZ. Make P.O.s payable to Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Ltd, enclose s.a.e.

LSE ENTS presents

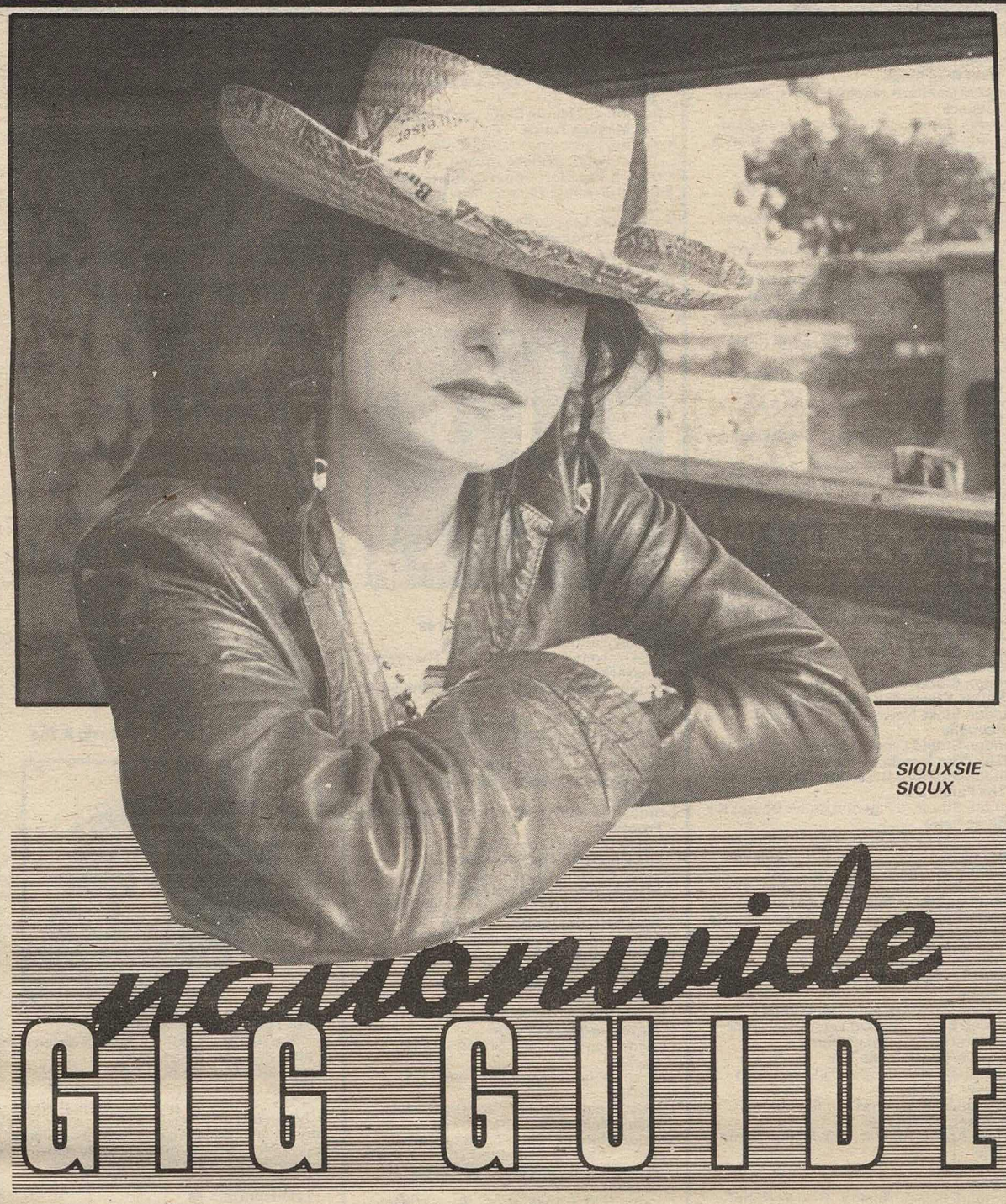
FRI 12th NOVEMBER
THE FARMER'S BOYS
+ THE CORPORATION
DOORS OPEN 7.30pm TICKETS £2.00 ADV
£2.50 ON DOOR

SAT 27th NOVEMBER
PALAIS SCHAUMBURG + AMAZULU
DOORS OPEN 7.30pm TICKETS £2.00 ADV
£2.50 ON DOOR

SAT 20th NOVEMBER
Durutti Column plus support
Two Shows 6pm & 9.30pm Tickets £3.00

SAT 4th DECEMBER
DR. FEELGOOD
plus support plus 2 films 7.30-2am Tickets £3.75

Available from LSE Students Union Houghton St London WC2
Holborn/Temple Tube Enquiries 405 8594



SIOUXSIE SIOUX

nationwide GIG GUIDE

NOT QUITE so frantic on the circuit this week, in terms of the number of tours setting out, mainly because the majority of big-name autumn tours are already well under way. But there's still another seven opening this week, with plenty more to come over the next three weeks. Top spot this week goes to SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES, whose return to the concert platform coincides with the release of their new album 'A Kiss In The Dreamhouse'. At one time, it seemed that Siouxsie's throat toubles would keep her out of action until well into 1983, but she's overcome them much more quickly than anyone dared hope — which means that the band are able to resume live action at Birmingham (Saturday), Glasgow (Sunday) and Edinburgh (Tuesday). For details of the band's temporary line-up change, see *Tour News*.

Another major outing is by that sleek and polished unit, ULTRAVOX, currently enjoying a predictable success with their latest album 'Quartet'. After a couple of nights in the Emerald Isle on Thursday and Friday, they cross the Irish sea to pick up the tour proper in Dundee (Sunday) and Newcastle (Monday and Tuesday).

SHALAMAR have arrived from the States for a country-wide tour which — during the coming week — takes them to St Austell (Thursday), Birmingham (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday), Edinburgh (Sunday), Oxford (Tuesday) and Poole (Wednesday) . . . and other new visitors to these shores are top Jamaican reggae group CULTURE, who kick off their travels in Hitchin (Friday), Reading (Saturday), Birmingham (Monday), Bournemouth (Tuesday) and London (Wednesday).

A second star reggae attraction is also doing the rounds, no less than the multi-talented GREGORY ISAACS, who opens in style at London's The Venue on Wednesday. And that's also the starting day of the two remaining tours — the controversial DEAD KENNEDYS kick off in Liverpool, while the evergreen DR. FEELGOOD unveil their re-shaped line-up in Bradford. Additionally, we have a brief two-gig visit from THE GO–GO's, who headline at Aylesbury (Saturday) and London Lyceum (Sunday).

thursday 11th

Basildon Raquels: **The Sinatras**
Belfast The Pound: **Vedettes/Tearjerkers**
Belfast Ulster Polytechnic: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Opposite Lock: **The Traitors**
Birmingham Pelican Hotel: **Headbolt/Alfie Noakes**
Birmingham University: **The Warriors**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **Toucan Trolls**
Borehamwood Civic Hall: **Level 42**
Bradford Caesar's: **Dead Or Alive**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford University Union: **John Dowie/Attila The Stockbroker**
Brighton New Regent: **The Jungle**
Brighton The Basement: **Rhythm Fringe**
Bury The George: **D Notes**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Adicts**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Alex Welsh Reunion Band**
Dartford Orchard Theatre: **Julie Felix**
Dartford Thames Polytechnic: **The Ivory Coasters**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Midnite Follies Orchestra/Sweet Substitute**
Derby The Clinic: **Bobby Shaw**
Dublin Francis Xavier Hall: **Ultravox**
Dundee Bona Hall: **Alexei Sayle**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Ghia**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Syndicate**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Tyrant**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Hawkwind/Baron Rojo**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Larry Miller Band**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Soldier**
Hitchin The Regal: **Fat Larry's Band**
Inverness Ice Rink: **Marillion**
Irvine Magnum Leisure Centre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Taraj Bulba & The Flying Cossacks**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Blancmange**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **ABC**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Gillan**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Duffo**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Eat The Bear**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **Orange Juice /Orchestra Jazira**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Hank Wangford Band/J. J. & The Jealous Guys**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Mike Festa's Soundogs**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Mose Allison Trio** (until Saturday)
London E.14 The White Swan: **Fear Of Falling**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Odd**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Only After Dark/Separate Energy**
London Fulham King's Head: **Isaac Guillory**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **The Republic/Sheona York**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Shakatak**
London Hammersmith Klub Foot at the Clarendon: **Erazerhead/The Escalators/King Kurt**
London Hope & Anchor: **William Blake & The Eternals**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **On The Juggler**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Marquee Club: **Thunderstick**
London North Polytechnic: **The Honeymoon Killers/Hermine**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Sketch**
London Putney Half Moon: **Jazz Sluts**
London Putney Stars: **Melange**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: **Rory McLeod / Foot Mouth / Benjamin Zephaniah/Margo Random Band**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Kenny Davern Quintet** (until Sunday)
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Fourteen Karat Soul**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Niama**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Micky Jupp Band**
London Strand Lyceum Balroom: **The Belle Stars/Brilliant/The Set**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Victoria The Venue: **Aztec Camera/Hurrah!/The Daintees**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Willesden Spotted Dog: **The Directors**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Truth/Steve Hooker's Shakers**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Sway**
London W.1 (Greek St) Le Beat Route: **The Corporation**
London W.1 (Gt Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.1 (Stratton St) Langans Brasserie: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Triple Echo**
London WC2 School of Economics: **Chris Cullen Band**
Lowestoft Leisure Complex: **Talk Talk**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Japan/Sandii & The Sunsetz**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Guiffre**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **The Higsons**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Tramp/Head Flaming Dance**
Middlesbrough Ossie's Bar: **Rules Of Croquet**
Morecambe Palace Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Newcastle City Hall: **Duran Duran**
Norwich Theatre Royal: **Chas & Dave**
Nottingham Bramcote Leisure Centre: **Candlearbra**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **No Justice**
Poole Wessex Hall: **Yazoo/Boys Own**
Portsmouth Polytechnic Union: **Guy Jackson**
Preston Guildhall: **The Nolans**
Salisbury City Hall: **Bad Manners**
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: **Party Day**
Sheffield Leadmill: **Budgie**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Sound**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Sheffield University: **The Beatroots**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Shalamar**
Wokingham Angie's: **Jeep**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**
Yeovil Johnson Hall: **George Hamilton IV**

friday 12th

Accrington Spinning Jenny: **Rough Mix**
Aldershot West End Centre: **Dave Bitelli's Onward Internationals / Ivan Chandler Quartet**
Belfast Mayfield Leisure Centre: **Ultravox**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Pictures In A Darkroom/Ourselves Alone**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Shalamar**
Birmingham Polytechnic: **The Sound**
Birmingham Sutton Coldfield College: **Friday Society / The Penguins**
Birmingham University: **The Members**
Bournemouth Midnight Express: **The Sinatras**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Ipso Facto**
Bromsgrove Saddle Bar: **Crossfire**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Tony McPhee Band**
Bridgwater Arts Centre: **Chaos UK / Disorder / Amebix / The Passengers**
Bristol Anson Rooms: **Aztec Camera**
Canterbury Kent University: **Orchestre Jazira**
Canvey Island Gold Mine: **Talisman**
Cardiff University: **Hank Wangford Band**
Colne Hendly Hall: **Mirror Boys/Ow My Hair's On Fire/Chumba Wumba**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Dorking (Beare Green) White Hart: **Static**
Dover The Louis Armstrong: **Masterstroke**
Dovercourt Phoenix Hotel: **The Johnny 7 Combo**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Saracen**
Dumfries Theatre Royal: **Boys Of The Lough**
Eastbourne Kings Club: **The Three Degrees**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Marillion**
Farnworth Blighty's: **Johnny Moore & Slightly Adrift**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Mountain Rose**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Mightier Than Kong**
Gt. Yarmouth Marina Centre: **Shakatak**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hitchin The Regal: **Culture**
Leeds University: **The Three Johns**
Leicester Croft Club: **The D.T.'s**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Higsons**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Bobby Shew / Pete King / Tony Lee Trio**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Nik Malham**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Mattandan**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Foot & Mouth / Guy Jackson / Benjamin Zephaniah / Margo Random Band**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Fourteen Karat Soul**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Truth / The Illusions**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Red Beans & Rice R&B Revue**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Central Polytechnic: **The Escape**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **A Bigger Splash**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **The Bootleg Beatles**
London E.14 The White Swan: **Souls Valiant**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dirty Nights**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Inmates / Backhander Blues Band**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The 45's**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Premjah / Utopia**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Nantuck Five Show**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Hawkwind / Baron Rojo**
London Hammersmith Town Hall: **George Hamilton IV**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Babylon Rebels**
London Kensington Imperial College: **The Passions / The Blue Orchids / The Go-Betweens**
London Marquee Club: **Hanoi Rocks**
London Middlesex Polytechnic: **Pleasure & The Beast**
London North London Polytechnic: **Swingfire**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Rye Whiskey Band / Family Curtis**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Creamies**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Jazz Afrika**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Kokomo**
London Putney Stars: **Melange**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Strand King's College: **The Mo-dettes / The Family Rico**
London University Union: **Stuart Moxham & The Gist / The Marine Girls / Zerra I**
London Victoria The Venue: **Any Trouble**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Great Divide / Perfect Vision**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Ivory Coasters**
London W.10 Third Avenue Youth Centre: **Nyanisis**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Crown Of Thorns**
Maidstone Tudor House: **The Warriors**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Japan / Sandii & The Sunsetz**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Pre Wax**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **The Honeymoon Killers / Hermine / The French Impressionists**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Tramp / Helen Watson & The Well Knit Frames**
Manchester University Union: **The Thin Men**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Budgie / Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
Muthill The Hall: **Nagovius**
Newark Palace Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Newcastle City Hall: **Dr. Hook**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Talk Talk**
Norwich Jacquard's: **The Beatroots**
Nuneaton Hollybush: **Furious Apples**
Oxford Caribbean Club: **The Alligators**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Tranzzam / Trixta**
Peterborough Cresset Centre: **Chas & Dave**
Pontypool Forge Club: **Laverne Brown Band**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **Fat Larry's Band**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **D-Trap / De Stijl**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Solihill College of Technology: **Pinski Zoo**
Southampton Kingsland Hall: **Dancette**
Southend Annabella's: **The West City 5**
South Shields Legion Club: **Fist**
Stafford Riverside Centre: **Dagaband**
Stoke King's Hall: **ABC**
Torquay 400 Ballroom: **Blue Rondo**
Ulverston Barrow Labour Club: **Jimmy Giuffre / Geoff Castle Trio**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **The Belle Stars**
Warrington Spectrum Centre: **The Nolans**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Jake Thackray**
Weymouth Dorset Institute: **The Room**
Wokingham Angie's: **The Vetos**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Taraj Bulba & The Flying Cossacks**

saturday 13th

Aberdeen The Venue: **Side Effects**
Aldershot West End Centre: **Guy Jackson / Zippo / Sitting Ducks / Alev**
Aylesbury Friars: **The Go Go's / Stolen Pets / The Money Savers**
Bath Moles Club: **The Sinatras**
Bath (Stratton-on-Fosse) Downside Abbey School: **Roaring Jelly**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Design For Living / Dali's Car**
Birmingham Odeon: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Bob Walser**
Bradford University: **Level 42**
Brighton New Regent: **Hey! Elastica / Greeting No. 4**
Bristol Hawthorns Hotel: **Bobby Shew / Ascention**
Bristol Polytechnic: **The Sound**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Way Of The West / Zirkus**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Sub Zero**
Coventry Warwick University: **Blue Orchids**
Darlington Civic Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Ruby Turner Band**
Dundee University: **Marillion**
Eastbourne Kings Club: **The Three Degrees**
Farnworth Blighty's: **Johnny Moore & Slightly Adrift**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Shalamar**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Serious Drinking**
Gt. Yarmouth Tiffany's: **The Belle Stars**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **The Equalisers**
Halifax California Dreaming: **Stuart Race**
Halifax Queens Road Centre: **Dry Ice**
Halstead The Empire: **Figures Of Fun / 20-20 Vision**
Hastings Football Club: **The Nashville Teens**
Hastings Unemployed Centre: **Stark / Assorted Limbs**
Keele University: **The Higsons**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Ik**
Leicester Polyarena: **Blue Rondo**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Elton John**
Liverpool Tom Hall's Tavern: **John James**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Three Womens Band**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Deke Leonard's Iceberg**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Fourteen Karat Soul**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Juice On The Loose / The Corporation**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Micky Jupp Band / The Zodiacs**
London Chalk Farm The Enterprise: **Andrew Cronshaw**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **King Kurt**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Beatroots / Air Bridge**
London E.14 The White Swan: **Mono Pacific with Zak Starkey**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Lurkers / Outboys**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Marble Staircase / New Catalonia Skiffle Group**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Hawkwind / Baron Rojo**
London Harrow Rd. The College Park: **Mr. Clean / Roland Muldoon**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy: **The Business**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Creamies**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Spies**
London Leicester-Square Centre Charles Peguy: **Dave Cliff Quartet**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Masquerade / Sanity Clause**
London N.W.2 The Cricklewood: **Rory McLeod / Foot & Mouth / Benjamin Zephaniah / Margo Random Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Crannog**
London Putney Stars: **Mark Williams**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover / Makka**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Jeff Russell Quintet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Victoria The Venue: **Prince Lincoln & The Royal Rasses**

CONTINUES OVER

London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Farmers Boys**
London W1 (Conway St) Adams Arms: **Joolz/Patrik Fitzgerald/Michael Belbin/Slade The Leveller**
London W1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: **Ore/Nicholas Partock**
Loughborough University: **Talk Talk**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Gillan / Spider**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Well Knit Frames**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Aztec Camera/The Go-Betweens**
Manchester The Gallery: **The French**
Northampton Silver Horse: **Precious Little Idols**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Shakatak**
Norwich Studio Theatre: **Unity Series/Terminal Fun**
Norwich Theatre Royal: **Chas & Dave**
Nottingham Playhouse Bar (lunchtime): **Steamroller/Gloves**

SHALAMAR (St. Austell)

Nottingham (West Bridgford) Test Match Hotel: **The Chimneys**
Nottingham Whispers: **Blancmange**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Saracen**
Peterborough Cresset Centre: **Barbara Dickson**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Escape**
Pontypridd Wales Polytechnic: **Hank Wangford Band**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **Fat Larry's Band**
Reading Central Club: **Culture**
Redditch Valley Club: **And Also The Trees**
Retford Porterhouse: **Big Country**
Scunthorpe Baths Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Friday Society**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Brian Carrick's Heritage Hall Stompers (lunchtime)/Billy Henderson (evening)**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **K K Khan**

sunday 14th

Birmingham Odeon: **Shakatak**
Bradford Alhambra Theatre: **The Nolans**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton New Regent: **Traitor**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Japan/Sandii & The Sunsetz**
Bristol Locano: **Yazoo/Boys Own**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cheriton Golden Arrow: **English Rogues**
Chesterfield Moon Inn: **Jah Douglas & His Medusa Touch**
Coventry (Bedworth) Griff House Hotel: **Roaring Jelly**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **The Three Degrees**
Dover The Louis Armstrong: **Brent Ford & The Nylons**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The D.T.'s**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Ultravox**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Shalamar**
Exeter University: **The Alarm**
Gillingham King Charles Hotel: **Bad Manners**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Kirkcaldy Abbotshall Hotel: **Nagovius**
Leeds Central Station Hotel (lunchtime): **One O'clock Jump**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station (evening): **Volunteers**
Leeds Warehouse: **Blue Rondo**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Elton John**
Liverpool Left Bank: **Crosstalk A/V**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys (lunchtime)/Paul Downs & Phil Beer (evening)**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Tony Poole & Iain Whitmore**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Communication Club: **The Go-Betweens/Twelve Cubic Feet/Lowest Note**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Hershey & The 12 Bars (lunchtime)/Dana Gillespie Band (evening)**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **The Next Step Band**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Richard Digance**
London Deptford The Duke: **Guy Jackson**
London Epping Blacksmiths Arms: **Martin Simpson/Sam Stephens & Anne Lennox-Martin/Adrian May**
London Finchley Torrington: **J.J. & The Flyers**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Directors**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dave Kelly Band**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Snatcher**
London Greenwich Theatre Bar: **Paul Rogers/Tony Marsh/Simon Pickard & Guests**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Shark Taboo/The Coyotes**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Duran Duran**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy: **Sam Mitchell Band**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Swinging Hoovers**
London Islington The Grapes: **Bobby Shew**
London Marquee Club: **The Dancing Did**
London Mile End Half Moon Theatre: **The Dynamite Band**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Ken Barton Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Little Sisters**
London Putney Stars: **Particle Accelerator**
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **Seven Aces Band**
London Southall White Hart: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Stevie Smith, Steve Waller & Friends**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Go Go's/The Members/Stolen Pets**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **Doctor K's Blues Band**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd Centre: **Rory McLeod/Foot & Mouth/Benjamin Zephaniah/Margo Random Band**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **John Barnes — Roy Williams Quintet**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Budgie/Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
Manchester The Gallery: **Fusion**
Newcastle Jesmond Cinema: **Alexei Sayle**
Newcastle Theatre Royal: **Boys Of The Lough**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Level 42**
Norwich The Premises: **Jimmy Giuffre/Geoff Castle Trio**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Nottingham Playhouse Bar (lunchtime): **Steamroller/Gloves**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Hawkwind/Baron Rojo**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **The Inline**
Plymouth Palace Theatre: **George Hamilton IV**
Poole Arts Centre: **Talk Talk**
Poynton Folk Centre: **John James**
Reading Fives Bar: **Larry Miller Band**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Marillion**

THE GO-GO's (London)

Sheffield Crucible Studio: **Fatales/Time In Motion/Psychic Twist**
Sheffield Leadmill (lunchtime): **Out Of Context**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Dr Hook**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **ABC**
Sunbury-on-Thames The Goat: **The Nashville Teens**
Wellingborough Chequers Club: **Actors One**
Wokingham Angie's: **Lavern Brown Band**

monday 15th

Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Culture**
Birmingham Odeon: **Yazoo/Boys Own**
Blackpool Opera House: **Elton John**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **Tomorrow's Parties**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Max Headroom & The Car Parks**
Brighton Centre: **Dr. Hook**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Japan/Sandii & The Sunsetz**
Chesterfield Helmet Club: **Jah Douglas & His Medusa Touch**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (lunchtime): **Richard Jobson**
Croydon The Star: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
Edinburgh Kings Theatre: **The Three Degrees**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Shakatak**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Frontier**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**

ULTRAVOX (Newcastle)

Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Level 42**
Keighley Funhouse: **The 4 Skins**
Leeds University: **Taraj Bulba & The Flying Cossacks**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **The Time Dance**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Kathy Stobart/Lennie Best Quintet**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **TV Personalities/Direct Hits/Doctor & The Medics**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Tooting Frooties**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Polkadots**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Hey! Elastica/The Danse Society**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Big Nick Nicholas (until Saturday)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Liaison**
London Fulham Greyhound: **No Goodnics/The Stingrays**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The Odd with Jeremy Spencer**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Furniture/Mark Of Cain**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Duran Duran**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Holloway Allstars**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Elaine Delmar (until Saturday)**
London Marquee Club: **Thomas Dolby**
London Mile End Half Moon Theatre: **Darts in musical show *Yakety Yak* (for a season)**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Brian Williams Big Band**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London N.W.2 The Cricklewood: **Rubella Ballet/Wet Paint Theatre/Riot Clone**
London Putney Half Moon: **From The Warrior**
London Putney Stars: **Jacko**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Wally Butcher & The Laughing Gravy Orchestra**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Don Rendell**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' the Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Breakers**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Charlie Harper's Urban Dogs**
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.9 Truscott Arms: **The Promenaders/Lol Coxhill**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Syncopation**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Showaddywaddy (for a week)**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Comedy Train**
Newcastle City Hall: **Ultravox**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Nottingham Charlie's Barn: **The Fat Chicken Blues Band**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **The Nolans**
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: **GBH/Blitz/The Destructors/Abrasive Wheels**
Poole Arts Centre: **ABC**
Portsmouth Cambridge Hotel: **Mirage**
Sheffield University: **The Higsons**
Stirling McRobert Centre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Swansea Brangwyn Hall: **Gillan/Spider**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Baileys: **The Drifters (for a week)**

tuesday 16th

Bangor (Co. Down) Sportsmans Inn: **Vedettes/Tearjerkers**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Nolans**
Blackpool Opera House: **Elton John**
Bournemouth Town Hall: **Culture**
Bristol Locarno: **Talk Talk**
Canterbury Kent University: **Hey! Elastica**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Gillan/Spider**
Chadwell Heath Regency Suite: **The Carnal Suffragettes**
Dundee Caird Hall: **The Three Degrees**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Exeter University: **Bad Manners**
Hartlepool North Eastern Hotel: **Jimmy Giuffre/Geoff Castle Trio**
Hitchin The Regal: **Chas & Dave**
Inverness Eden Court Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Higsons**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Stan Tracey Band**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Will Killeen**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Bullet Blues Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Abwaerts/MC2**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Slim Sam Band**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Searchers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Corporation/Indecision**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Laslo & The Leopards**

CULTURE (Bournemouth)

London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Duran Duran**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Eastern Alliance**
London Marquee Club: **Dave Kelly Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Commuter**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Putney Stars: **Dave & Annie**
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **Milestones**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Harfoot Brothers**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Cocteau Twins**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Eat The Bear**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **This**
Manchester The Gallery: **Helen Watson & The Well Knit Frames**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Level 42**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **Taraj Bulba & The Flying Cossacks**
Newcastle City Hall: **Ultravox**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Shalamar**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **GBH/Blitz/The Destructors/Abrasive Wheels**
Portsmouth Milton Arms: **Unicorn**
Sheffield Gilman Arms: **Jah Douglas & His Medusa Touch**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Southampton Guildhall: **Alexei Sayle**
Sunbury-on-Thames The Goat: **Mad Jocks & Englishmen**
Sunderland Le Metro: **Passion Trade**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Marillion**
West Bromwich Four Ways: **Sub Zero**

wednesday 17th

Aberdeen Arts Centre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Birmingham Odeon: **Talk Talk**
Birmingham Town Hall: **Alexei Sayle**
Bradford University: **Dr. Feelgood**
Brighton New Regent: **D-Trap / Precious**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **The Raincoats / And Also The Trees / Yellow Umbrellas**
Derby Albion Rooms: **Jazz Afrika**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Level 42**
Dudley Prole Club: **Cruel Garden / Family Tree**
Ebbw Vale Leisure Centre: **Gillan / Spider**
Edinburgh Echo Muse: **Desperation A.M.**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **Marillion**
Hitchin The Regal: **GBH / Blitz / The Destructors / Abrasive Wheels**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **The Higsons**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds Warehouse: **Hey! Elastica**
Leicester Princess Charlotte: **Actors One**
Liverpool Mountford Hall: **Yazoo / Boys Own**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Dead Kennedys**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **The Marble Staircase / Deja Vu**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Ronnie Scott Quintet**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Jah Shaka / Jamah**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Guy Jackson**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Ultimatum**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Hey Day**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Culture**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Steve Waller-Stevie Smith Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea College: **The Shreek**
London Chelsea Shanghai Lil's: **Chime / Burma Blur**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Mojo Filter / The Cavern**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Greenwich Hospital Social Club: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Japan / Sandii & The Sunsetz**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Terry St. Clair**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Beatroots**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Terraplane / Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
London N.4 Charteris Centre: **Ken Hyder / Nick Evans**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Arc Connexion**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **Malc Murphy Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bruce Turner Jump Band**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Crannog**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Victoria The Venue: **Gregory Isaacs**
London Wembley Arena: **Dr. Hook / Dean Friedman**
London W.1 (Burlington St) Legends: **Pleasure & The Beast**
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **Spartacus R**
London W.1 (Margaret St) The Xclusive: **Big Country**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Elton John**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**

DR. FEELGOOD (Bradford)

Manchester Band On The Wall: **Tony McPhee Band**
Manchester Fagin's: **The Dead Kennedys**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Big Country**
Manchester The Gallery: **Johnny Angel**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Kissing The Pink**
New Romney Seahorse: **Watch**
Norwich East Anglia University: **GBH / Blitz / Abrasive Wheels**
Nottingham Whispers: **The Howdy Boys**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **ABC**
Pooles Arts Centre: **Shalamar**
Preston Central Methodists: **Sapphire**
Sheffield Leadmill: **Jimmy Giuffre / Geoff Castle Trio**
Southampton Top Rank: **Fat Larry's Band**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Sunderland The Old 29: **Passion Trade**
Walsall Hardy's Club: **Sub Zero**

Record News

● **Lene Lovich's** recently released Stiff single 'It's You, Only You' is being made available as a limited edition picture disc from this weekend — as is a remixed and extended 12-inch version.

● **John Cougar's** current Riva single 'Jack & Diane' is now available in 12-inch form, featuring the full version of the song from his 'American Fool' album. And besides the official B-side 'Danger List', it has the bonus of an extra track titled 'I Need A Lover'.

● **The Lemon Kittens** have their second album issued this week by Illuminated Records. It rejoices in the title of 'Those That Bite The Hand That Feeds Them Sooner Or Late Must Meet . . . The Big Dentist'.

● Twenty years on, Liverpool group **The Searchers** have returned to their former label, Pye Records — now known as PRT. Their new single out this weekend is 'I Don't Want To Be The One', and they have an album scheduled for early 1983.

● Two double-play cassettes by **Sir John Betjeman** are issued this weekend by Charisma, each comprising two complete albums - 'Betjeman's Britain'/'Varsity Rag' and 'Late Flowering Love'/'Banana Blush'. They're set to a musical framework by Jim Parker.

● **Smokie** are back after a 2½-year absence with a new song written and produced by Mike Chapman, who was responsible for most of their earlier hits. It's called 'Looking Daggers', and it's issued this weekend by Mean Records, through Spartan.

● Worcester group **The Dancing Did** release a remixed version of 'Badger Boy'/'The Day The World Ended In Cheltenham' on Kamera Records this week. The A-side is taken from their debut album for the label 'And Did Those Feet'.

● PRT are rush releasing the American cult single 'The Voice of Q the band named **Q**, which has been hot on the import for some time now. It's on the licensed Philly World label.

● The current Elektra album 'Under The Black Sun' by hot West Coast band **X** is being offered to dealers at the reduced price of £1.82 for a limited period, which means it should sell over the counter for under £3. This is to coincide with their appearance in Channel 4's *The Tube* on November 19, when they'll be seen in concert in Los Angeles.

● 15-year-old **Stacy Lattisaw's** new single is 'Attack Of The Name Game', produced and co-written by Narada Michael Walden. It's on the Cotillion label (through WEA), and is taken from her recent album 'Sneakin' Out'.

● Laura Branigan's single 'Gloria', a Top Ten hit in the States, is released here by Atlantic this weekend. It comes from her debut album, simply titled 'Branigan'.

● **Allez Allez**, who recently released their first Virgin single 'Valley Of The Kings', now have their debut album 'Promises' issued via the same outlet on November 19 — it contains eight self-penned tracks. As reported, apart from English girl singer Sarah Osbourne, all members of the sextet are Belgian.

● WEA introduce a new campaign aimed at discouraging home taping. The idea is that anyone buying one of these albums — 'Get Closer' by **Linda Ronstadt,** 'The Nightfly' by **Donald Fagen, 'Chicago 16'** and 'If That's What It Takes' by **Michael McDonald —** will also receive a free cassette version of the LP. The campaign runs from this week until stocks are exhausted.

● 'Stutter'/'I Hate Phoning Girls' is the latest single by **The Bodgers,** described as "a double B-side". Available for £1 from Bodgeville, Addistoun Lodge, Ratho, Newbridge, Scotland.

● The new **Positive Noise** single on Statik Records, out this week, is 'Get Up and Go' — a re-recorded version of a song from the Glasgow band's 'Change Of Heart' album. It comes in both 7" and 12" formats — with 'Tension' as the B-side on the former, and 'Feel The Fear' on the latter

● The near-legendary **Blue Caps** — who were once Gene Vincent's backing group, and still retain their original line-up — have been signed by Magnum Force Records. They've just completed a short UK tour, and are currently recording an album in London, which should be ready for release before Christmas.

● **The Lords Of The New Church** release a colour picture disc this weekend on Illegal Records, coupling 'Russian Roulette' and 'Young Don't Cry', also available in standard black vinyl. Currently touring France, the band return for a pre-Christmas London show at Hammersmith Klub Foot on December 16.

● **Joe 'King' Carrasco** releases his new single 'Don't Let A Woman'/'That's The Love' on MCA this week. It's taken from his latest album 'Synapse Gap', and features a guest appearance by **Michael Jackson,** who happened to be recording in the adjacent studio and joined in Carrasco's session on the spur of the moment.

● The recently re-formed **Spingwater** have their single 'The First Time'/'Like We Used To Be' issued this weekend on the Flying Records label. The A-side is to be used as the theme for a new teenage TV series of the same title, for screening in the New Year.

● New Leeds label Trans-, whose upcoming debut single will be a 12-incher by Stockton band **Makaton Cant,** wants to audition other new bands with a view to establishing a roster of about five outfits. Groups must be original and of the new-wave persuasion. Contact is Tracy McCauley, Trans-, P.O. Box MT3, Leeds.

LIVE ADS

WEMBLEY ARENA

OUTLAW AND PHIL McINTYRE PRESENT

Gillan

plus SPIDER

FRIDAY 17th DECEMBER 7.30pm

All Tickets £5.30

Cheques and P.O's payable to Gillan Box Office P.O. Box Office 281, London N15 5LW (Enclose SAE) and usual agents

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Shakatak

CHRISTMAS BALL

PLUS GUESTS & DJ STEVE WALSH

SUNDAY 19-DECEMBER 7.30PM

Tickets £5.00 from box office & usual agents.

A CONCERT FOR T.V.

ACE BRIXTON TEL: 274 4663

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11th NOV ORANGE JUICE + ORCHESTRE JAZIRA £2.50

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25th NOV Birthday Party + VIRGIN PRUNES £2.50

2ND DEC DEAD KENNEDYS + THE RED SKINS £2.50

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PREMIER + LTB - ROUGH TRADE - AT THE ACE. OR ON THE DOOR ON THE NIGHT.

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MCP presents

SLADE

EXTRA SHOW 18th DEC.

Plus Guests

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FRI/SAT 17th/18th DEC 8.00 p.m. Tickets £4.00 £3.50

Available from: B/O Tel. 01 748 4081, LTB, Premier B/O Keith Prowse B/O's and Albermarle

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TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

NOVEMBER
10 Fashion
11 Shalamar
11 Shakatak
11 Belle Stars
11 Orange Juice
12, 13 Hawkwind
14 The Go Go's
14 (Matinee) Duran Duran
15 Flock Of Seagulls
15 Bad Manners
17, 18 Doctor Hook
18 UK Subs
19 Hey! Elastica & The Danse Society
20 Durutti Column
21 Japan
24 Yazoo
25 ABC
26, 27 Michael Schenker
27 John Cooper Clarke
28 Aswad
29, 30 Phil Collins
29, 30 The Nolans

DECEMBER
1 Peter Skellern
1 Phil Collins
3 Jam
2 Orange Juice
2 Lindisfarne
2, 3, 4, 5 Ultravox
4 Doctor Feelgood
5 Marc & The Mambas
5, 6 U2
6 Steelye Span
6 Gang Of Four
7 Budgie
7, 8 Simple Minds
9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 Elton John
12 Fall
13 Adam Ant
14 Dire Straits
14 Ozzie Osbourne
17 Gillan
17 Slade
19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 Elton John
23 Anti-Nowhere League
24, 27 Elvis Costello
27, 28 & 31 Haircut 100
28, 29 Siouxsie & The Banshees

JANUARY
3, 4, 5 Whitesnake
15 Gary Moore
24 Echo & The Bunnymen

MAY
11, 12, 13, 14, 15 Johnny Mathis

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KINGS HEAD
4 Fulham High St. 736 1413

Thursday 11th November £1.50
ISAAC GUILLORY BAND
Friday 12th November £1.50
THE 45'S
Saturday 13th November £1.50
RED BEANS & RICE
Sunday 14th November £1.00
SNATCHER
Monday 15th November £1.50
THE ODD
+ Jeremy Spencer
Tuesday 16th November £1.00
LASLO & THE LEOPARDS
Wednesday 17th November £1.00
BASILS BALLS UP BAND

BROADWAY
Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith Broadway W6

Thursday 11th November £1.00
BARNEY'S 50's DISCO
Friday 12th November £1.50
THE NAN TUCK FIVE SHOW
Saturday 13th November £1.50
MARBLE STAIRCASE
+ The New Catalonia Skiffle Group
Sunday 14th November £1.00
SHARK TABBOO
+ The Coyotes
Monday 15th November £1.00
FURNITURE
+ Mark Of Cain
Tuesday 16th November 50p
IDIOT BALLROOM BEACH PARTY
Real Ale served 7.30pm — 11.00pm

FELTHAM FOOTBALL CLUB
Friday 19th November
PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES
(Sparton Youth)
THE METEORS
Friday 26th November
FELTHAM BR OR TUBE TO HATTON CROSS +90B or 285 (Bus) 5 mins
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890 6979
890 9218

MOONLIGHT
100 WEST END LANE
(West Hampstead Tube)
Sundays 7.30-10.30

Wednesday 10th November £1.50
BLOOD & ROSES
MANAGING DIRECTOR
12 CUBIC FEET
COLD WAR
Thursday 11th November
Closed
Friday 12th November £1.50
THE GREAT DIVIDE
+ Perfect Vision
Saturday 13th November £1.50
DECOY AVENUE
+ One On One
Sunday 14th November £1.50
MR CLEAN
+ Indecision
Monday 15th November £1.75
URBAN DOGS
+ The Sits
Tuesday 16th November £1.50
ONLY AFTER DARK
+ Souls Valiant
Wednesday 17th November £1.50
THE HONEYMOON KILLERS
+ Committee

Friday 12th November, 10.30 approx
at THE MOONLIGHT CLUB

THE GREAT DIVIDE
Laughing all the way to the love bank

THE CAVE
NEW MERLIN'S CAVE,
MARGERY ST., LONDON WC1
(five minutes from Kings Cross Stn)

Thursday 11th November £1.00
TRIPLE ECHO
Friday 12th November £2.00
CROWN OF THORNS
Saturday 13th November £1.00
ORE
Monday 15th November £1.00
PRESENCE
Tuesday 16th November £1.00
EAT THE BEAR
Thursday 18th November £1.00
SOUTHSIDE BLUES BAND
Saturday 13th November Free
NICHOLAS PARTOCK
(In Merlin's Bar)

THE TUBE

FROM PAGE 11

they just sit on their arses moaning about what a shit Maggie Thatcher is, I'll show you someone who hasn't spoken to as many kids as I have.

"The response to this show has been incredible. Young people are still so full of ideas. Last week we had over a hundred kids in the studio from ten in the morning to eleven at night and they spent a whole day telling us what they wanted to see on the show. They were all intelligent, articulate, lucid young people and they were all gunning for the programme.

"The emphasis of a lot of youth programmes falls too heavily on things like unemployment and abortion. The way some of them go on, you'd think that every 16 year old girl in Britain was going to have an abortion before she was 20."

From his first job as a researcher of Tyne Tees, Gerrie rapidly worked his way into production, one of his first projects being the programme in the *Alright Now* series which gave both The Police and Dire Straits — both with roots in the North East — their television debuts in 1977. His aim has always been to try and capture the drive and vitality of the best new British pop on TV, a goal which he is closer than ever before to achieving with *The Tube*.

"One of the biggest criticisms we've had to face is that we'll never get a live atmosphere in a TV studio, but you saw what it was like when The Jam were onstage. We've got one programme in the series when we're probably going to have The Clash, U2 and the Sex Gang Children in the same studio. What's the atmosphere going to be like then?

"After the show, Pete Townshend was saying that rock music and live TV were two of the riskiest things to try and combine but that it was the sheer tension of the thing that made it work. Now, after seeing The Jam, he wants to do the show.

"Now, I'm not knocking *Top Of The Pops*, but you just don't get that tension when you have a load of bands miming their one song in front of a bunch of Equity people in a half-empty studio."

THE SERIES

LIKE IT or not — and most of its detractors to date are just those who failed at the presenter's auditions — *The Tube* is going to be a crucial part of the British pop platform over the next five months.

Among the bands scheduled for forthcoming editions are Yazoo and The GoGos — both this week — The Beat, The Clash, U2, Altered Images, Bananarama, Pete Townshend, The Police, Duran Duran, Culture Club, Simple Minds and Dexys Midnight Runners, most of them live in the studio. *The Tube* will also be going out live on both Christmas and New Year's Eve — they both just happen to be Fridays.

On the evidence of last week's opening shot, *The Tube's* massive potential still remains unfulfilled, but the programme shows all the signs of improving during the coming weeks. If the presentation, particularly of the magazine section of the show, can be given more pace and punch, *The Tube* will be on the point of becoming the first pop show really worth watching in years.

The next five months on Four should make mighty interesting viewing. *The Tube* team might not totally transform the face of televised pop in the UK, but it should be good fun watching them try.

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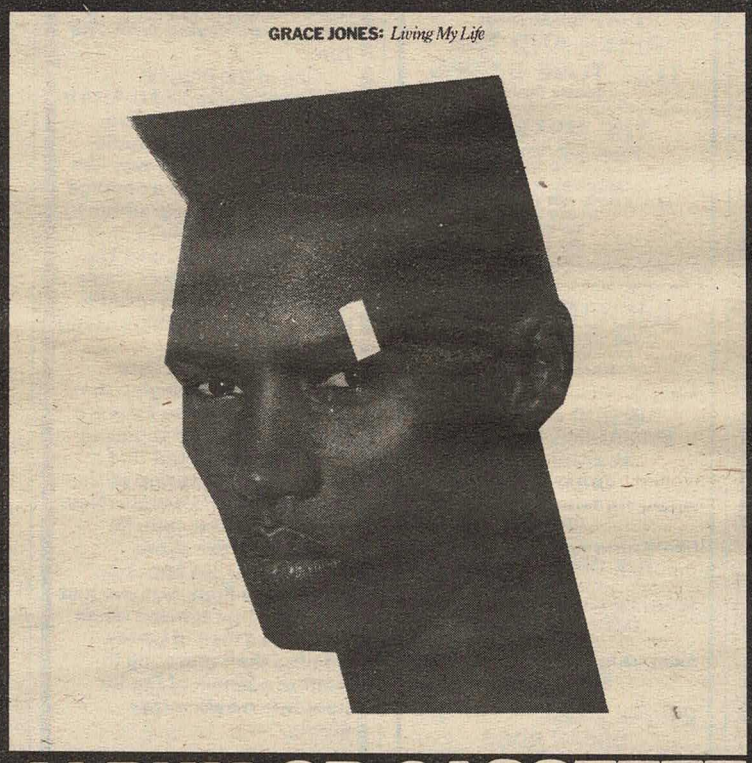

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Millie Jackson Pic David Corio

LIVE!

CUNNING LINGUALS

MILLIE JACKSON

Hammersmith Odeon

LET US not bother so much with what Millie Jackson sang this night, let us consider instead the talents she has to offer and the way she presented them.

Voice: robust and versatile, unique among name entertainers for its dynamic revitalisation of R&B and soul intonations of yesteryear. Humour: sardonic, self-deprecating, ego-crushing, uplifting; more often than is generally appreciated simultaneously working on two levels. Sex: see humour. Expression and timing: impressively evident in all the fore-mentioned. Professional balance (routine v. spontaneity): perhaps still a shade too dependent on a rehearsed set, but far more flexible than most and all the time getting more confidently adept at rolling with, and throwing, the punches.

Within her rapturously received marathon show, the fact that three songs from her comparatively unsuccessful 'Just A Li'l Bit Country' album worked as well and proved as popular as her more familiar material gives pause for thought.

"I don't know why you're applauding," she teased the capacity crowd. "You didn't buy the album. I *know,* I'm the one who gets the money. Or in this case, didn't."

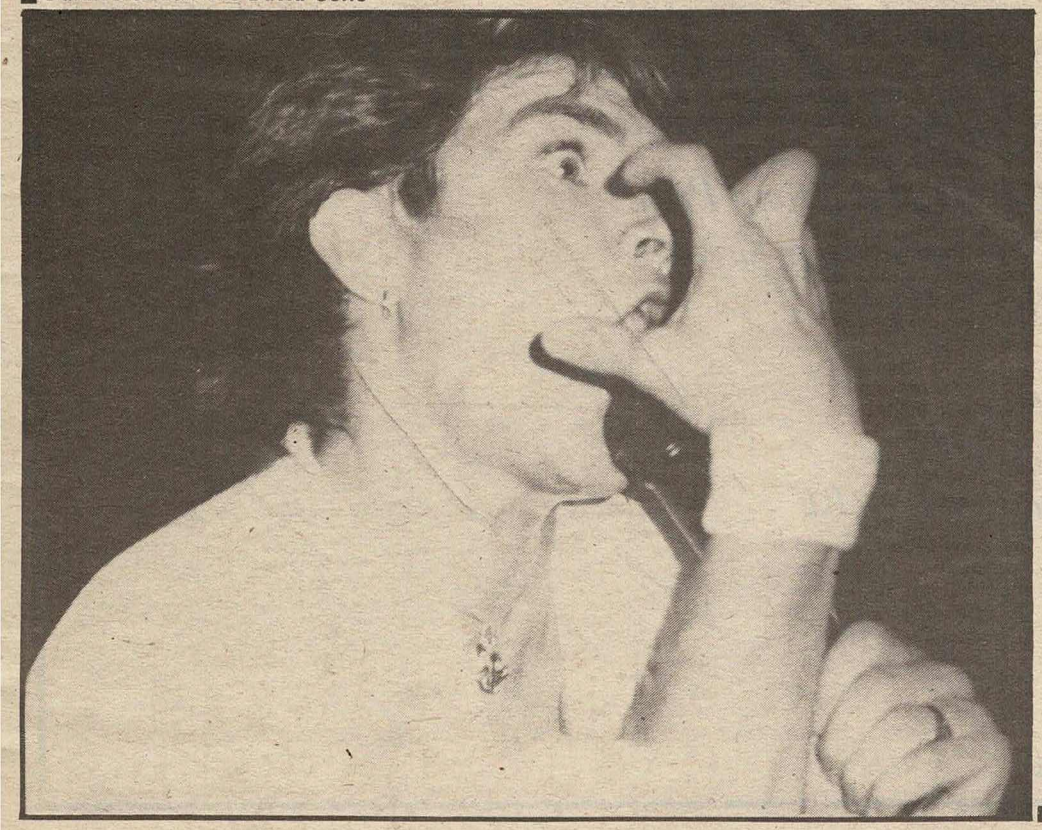
She later explained to the multi-racial London audience: "Back home I'm known as Queen of the Ghetto. I don't get many whites at my shows like I do here. Next year I'm crossing over. Come 1983 I'm gonna be sitting on somebody's face."

Admittedly this was part of a culturally transplanted update of her 'All The Way Lover' rap, bemoaning the Black American Male's (supposed? I dunno; she should) aversion to cunnilingus. But behind the sexual metaphor no doubt her real frustration is with showbiz categorisation.

While I wish her all the head she can handle, it is to be hoped that she doesn't change too drastically for wider appreciation. It would have to be a let-down. Because on present form, Millie Jackson is already as good as the getting gets.

Cliff White

Duran's Simon. Pic David Corio



ABC

Glasgow Apollo

THE ABC world tour hits my hometown, and nothing could keep me away.

Onstage in evening dress and an afterthought shock of blonde hair, Carmel attempts to warm the vast, tacky theatre with moody magnificence, and the minimalist accompaniment of percussion and double bass.

This might succeed within the confines of a smoky nightclub, but the extent of the intimate atmosphere travels nowhere near the back stalls, let alone the far reaches of the upper circle.

A frail little spark of courage on a big stage, bravely out of her depth.

From behind the drapes wafts the respectable sound of orchestral tuning-up, and the curtains are drawn to reveal a stylish, elaborate band-stand; like something you'd imagine on a luxury liner in the days when the rich travelled Europe with trunks, as an occupation, and wrote long letters home.

The double bass, five female violinists in black cocktail dress, horn and keyboard sections play musical sleeve-notes: the familiar overtures of 'The Lexicon Of Love'.

With the addition of classy chanteuse Rush Winters, the four members of ABC stage-show their recorded history with immaculate clarity. And any doubts about the group's ability to create a live frame-work are quickly dispelled by the overall quality of the musicianship. Ms Winters hits the high notes that Martin might not make, while he in turn concentrates on regulating his limited vocals throughout the well-rehearsed performance.

No one's taking any chances here.

Unable to resist a quick croon, the curtains close behind Fry as he warbles along to piano accompaniment. It's far from riveting but the crowd chatter and applaud indulgently (a mild and pleasant front man, but he's no Tom Jones) and ecstatically as the sweetest melody of 'Theme From Man-Trap' fills the hall.

Exit group to exchange black jacket and bow-tie for the famous gold lame threads.

Fry, charming as ever, graciously allows the audience to steal his space, anticipating his gentle 'All Of My Heart' refrain with their own coarse voices. And even the tedious 'let me introduce the band' routine is delivered painlessly.

They bow and they're beaming. The Lexicon of Love in 3-D is a glittering triumph? Or an easy voyage?

What's your next move, Mr. Fry?

Kirsty McNeill

WILKO JOHNSON and LEW LEWIS

Dingwalls, Camden

WILKO Johnson is *sui generis:* one of a kind, and is therefore recommended as compulsive viewing for anybody at all, regardless of professed musical preference.

Of late he's been working in tandem with Lew Lewis, whose energetic harmonicising creates a few splashes of colour around Johnson's pitiless monochrome clangour.

When last seen a few months back, the band was a quintet also including drummer Buzz Barwell and pianist John Denton.

The latter is now a full-time VAT inspector and the former on the other team (ie drumming for the Feelgoods), which leaves Johnson and Lewis as a fourpiece. New drummer Alan Platt (in fact, Wilko's first drummer after his departure from the Feelgoods, and now back in harness) swings ferociously, but hasn't yet clicked with bassie Russell Strutter, which made for a few rhythmically uneasy moments.

The absence of the additional light and shade provided by the piano left the band in a glaring and occasionally unflattering light, but the potential of the new textures currently being explored would suggest that this could wind up as Johnson's most interesting band.

Certainly it's exciting to hear that unique guitar stutter switching into new gears with the James Brown-style chording on 'Shake And Fingerpop' or the off-balance reggae of Lew's 'Caravan Man'. When they learn to settle down and work together, they will be as unique collectively as Wilko is as an individual.

Keep an eye out for them: they're walking on the edge.

Charles Shaar Murray

THE UGLY MUG'S BALL

DURAN DURAN

Hammersmith Odeon

TECHNICALLY I could find no fault with them: they worked hard to please the audience, went through all the hits and had an excellent sound system.

But at the end of the evening, the ultimate verdict was, well, boring.

This was my first time at the Hammersmith Odeon and, I hope, my last, for, as a pop venue, it leaves much to be desired.

After what seemed an eon and several visits to the Ladies (knee-deep in piss, fags and formica) Duran Duran bounced onto stage and opened with their new single, 'Rio', featuring a lengthy and unnecessary sax solo courtesy of Andy Hilton who was seen and unfortunately heard playing several instruments that night.

Andy is most comfortable behind a Yamaha and should stay there. DD sound like old-timers already, whizzing through faves like 'Hungry Like The Wolf' 'New Religion', 'Own Way' and 'Friends Of Mine'. Again, the obtrusive sax got on my nerves, and at one point Nick Ross sounded so much like Keith Emerson, I half-expected to see him sticking the old knives into his synth.

Simon LeBon looked tired but he's always game for a laugh, his prologue to 'Planet Earth' ran something like: "You've been sitting there like a bunch of dummies for most of this show. C'mon, let me see you dance!"

Simon's exhortation worked. Anarchy in the stalls!

I like Duran Duran because they're so sweet to the kids and they write good pop tunes. I liked the way Simon LeBon got a girl in the front row to introduce 'Girls On Film' although I wasn't so keen on the AC/DC type encore of Cockney Rebel's 'Come Up And See Me'.

I just wish that Duran Duran weren't so predictable and stopped playing safe occasionally.

Fiona Russell Powell

LIVE!

AN IDEA ARRIVES

THE PHILIP GLASS ENSEMBLE

Sadlers Wells, London

THE seven-piece Philip Glass Ensemble (synthesisers, keyboards, saxes, woodwind and soprano voice) came to town in a blaze of left-field publicity, hailed as an idea whose time has finally come.

If he can sustain the momentum, Glass looks poised to become a major figure in the potentially lucrative art/rock nexus.

Therein lies a paradox, one of several about Philip Glass.

How can music based upon the obsessive repetition of a single idea be so fascinating? How can music which, in the rigour of its discipline, reduces each performer's scope for self-expression to that of a silicon chip, be yet so satisfyingly joyful and invigorating?

Perhaps we in the West hold drama and individualism too dear as criteria by which we judge and respond to music. Glass reproduces his interest in Eastern forms and pre-Romantic European music in his own works. These in turn drown the listener in the rushing mill-race of music of classical purity and single minded intensity.

While the high-volume mantras hurled us back in our seats, Glass lolled over his synthesiser like Tom Baker gripped by advanced Lisztomania.

Mat Snow

David Sylvian Pic: Kevin Cummins

DILEMMA IN JAPAN

JAPAN
SANDII AND THE SUNSETZ

Sheffield City Hall

LOOK THROUGH David Sylvian's eyes and all you'll see is a frustrating dilemma.

What are Japan doing here? They've given over three months notice for this tour and yet, from the introductory taped bars of 'Burning Bridges' to the final coda of 'Fall In Love With Me,' they haven't a single new song to speak of.

The fact that Japan split up several months ago but haven't had the courage to inform either their fans or their record company is the dilemma.

So here we are being distracted by the urgent beat of Sandii And The Sunsetz on their debut tour in Britain.

Fronted by a good-looker with the larynx of an oriental Kate Bush, the five piece Japanese band gyrate through a gruff, doped-up funk sound before a hypnotic, monochrome background of op-arty aspiration.

Although failing to fully recapture the organised melody and resonance of the new album, 'Immigrants', and often reflecting more of the sombre, cluttered menace of their first record, 'Heat Scale', the Sunsetz remain rivetting.

The days of Japan, on the other hand, have long since been relegated to fairly uninspiring memories. Featuring Masami Tsuchiya, of Ippu Do, on guitar — he was showcased on a recent OGWT — Japan 1982 present an incestuous, backslapping soiree with all the people and music you know and love most. From the clothes down — a profusion of silk baggies and waistjackets designed by Tsuchiya's wife Yoko Sudo — the entire package waltzes through the indiscriminate world of big business with an incorrigible mask of mock suavity.

Sylvian rises like a fox to the occasion; his pained meander of a vocal slipping through the punchier 'Alien' and 'Swing' with never a duff note to taint the expensive, crystal sound. Karn duck waddles across the stage repeatedly like a two bob Chuck Berry in a snazzy red dress, while Barbieri and Jansen stay rooted to keyboards and drums respectively, pumping out the traditional, grandiose Japan overtures.

Shame though that Tsuchiya's accomplished but nevertheless hysterical guitar grates so abrasively against Japan's smooth, dextrous landscapes.

Their strength lies implicitly in the lack of sharp edges, in their almost blandly innocuous lullabies.

In fact, it's only when Tsuchiya abandons the guitar and moves onto keyboards that Japan hit the heights. Through 'Visions Of China' and to the quiet catharsis of 'Nightporter'. Sylvian sits serene on his Prophet 5 throne and, accompanied only by Mick Karn's gentle clarinet, projects an elegy of cliche-free romanticism with absolutely overwhelming passion and bitter lament. The next single is without doubt Japan's finest moment, it's their only one at this performance.

With Tsuchiya once again returning to murder 'Quiet Life' through feedback tricks and fast, furious riffing and even Sylvian scratching out the essentials on a six string for 'The Art Of Parties', the value-for-six-quid dream begins to fade at a remarkable rate.

Amrik Rai

SAFETY FIRST

COOK 'DA BOOKS

Club Fiasco, Liverpool

YOU'D expect the industrial wastelands and desolate high-rise flats of Kirkby to throw out some angry young bands playing harsh discordant music, but that hasn't been the case.

The two Kirkby groups who've made any sort of name for themselves, China Crisis and Cook 'Da Books, both play sophisticated polished pop.

Cook 'Da Books are probably dismissed as being lightweight by those serious young China Crisis boys, but there's a place for a band that can conjure up some classy tunes, and 'Da Books have done well for themselves.

Their debut single 'Piggy In The Middle Eight' got them some attention, they've just returned from a trip to Paris appearing in a film for which they provided the sound track, and their new 45, 'Rich Men Don't', might have an outside chance of sneaking into the charts.

It all depends on that all-important radio play, but everything else about them reeks of chart success — four good looking young lads, two creamy easy listening voices, clever lyrics, a set of strong melodies and an effortlessly tight sound that would slot easily into the top 30.

In a live situation though I just wish they'd take a few more chances and not keep it all so controlled.

Kev Mc

SPOOLS OF LUST

GENERAL CAINE

Los Angeles

WAR, El Chicano, and the Busboys were among the acts featured in LA's annual street festival last week. But while War were busy packing the crowds into the festival's biggest stage, the smaller one was occupied by General Caine, the funk troupe from San Bernadino who were responsible for last year's funkiest record, 'Get Down Attack'.

So when General shouted that he wanted George Clinton "to hear this all the way to Detroit", he wasn't jiving nobody.

Unfortunately the jive took a different, though hardly novel form: the General is a ham. If it hadn't been for his irrepressible showmanship — admittedly all part of the family funk deal — this could have been a veritable Caine mutiny on the mamaship!

From the moment the group appeared, General Caine cracked space into time and time into lines of rampant sexual energy. Their funk turns concrete slabs of sex into curling spools of lust.

It was a pity the General had to go and blow it. When he started dishing out the orders to "break it down", it was obvious what we were in for. If not Rick James' 45-minute 'Mary Jane', something at least of that order.

Things improved with the anti-Mayor Bradley stomp 'Reconstruction'.

Barney Hoskyns

Robert Palmer

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ISLAND

TWINS WIN

THE THOMPSON TWINS

TEARS FOR FEARS

Hammersmith Palais

IN A chart climate where passions are either eroded down to a uniform simplicity or puffed up with empty posturing, it's rare to come across a hit single which combines simplicity with true feeling.

Tears For Fears' 'Mad World', their third single to date, is one such song, and by one of those make or break tricks of fate their first ever London appearance, billed modestly as supports for alternative heroes The Thompson Twins, coincides with the ascent of 'Mad World' to the number three slot in the national chart.

As yet untainted by commercial success, their set's the most refreshing and moving I've heard for months. Tears For Fears have stumbled across the next logical step forward from power pop, exploring and exploiting the softer subtler moods and textures of pop music, and touching on a poignancy most bands find embarrassing.

Descriptions and comparisons are, as always, disparaging. If words seem to complicate what is in essence an unrestrained appeal, go and see them for yourself.

The Thompson Twins have been around for a long time and their cult following's built up. Live, I can see why. Having whittled down to three, they obviously felt the noise too sparse for gigs and are back to seven again, but the sound's far less cluttered than their earlier gigs.

There's something vaguely unsettling about them, perhaps that's why a sound as terse and contained as theirs has failed to score commercially. Their music's not touch and glow or tinged with genius, but as a potent, fresh dance force it takes some beating.

The Thompson Twins are as tense and invigorating as 'Name of Love' suggested months ago, though perhaps 'Lies' isn't the best choice for a follow up.

I came out with the same feeling I had the last time I saw The Gang of Four — surprise at having had a great time.

That's entertainment.

Leyla Sanai

COMMERCE CAPERS

FOUR TOPS

Dominion, London

AND where were you 28 years ago, then? A twinkle in your daddy's eye? Humm.

All those years ago, The Four Tops were embarking on their glittering career. One which would bring them via Motown's Golden Decade of '61-'71 to — an *almost* full house at the Dominion.

Remember 'Standing In The Shadows Of Love'? Or 'Reach Out — I'll Be There', and 'Don't Walk Away Renee'? What a disappointment it was to hear them later all mish-mashed together and regurgitated in the finest 'stars on 45' tradition as a 20 minute medley.

The audience, predominantly couples, most of them male, were of a suitable vintage to enjoy the nostalgic trip down memory lane and stayed in their seats until the encore. The females 'freaked out', the males shifted uncomfortably.

From the introduction of 'Ladies & Gennelmen — the FABULOUS . . . FOUR . . . TOPS!' through the gushing barrage of one-liners 'You're the greatest!' and 'Let's sock it to 'em!' the actual contact between band and audience had the warmth of an open razor.

I wonder why such a once wonderful group bother doing concerts like this? Commerce? The Four Tops' latest album 'Tonight' was released in the summer — sold like a pork pie at a barmitzvah — was withdrawn and reissued with a NEW SLEEVE! Ah, commerce.

Towards the end of the encore, those of the audience who still had life in their lower regions, propelled themselves into the pit where they joined with the band in the pathetic chore of flogging the dead horse.

Regine Moylett

APB

New York

AND SO to the Mudd Club. Renowned as the club that spawned Blondie, Television, Talking Heads, etc., the Mudd Club featured high on this tourist's list of Must Sees.

A surprise was in store, for treading the diminutive stage were Scotland's own Peel favourites APB. An admirable self-financed (I believe) trip had seen them take their skittering music to several NY nitespots, the Mudd being an obvious stopping off point.

APB play a convoluted punk folk.

"It's all very well", exclaims an onlooker, but they can't *play* can they. It's a glorification of amateurism!"

Well, APB *can* play to a satisfactory extent. There's hefty Banbarra funk bass drum, augmented by impatient, rushing bass-pulling and drone-like guitar work, with chanted and shouted exhortations.

Squeezing out the last bit of goodness from a form that was exhausted by A Certain Ratio's second single, APB may possess an admirable independent attitude, but tout a ridiculously cumbersome music. Perhaps with an eye towards more varied rhythms APB employ a percussionist who possibly takes the biscuit as the most superfluous addition to any group.

Graham K Smith

SWELLS PARTY

SEETHING WELLS

New Variety, London

THE year when any gook could gatecrash the stage to read duff poetry and still be entertaining is drawing to a close.

Performance now is paramount and, if Seething Wells hasn't built a comic act of quite the same quick-fire completeness as Little Brother, he *has* perfected his delivery, a harsher slickness, a more violent comic crack.

SWells still carries too much deadweight — a year in the act and Tetley Bittermen is just so much excess baggage — but his content sharpens all the time.

Tonight he covered all this week's news items, trapped all your favourite taboos and threw them back fast at the audience's brickwall liberal conscience.

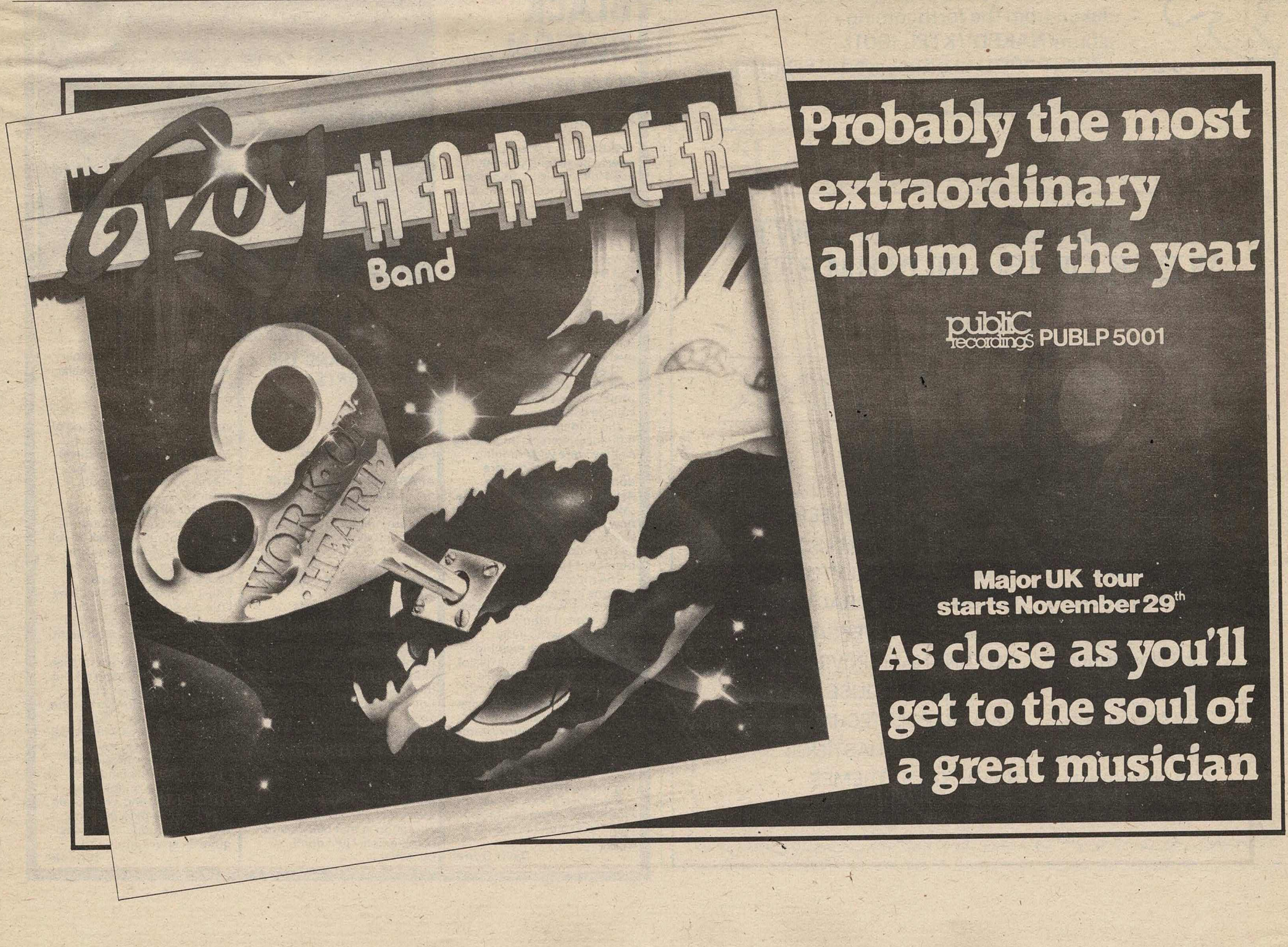
The audience, of course, *lapped* it up. SWells patted them on the head, jibed mercilessly and, dutifully, the audience clapped more buckets.

Lots of sex and lots of speed, the new material flies all over the shop. SWells is a vicous gag.

Angry young poets tire easy if they fail to charge their spite with new fire, new rant, new targets. It's not long before *real* nasty becomes *real* boring.

While he mocks himself, Seething Wells, the counter-culture hyper-fad, is still fab-crucial — a working-class clown. The problem with working class heroes is that they take themselves too seriously.

X. Moore



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25th November	OXFORD POLYTECHNIC
26th November	'SATURDAYS' HASTINGS
27th November	BRIGHTON EXTREMES
28th November	BRUNEL UNIVERSITY

LIVE!

THE ROXY

New York

THE feeling hits you when you walk into the Roxy on a Friday night the way it doesn't hit you in any other New York club.

Everywhere else it's hesitation and uncertainty. At the Roxy, you know you're in the right place.

Most nights the Roxy is a roller disco but on Friday nights the Roxy is taken over by the emissaries of the South Bronx black youth culture under the general direction of KLB (Kool Lady Blue) Productions.

The skates are put away, the floor is sectioned off by a canvas divide spray-painted with wild-style grafitti, the turntables are moved down on the floor, and the loosest, most eclectic and danceable weekly party in the city gets under way.

KLB draws on a diverse pool of South Bronx talent to keep the bop boppin'. For DJs, there are Grandmixer DST, Jazzy Jay, and Afrika Bambattaa — all masters of turntable jive and fancy mixing.

Then there are the rappers, different ones each week, some famous, some just coming up through the ranks. One week Brother D was in. Or the Fearless Four might show up to do their currently-hot 'Rockin It'.

If an act with some flash costuming or a little bit of choreography like Sequence or Rocker's Revenge is on, they'll get out on the floor in front of the turntables to do their rap while the DJ spins the instrumental sides of their records. Otherwise the rappers don't act as a focus of attention.

They stand behind the turntables, next to the DJs, adding lines and comments here and there to the music mix, another variable in a constantly moving and shifting equation.

The only time an actual show definitely occurs, with performers and observers separating themselves out for a little while, is when one of the dancing crews takes the floor. It might be the Rock Steady Crew, demonstrating the impossible flips, spins, and other acrobatics, or it might be the Double Dutch Girls, who put a lot of boogie in their bodies as they run through rope-jumping tricks.

But mostly the show is the audience — dancing.

This being New York The Roxy could change any minute and probably will. But right now it's hot.

Richard Grabel

BLACK DESIGN

BLACK DESIGNERS '82

Royal Albert Hall, London

THE Black Designers Show, now in its second year, styles itself in the epic tradition yet fails to convince. The show is sadly lacking in definition and the initial raison d'etre sinks in a sea of question marks.

Fashion of course is now synonymous with the street, and Britain's black youth are often streets ahead of their white counterparts when it comes to innovatory and sartorially elegant clothing; the show, typically, overlooked this point.

The designer group was split between the hard core professionals and the cooler college cutters.

The student designers' influences were as interesting as they were wide ranging.

The men's outfits were dominated by that svelte, Armani type sleekness, or the rather thicker cut rugged look now so prevalent with coarse wools, suedes, tweeds and leathers dominant in the material department.

The most outstanding designs in the women's collections were those spiced with a shot of ethnic flavouring, particularly Reginald Knight's evening wear with its articulate use of Siamese and Chinese silk cuts.

Jean Daley made great use of pan-African textiles and colouring in her chunky winter wear; mustards, camels, cerises, and greens swathed the lissom models in a glow of tropical warmth.

Black Designers '82 was a wreck of an organisation that failed to exploit the true possibilities.

David Dorrell

Joan Jett Pic Steve Callaghan

ALMOST FUN

JOAN JETT AND THE BLACKHEARTS

SMART

Hammersmith Odeon

APART from being about 80 per cent awful, this evening's entertainment was a great pantomime; an example of how confusion can reign amid the most rank and utter obviousness, and a great dose of comprehensive-classroom deja-vu.

For pity's sake, it was almost fun.

I'm serious. It began with support act Smart, a youthful rockaboogie quartet of shameless posers, containing the most self-consciously cute boy cherub singer I've ever seen.

This kid makes Boy George look like Howard Hughes. Smart commence with 'Waiting For My Man' and end up catering completely to a bunch of front row girls who are actually screaming their adoration at that baby's bum complexion. I just don't believe it.

I do believe though in the idea of Joan Jett. Her special charm is that she really doesn't care.

It's just as well. Her audience seems composed of that Heavy Metal sub-sect which still spins 'Hi Ho Silver Lining' at horrifying cheap sherry-puke-and-peanuts parties.

But for all her brass, Joan Jett doesn't quite belong. Her crudely souped-up rock 'n' roll retreads fit easily alongside Idol, Cougar, The Knack, but here she's neither Judas Priest nor punk. She's a titchy little creature in a jump suit, who bunny hops about and screams her head off all night long.

With vitamins to spare Joan and her guileless band take us back to schooldays. 'I Love Rock 'N' Roll', 'Do You Wanna Touch Me', 'Shout', 'Star Star'. She encores with 'Rebel Rebel', and the Odeon transforms into the biggest village hall in the land.

Empty seats or not, Joan battered each and every brain till resistance petered out. It wasn't very good. But it was quite an education.

Dave Hill

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Magical mystical Scratch *Pic Jean Bernard Sohiez.*

UP FROM Massachusetts on the Heartbeat label is the latest LP from the voluble Lee "Scratch" Perry: 'Mystic Miracle Star'.

Featuring a white back up band on keyboards, bass, drums, guitars and background vocals, plus Gladdy Anderson supplementing piano on a couple of tracks, the recording was laid and mixed at Dynamic and Aquarius studios in Jamaica and features a contortion of lyrics from the Upsetter, who also fills in percussion, harmonica, magic horn and xylophone too.

Track listing side one: 'Holy Moses', 'God Bless Pickney', 'Radication Squad'; side two: 'Mystic Miracle Star', 'Chalice Afire', 'Pussy I Cocky I Water' and 'Music Breeze'.

ON U SOUND is manifest on two new albums bearing the imprint and featuring **African Head Charge** with 'Environmental Studies' and **Noah House Of Dread,** 'Heart'.

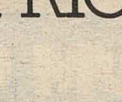
Produced by Adrian Sherwood at Berry Street studios in the City both albums feature prominently the presence of Bonjo I aka Noah, who leads vocally and plays percussion on the 'Heart' (On U 20) LP alongside Ever on bass and Eskimo on drums, horns from Nicky Norris, Jah Globe, Deadly Headley and others plus The Heart Choir featuring Ginger Williams, Joyella Blade and various other sisters and brothers of the Benjaminite, Danite, Gaddite etc tribes.

'Environmental Studies' (On U 19) is an instrumental mix wherein Bonjo I plays conga drum, bongo drum, talking drum, friction drum, fish, cowbell, "big" drum, "very big" drum and various miscellaneous percussions alongside at least three different bass players, four drummers, melodica, keyboards and chinese harp.

Noah House Of Dread

NEW 12" releases include: **Delroy Wilson,** 'You Have My Heart' c/w **B B Sceden,** 'One Little Thing' (Yah Congo); **Garnet "Peper" Cross,** 'Magnet' c/w **Aquizim,** 'Electromagnetic Magic' (Ariwa — ARI 1011); **Tony Benjamin & The General,** 'Go Pon De Land' c/w **Mad Professor & Sane Inmates,** 'Plantain & Cassava' (Ariwa — ARI 1012); and **Ranking Joe** describing his passage on the London tube in detail unheard since 'Finchley Central' for 'Underground Tracks' c/w 'Rolling Stone' (Sharp Axe — SA 001).

Out on 10": **George Wright,** 'You Are The One I Love' c/w **Nevill Mitchell,** 'Get Out Of Hand' (Kingdom — KV 8026-10), both sides also featuring a dub cut of each and produced by Roy Cousins with Roots Radics; **Barry Brown,** 'Rasta, Man Of Dignity' c/w **General Echo,** 'Afrikan National Heroes' (Mandingo Hot Steppers); and **Al Campbell,** 'Turn Me Loose' c/w **Super Chick,** 'Roach Killer' (Hit Bound).



WHITTINGTON PARK Music Club in Archway presents *The Hipscats* fabulous acappella choir singing gospel, jazz and soul at the Whittington Community Centre, Yerbury Road, N19 on Saturday night at 8pm.

STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND REPORTING — flashing weekly from a semi-frequency — we are the music-makers . . . some quality pre titles newly up include two tunes from the Mighty Diamonds: a Ferguson-Simpson composition 'Proverbs', which tempts echoes of 'Kutchie' and is released on the group's own Bad Gong label; and 'Unruly Pickney' on Gussie 80's . . . **and we are the dreamers of dreams** . . . also arrived on Gussie 80's is a stirring lament from Hopeton Lindo for the 'Side Walk Traveller' . . . **wandering by lone sea-breakers** . . . and with a driving 'Shake Them Off' on Nura is the country sound of Bobby Irving replete with thunderous version. Also new on Nura: Jah Thomas, 'Girls Dem Jealous' and Little John, 'Joker Lover' . . . **and sitting by desolate streams** . . . two new releases on Paul and Barry Clarke's Afro Eagle imprint: Triston Palma, 'Don't Wanna Be A Rude Boy' and Ludwick Smith with 'Sister Lurece' . . . **world losers and world-forsakers** . . . meanwhile, Sister Nancy cuts the latest in the 'Full Up' series with further kutchie references for 'Telephone Challice' on Volcano via Henry Lawes . . . **on whom the pale moon gleams** . . . latest from the 'Johnny Dollar' man here deified as Roland Borrel comes 'What Is Your Answer', a Sir Niney production on Observer . . . **yet we are the movers and shakers of the world forever, it seems** . . . other releases are: Errol Richards, 'Hot Hot Love' (Pablo); Barrington Levy, 'Super Star Girl' (All Roots); and Malibu, 'You I Love So Well' (Love Choice) . . .

★ ★ ★

WITH WONDERFUL DEATHLESS DITTIES . . . Gabby presents a clash of the youths for A Crucial Reggae Showcase: North v North v North confrontation with the first time ever together from Stokey Black Sapphire — Outernational Stylee, from Hornsey Sir Biggs — Hi Power and from Clapton Riva Hi-Fi to be held at the Holly St Community Hall, off Richmond Road, E8 this Friday from 7 till late. Admission: £1.50 . . . **we build up the world's great cities** . . . Trojan Youth Centre, Broad Lane, Tottenham, N15 presents from Friday November 12 and every Friday early sessions — 7 till 12 — with Unity Hi-Fi featuring Ribs the cool operator plus DJs Roy Rankin, Yabby You, Moddeler, Charghan plus guest sounds each week. This week Sir Biggs and the Biggs posse. Admission: £1. All welcome . . . **and out of a fabulous story we fashion an empire's glory** . . . this Saturday is a Night for Original Lovers at the Peoples Club, Paddington with music by Java Hi Power and Hawkeye International . . . **one man with a dream, at pleasure, shall go forth and conquer a crown** . . . also on Saturday Lillian, Gloria & Early invite you to A Grand Autumn Dance — from 8pm till dawn — at 422 Seven Sisters Road, Manor House, N4. Music by the mighty Sir Biggs . . . **and three with a new song's measure can trample an empire down** . . . every Wednesday night at the Highview Youth Centre, Crouch Hill, N8 you will be entertained by Seven Warriors sound with Shorty the President as selector and (Alfred) Bigfoot your mike mc, also the return of Sir Marfious sound. Dance starts at 8pm until 11. Refreshments on sale. Admission 50p. Turnpike Lane tube . . .

★ ★ ★

WE, IN THE AGES LYING in the buried past of the earth . . . housewives in dialogue invite you to a one day conference at Camden Town Hall, Euston Road, WC1 this Saturday — 10am to 6pm — for Bringing It All Back Home: black and immigrant women speak out and claim our rights. Panellists include: Margaret Prescod Roberts of Barbados, Nina Lopez-Jones from Argentina, Clotil Walcott from Trinidad and others . . . **built Nineveh with our sighing** . . . Dance Theatre Of Harlem photographs by Marc Boothe are on display at the Africa Centre Gallery, 38 King Street, Covent Garden, WC2 daily from 10am to 5.30pm until December 22. Admission free . . . **and Babel itself with our mirth** . . . also at the Centre visit the Calabash Restaurant open Monday to Friday 12.30 to 3pm and 6.30 to 11pm and Saturday evenings only. The Africa Bar opens at 5.30 on weekday evenings . . . **and o'erthrew them with prophesying, to the old of the new world's worth** . . . with six Yellowman albums current — 'Bad Boy Skanking', 'Just Cool', 'Live At Aces', 'Jack Spratt', 'Water Pumpee' and 'Operation Eradication' (10") — this week sees arrival of a new Joe Gibbs LP 'Yellowman Has Arrived', and also featuring Toyan on two of the eight tracks . . . **for each age is a dream that is dying** . . . finally, for the information of any reader who may be visiting Paris on Thursday 18 Blue Moon presents strictly rock reggae with Clint Eastwood and General Saint at Ali Palace location 3 Fnac Clementine. Tickets from Blue Moon at 10 rue Sauffroy. Dancing to soul, reggae and African music until dawn . .. **or one that is coming to birth** . . . One Love . . .

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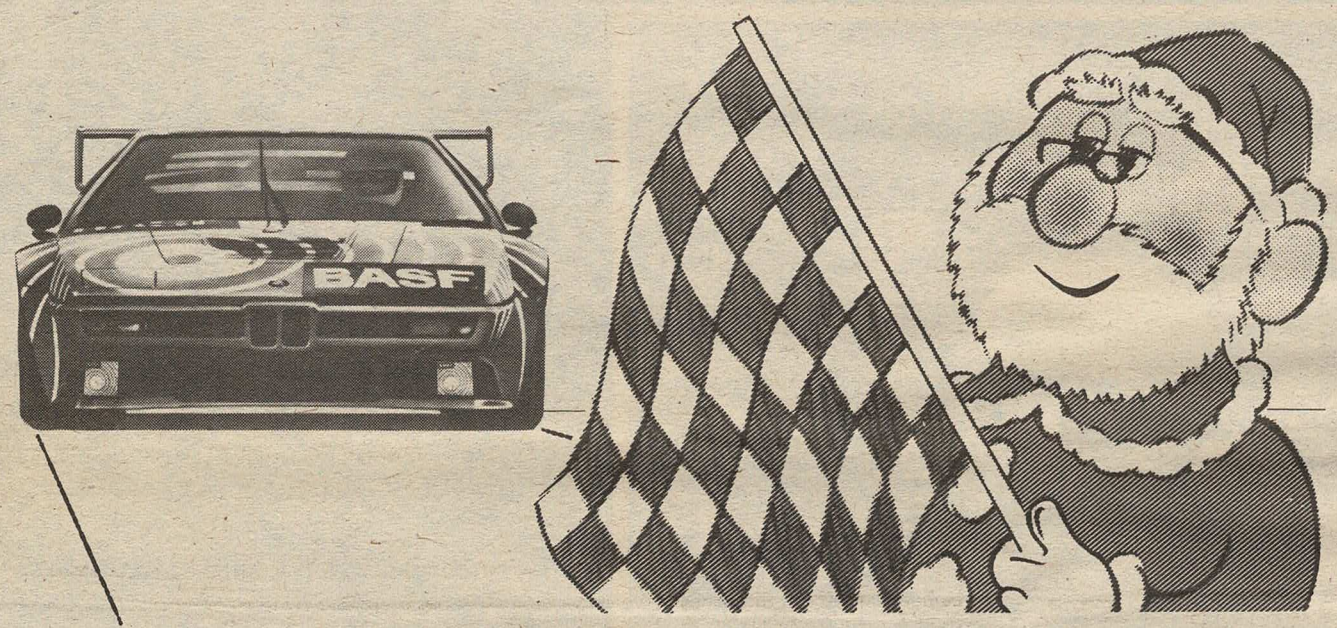

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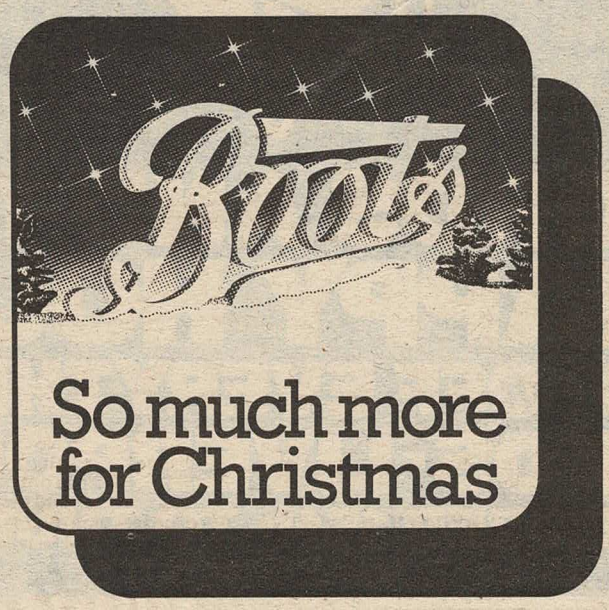

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ANIMAL

FROM PAGE 21

some terms. I didn't even know what Zombie Birdhouse *was* until he came back from Haiti with a photo of the club — everything just sort of locked in like that. When Debbie and I saw that we thought maybe Zombie Birdhouse was this little club of Iggy's brain where he goes to!"

CR: Oh, I think it's a little more general place and he's trying to get *out*. His work is always about the sort of decisions a lot of people just try to pretend don't even exist.

"Yeah — but he's always aiming at teenage girls, too."

On Walter Steding:

"WALTER'S MUSIC is real personal; it's not a heavy reference but he's always had this Appalachian folk thing which comes through the violin. Plus there are some classical overtones, sort of mediaeval stuff. The thing about Walter is that he can draw all these people to him who are like him — create this sort of warmth around him.

"I think everybody will be surprised by this record, especially after that psycho-jazz, beyond-the-beyond one on Red Star. This one's like regular songs and it has a sense of humour. I think it avoids most of his traps — being too aloof and cold. It has a sort of artsiness-that-isn't."

On Snuky Taite:

"SNUKY'S THING has been done over a long period of time, though it was all done in a certain format. It's like — Ray Charles and reggae, but space stuff and salsa music at the same time. Actually *(Laughs)* it's completely insane. It's like Ray Charles on acid."

V ANIMAL RECORDS WHICH WEREN'T

"SOUNDTRACKS are the projects that are just *there*. I got semi-involved with David Lynch over the *Eraserhead* thing . . . it was a cool album, I'd love to have put that out.

"Marty Thau wanted me to put out his Richard Hell album ('Destiny Street') too, but we'd run out of money by then.

"Actually, there's a good story about that record . . . They had a wake for Lester Bangs at CBGB's and Marty Thau went along with the Hell album and, of course, Lester really was a good friend of Richard's and really really liked Richard.

"Anyway, Marty wanted to play the record and Robert Christgau (Lester's editor at the *Village Voice)* got really mad and was saying, You just want to exploit yourself — you just want to sell that album. And then there was this tremendous fight, apparently the whole place just split up into these two camps of the fuckin' music people and the writers and they almost came to blows. Christgau *broke Marty's cigarette* . . . and people had to keep Thau from dragging Christgau outside and everyone was just screaming and going crazy.

"Lester would have *loved* it."

VI ZEN AND THE GERMAN JOURNALISTS

THAT BRINGS me to the two journalists from German *Sounds* who were graciously entertained (in fluent German) for a couple of hours by Iggy's girlfriend Esther, while we debated Glenn O'Brien's theory that Jeff Pierce could be the next Pia Zadora. When they politely joined us (in fluent English), they had a few questions of their own:

Are there any strategies for Blondie's future now that you are so involved with Animal records and other projects?

"We're gonna do another solo album with Debbie, which Mike Chapman will probably produce; I don't know how long we'll keep it together with Blondie. Animal seems to have evolved when the timing was really right. . . It's like Zen, y'know? When you don't have the desire for something, that's when something happens. It's when you define something and say, that has to happen — that's when you'll find that you can't make it happen."

You don't take it as a tragedy then that Blondie is now at a low point?

"No, not really. Every big group has gone up and down. The question which makes existing relevant is whether or not you are making any statement."

What about the tour which didn't finish?

"Well, ironically the shows were the best received of any we've ever done and the reviews were also the best — although the *previews* were universally moaning and groaning on about 'art'. Being associated with art is really a negative thing! But ticket sales abroad were down and everybody was tired so we figured we'll end it now and see what happens. Go on to the next thing, which is Debbie's solo project."

CONTINUES PAGE 55

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FROM PAGE 53

VII THE ANIMALISTIC FUTURE

MR OSTERBERG, as the *New York Times* now calls him ("self-deprecating humour . . . is Mr Osterberg's ace-in-the-hole") is about to embark on an Animal Tour. His tour badge is a little drawing from his new book: "An arm with a hatchet severing a man's penis in two — it's called The Breaking Point Tour — The Iggy Pop Breaking Point Tour '82."

A week away from its first date, Pop rehearses all night and wakes up without a voice. Unfortunate, because the same day Keith Richards phones him at home in Brooklyn to say thanks for the dedication in the book. His Dad phones too, to say that he likes 'Zombie Birdhouse' — particularly 'Watching The News'. Of course, he has a few notes on the production, but basically he considers it "a solid piece of work".

Jeff Pierce phones the HQ from London, then Paris — The Gun Club are going down very well. Stein says it's weird wnen something that took two years to architect takes off within a week: "It's like — sex or something. This big buildup, then — *fffffffzzzzzzzttttttt!!!!*"

Has it made him more optimistic?

"*Absolutely*. I was really down on the whole industry, really angry. I'd see these TV shows, rock shows, and it'd be like, *This is what I'm in?* I'm in — *this?* I'm in the music business and it's about fuckin' hoochi-coo dancers and stuff. It was surreal. I just missed all the loudness and craziness. It just felt so corporate and so staid and so conservative and so OLD."

Stein sees Animal as limited "only by logistics — what Chrysalis can handle".

Future works already planned are a rap album with Fab Five Freddie Braithwaite, three Stein soundtracks, and 'something' with J Walter Negro ("He was doing heavy political raps before 'The Message' came out"). Chris would also love to put out an album by John Carpenter who, along with Nino Rota, is one of his movie-soundtracking idols.

Animal is also envisioned as a "stepping-stone".

"I mean, James is gonna do another album for ZE — and maybe Rob (Du Prey) will produce Iggy's next LP. I don't see myself as dictating any directions for this thing, you know — I just wanted to do something about what everybody always talks about. Everybody's always bitching about what's wrong with the industry, everybody shoots their mouths off, but nobody *does* anything."

Let's put it another way. There's a lot of people in the world — there are too many people — and the natural instinct of every person you meet will be to use you because as more and more people get born and live longer and longer . . . they become restless and competitive. People are always trying to beat you. And if you don't have a family — if you don't have a bunch — whatcha gonna do about it? It's very rare that an individual really has anything to say. I think that you don't have anything to say unless you're saying it for your group, unless you're speaking for your group. Don't things seem to be getting that way these days?

From *I Need More* by Iggy Pop with Anne Wehrer, Karz/Cohl, 1982

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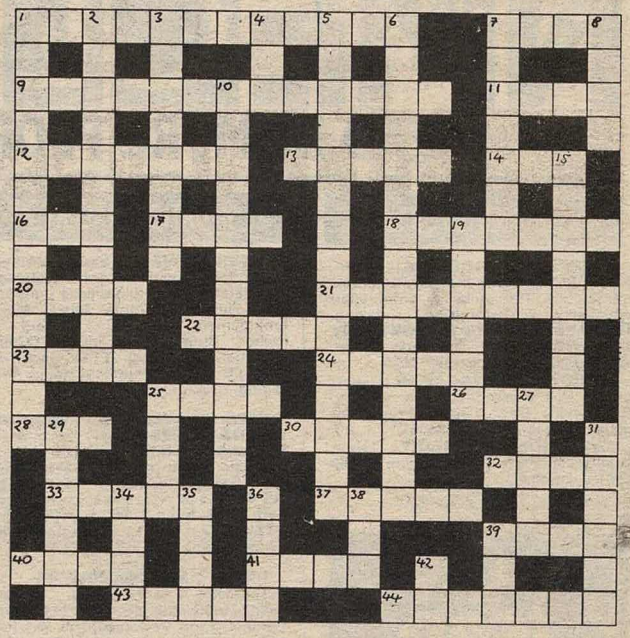

CLUES ACROSS

1 Be a norm freak — get confused listening to a Depeche Mode album (1-6-5)
7 A musical organ of *Mersey* (4)
9 Landscape's theory of movement (8-1-2-2)
11 —— Four Plus Two, '60s band (4)
12 Shit yob, of a sort, was coupled with The Beatles, 'I Wanna Hold Your Hand' (4-3)
13 The connection between the Attractions and the Jordannaires (5)
14 Jackson Five hit or currently successful group (3)
16 See 31D
17 + **39 Down** Classic Sam and Dave 1967 number (4-3)
18 They're live at Norwich (7)
20 A walk on the wild side — by the river bank? (4)
21 1978 Patti Smith single subtitled 'Set Me Free' (9)
22 Costly ways of travel by courtesy of a Free Waybill (5)
23 Just half of the band who charted recently with Today (4)
24 The big dance craze of the early '60s (5)
25 The member of Teardrops who can manage quite well (4)
26 Just the place not to spend the night when Village People are about (4)
28 Short name for group with one of the longest (3)
30 + **43 Across** "—— *how come you taste so good, —— just like a young girl should" (5-5)*
32 Jocko Homo-ers (4)
33 See 29 Down
37 What Frantique did to 'your funky stuff' (5)
39 In The ——, signature tune for the renowned underwater air pilot Glenn Miller (4)
40 US glam-rock group of whom Gene Simmons was vocalist (4)
41 + **35 Across** Abba's follow-up single to Waterloo in 1974 (4-4)
43 See 30 Across
44 See 15 Down

CLUES DOWN

1 Knife slits water — a factory group observation (1-7-5)
2 Peter and the Test Tube Babies firefighting advice (3-4-4)
3 The girl who gave birth to an album after feeling 'The Kick Inside' (4-4)
4 — *In Acapulco* Presley film (3)
5 'Teenage Warning' and 'Out Of Control' are two of their earlier singles (7-8)
6 Clash single subtitled 'Johnny Comes Marching Home' (7-5-3)
7 Like Showaddywaddy, Murphy's Mob find that chart success is best obtainable through cover versions (7)
8 + **27 Down** Featured on David Essex's recent TV series, and scored a hit soon after (4-5)
10 James and Bobby Purify hit from 1976 (2-4-6)
15 + **44 Across** An appeal in the court room from Marvin Gaye (3-1-3-1-7)
19 A decision in the court room made by Mike Oldfield, Barbra Streisand and Barry Gibb (6)
25 The all-healing band who got caught killing an arab (4)
27 See 8 Down
29 + **33 Across** Until very recently vocalist for Anti-Pasti (6-5)
31 + **16 Across** 1978 Foreigner hit (4-2-3)
34 What to do with the Dutchie (4)
35 See 41 Across
36 Linda —— and the Love Squad (4)
38 McCartney's kind of war (3)
39 See 17 Across
42 —— *Blues,* Presley film (2)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS

1 White Bov: 6 I'm Your Man; 10+7 War Of The Worlds; 11 Zoo; 13 Tom Tom; 14 Utah; 15+28 Out Of Hell; 16 Eat; 18 Dee; 19 Dave; 20 Rico; 21 Work; 22 Skids; 25 Ace; 26 ABC; 29 London; 31 Devo; 33 RCA; 34 Leo; 35 Cats; 38 Eddie; 39 Eek; 40 XTC; 41 Rabbit; 44 What; 45 Oh Bondage Up Yours.

DOWN

2+4 How Can I Be Sure; 3 Tornados; 5 Yazoo; 8 Mute; 9 No More Heroes; 12 Out Of The Blue; 17 TDK; 20 Road Runner; 23 Kings; 24 Son; 27 Claire; 30 OK Fred; 32 Vice; 36 The The; 37 Roxy; 42 Bob; 43 Ian.

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HALL & OATES

FROM PAGE 25

"The business of music is totally a game but music has to be serious on a personal level. Once it's gone out to the public it's dispersed to so many levels — how can it really be taken seriously then? It's serious when we're first playing it and recording it and listening to it back.

"Once it's put out it can't be serious any more. That's what 'Sacred Songs' was all about — music is sacred until it's voiced, and then it's automatically profane.

"I thought it was interesting. I liked a lot of the songs. It wasn't a commercial record . . ."

Oates grins at his partner's modesty. "It happens that radio in America's in sync with us now. Instead of us trying to jam things down their throat we're a benchmark for what is pop music in America."

Their patronage of Grandmaster Flash's 'The Message' suggests their reading of the Sound Of The City is more closely attuned with reality than that of most of their peers. But the Hall and Oates outlay can never extend to that kind of direct politics — are they bothered that a message music is out of their grasp?

"That record is obvious," says Hall. "It took the street into the studio. I think we say things that are as important — we'd say them in a more roundabout way. The words have to be sung, too, not rapped out. I think, yeah, our records are political. Bedroom politics is like the start of all politics."

IT'S NOT hard to imagine these two tagging along with each other — brattish upstarts with a ready sneer for dozy old hippies and bleating Anglophile rockers. They've been doing it 13 years now. Hall remembers again.

"We grew up in the country, bordering on the suburbs, and moved to the city as teenagers. Comfortable upbringing in most respects. Middle-class America. But of course, being weird in middle-class America doesn't give you the easiest time. I know I was kinda weird. I was always a fighter as a teenager."

Are they nice people?

"Yeah," smiles Hall. "We're the nicest people in rock'n'roll we know. Most people in rock'n'roll are assholes. So are we, but we're *nice* assholes."

Do they get fed up with each other?

"Not yet. We were friends before we decided to make music. We shared apartments at college and things like that. So we don't have any problems."

What will they do with all their money, deprived of a West Coast lifestyle?

"Continue to pay the rising rent on my apartment," Oates answers. "We don't have to worry about that."

Thinking over this anti-heroic stance I ask: do they have a favourite American president?

"Thomas Jefferson," says Oates, with the relish of the closet intellectual. "He was the last of the idealists. A Renaissance man. I was a big Jefferson fan at college, went to his house and everything. He was the architect for the idealism of American democracry, which of course has been totally perverted since then. A classicist."

WILL THERE come a time when there's no music left in them?

"We've been musicians since we've been babies," says Oates. "I've never really had any other job. Even when I needed a job I did guitar lessons. I never really questioned it.

"Ever since we've started working I've aspired towards a kind of total freedom — to take on other projects, do other writing, produce other people or whatever. This kind of success is the closest we can come to that."

"I don't think we have ambition as such," says Hall. "Goals always change anyway so I don't have any. I just want to aspire to get better."

Can they get better? I suspect 'Private Eyes' and 'H20' contain the best music Hall and Oates will muster, and its significance may eventually take a catalytic shape. Some of the wildest and most dangerous music is still coming out of American backwaters, as it always has, but there at last signs that the main tide is starting to seethe just a little too.

Alongside such diverse symptoms as Loverboy's outright sex, Donald Fagen's masterclass of cool and Bruce Springsteen's awkward scratching at American myth, here is the metallic, brutal exactness of Hall and Oates' thumping airwave pop.

They used to call it blue-eyed soul. Daryl Hall, whose favourite record is 'The Temptations Live', feels his dues to black music are not so simply cast.

"It has more to do with people not really understanding where it's coming from. White people playing soul music is nothing new. There were just as many whites as blacks in the Philadelphia studios in the Gamble and Huff days, when we started working there. Now we've moved away."

One other thing — what is this book they're so taken with — *The Holy Blood And The Holy Grail?* A good deal of laughter ensues.

"It's a semi-crackpot theory that Jesus didn't die on the cross, he moved to the South of France," explains Hall. "It's, uh, a kind of amusing work — a kind of a conspiracy theory."

Ah — you mean, like the West Coast?

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BY TONY BACON

A NEW WAY OF WALKING

PITY (if you can) a poor Japanese businessman who became increasingly bored as he travelled around the globe on company business.

Not so poor, come to think of it, because the businessman in question was Masaru Ibuko, co-founder of the enormous Sony electronics outfit.

His solution to jet-bore came after a casual remark to one of the company's design engineers in 1978. He asked the engineer to rig-up a portable cassette system for him to enjoy on trains and boats and planes.

The engineer dutifully fulfilled the boss' requirements, and furnished him with an early version of what was to become the Sony Walkman.

It was launched on an unsuspecting public the following year after Ibuko's partner, Akio Morita, had insisted on marketing the small contraption.

And so from summer 1979 onward we've all been busily walking into walls and ignoring the bus conductors' request for fares, while being permanently plugged into all manner of variations on the original Sony theme.

Most versions come from the inventor's locale, and we've been recklessly shelling out sums from about £25 to nearly £200 each for these 'personal stereos', as the jargon goes.

We're going to take a look and listen to one of the more recent breed of Walkpersons that has several advantages over the rather more basic models being churned out two of three years ago. This is the rather romantically titled JVC CQ-1K.

The size of the casing hasn't really increased since the early models — this one is about three times the depth of a cassette, about an inch longer and half an inch higher. But makers now manage to squeeze more circuitry into these confines.

This JVC is among the few personal stereos to offer both a metal tape facility and Dolby B noise reduction — and all for a pretty reasonable £70 or so.

For your money you get The Machine, a pair of heaphones replete with blue foam ear pads, a case, a strap, and an instruction book.

The player is much like any piece of brushed-aluminium audio equipment in appearance. Controls are primarly ranged on the top and one side of the CQ-1K: on top is a volume wheel numbered 0 to 10. Next to that a tone switch which has two positions boosting either low or high frequencies. There's a tape type selector with Norm for standard 120 ferric tapes, and Metal for high bias 70 chrome or metal tapes. And lastly on top one mini-jack socket for the headphones.

Down the side are the tape transport switches: right at the top corner the stop button and the rewind and fast forward buttons, these last two marked Rev and Cue respectively. A little further down is the all-important Play button, and the Dolby B (or indeed JVC's own compatible 'ANRS' noise reduction system) in/out switch.

Much further down this side panel is the tape ejector and a battery condition Led. The only other facilities are on the opposite side — a switch to open the battery compartment on the back (which uses four 1½V penlight-size batteries) and an optional 6V mains adaptor socket.

The Dolby facility is a welcome addition — a quite obvious necessity considering that nearly every pre-recorded cassette comes Dolby-encoded these days. If you play a Dolby cassette on an ordinary personal stereo without Dolby in/out switch, it'll tend to sound a little wispy and toppy and, unless the machine has a tone control, and many are without these, there's little you can do about it.

With the CQ-1K's Dolby switch, of course, you just flick it on for Dolby-encoded tapes and enjoy a much less hissy sound.

In the absence of a variable tone control, the JVC's two-position switch is better than nothing, although annoying in its inability to deal with more exacting tonal requirements. Tapes vary widely in sound, and tone characteristics certainly don't fall into those that need a treble boost and those that need a bass boost. The Norm/Metal tape type switch frankly doesn't make a startling difference to the overall sound quality of the tape being played if you get it wrong. I tried ferric on the metal setting and metal and chrome on the normal setting without any major deterioration of sound quality.

If anything, a ferric tape on the metal setting had a little less presence on top, and a metal or chrome tape on normal setting sounded marginally thinner and treblier. But maladjustment of this control will not prove disastrous.

The Cue and Rev buttons let you hear the sound of the hurtling tape if you ease gently on the button — this is handy for finding the start or finish of a piece. Pressing the button full down gives silent running. If you use these fast-wind buttons while the Play control is engaged, the machine will revert instantly to play when you let the buttons go — all good standard stuff.

A second headphone socket can be useful — the CQ-1K has only one. You have to remember to help the tape-loading flap open when you press ejects and there's no cassette inside. With a cassette inside it opens itself.

The carrying case has a flap so you can change tapes, but you have to take it off to change batteries.

The headphones are apparently the smallest JVC have ever made, and weigh in at just over an ounce. They could be described as lightweight of flimsy depending on your viewpoint. They're comfortable, anyway, and produce a good, open sound — if anything they're slightly treble-oriented, but satisfyingly full and good on bass.

The JVCs CQ-1K is undoubtedly one of the better quality personal steroes.

Casing: Silver brushed metal, blue carrying case.
Measurements: 3 7/16 in (W) × 5 9/16 in (H) × 1 3/16 in (D).
Weight: Approx 13ozs (385 g) with batteries.
Power: 6V (four AA batteries or external adaptor).
Frequency Response: 30Hz-14kHz (normal); 30Hz-12kHz (metal)

Wow & Flutter: 0.20% (WRMS)
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Headphones: weight 1.1oz (30 g)

Illustration by Catherine Denvir

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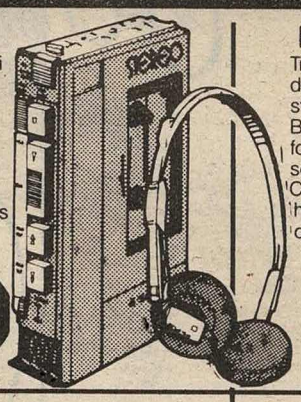

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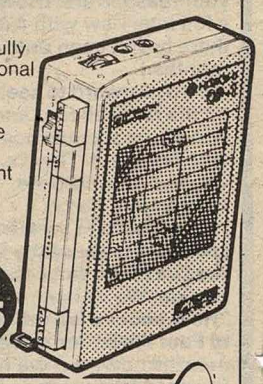

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PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS I

I expect *Gasbag*'s full of letters about The Jam this week. *(Yes it is and here they are. — Gasbag Ed.)* I would just like to say thank you to them for their commitment, their honesty and their passion. Despite their faults, they were very, very necessary. They were our Elvis Presley, our Beatles. And I for one am glad that they aren't about to become The Rolling Stones.
Wayne Garvie, Tamla Motown Radical Dance Faction.

I think that at last Paul Weller and The Jam have been revealed in their true plagiaristic colours. Not content with ripping off The Beatles' 'Taxman' for 'Start', and Pigbag's 'Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag' for the 'Precious' single, they've committed the ultimate in copying. Yes, they've split up — something The Beatles did twelve years ago. Can't these lads have one original idea of their own?
John Donkersley, LSE Music Co-op, Houghton St., London WC2.

Despite some calling The Jam an institution — sneering at Paul Weller's public voice of concern for society's ills — I would still like to say thanks to Weller, Buckley and Foxton for six years of commitment, passion and entertainment. Perhaps Weller became too serious and self-indulgent in his (chosen?) role of spokesman — I too hate the sheep "Paul says so" attitude of many Jam fans and felt embarrassed at the 'Bitterest Pill' video. Sadly The Jam of 1982 seemed to be evolving into Paul Weller, full-stop.

Their music has meant something in my life anyway. Isn't that really what counts? Hopefully young new bands can give as much pleasure and hope as The Jam have done. Good luck to all of you in whatever the future holds. I'll miss you.
Fiona, London SE9.

Dear Paul Weller, Thanks for the last five and a half years of brilliant music. I seem to have grown up along with it and it's made me *think* such a lot. Above all, I find it so bloody enjoyable!

I'm really sorry to hear that the band are breaking up and I'd like to hear more fully what your reasons are. (How about a full interview with *NME*, there hasn't been one for months.)

I look forward to seeing you on the farewell tour and wish you all the success possible — you deserve it. Thanks.
Graham Wisterborne, Harpenden, Herts.
I think The Jam's decision to split now is about the bravest they've made since they started. We've been saying "How about a full interview?" to Paul Weller for many months now, and we're still trying to arrange it. — LH.

Anybody who writes into *Gasbag* on the demise of The Jam is a twat, because *NME* is run by twats. I suggest to them that they write to The Jam direct. THE JAM STILL RULE THE WORLD.
Smug, Bristol.
So just where does this letter leave you? — LH.

BELOW THE STOCKBROKER'S BELT

Dear Attila The Stockbroker, First of all The Hacienda is a people's club which has a good racial and social mix, from punks to soul boys. The "cocktail set", eh? If you'd ever worked a hard week's work in your life — which I doubt — then you wouldn't deny our prerogative to enjoy the few little pleasures that we have. We can't afford to sit in the Snug Room moaning every night, you slug. "Elitism", who, yours? There's more bigotry, sexism and racism amongst the "Tetley Bittermen" that you glorify. Your middle-class guilt complex is so predictable and patronising.

Attila, you failed civil engineering student, we'll have a Snug Room built for you at The Hacienda yet.
Andy Riley, Leeds.

The Stockbroker's glib, snide aside at *NME's* "cocktail set", whatever that's supposed to be, made me particularly mad, especially since in the past Attila has had no scruples about hawking his articles round the *NME* offices and earning his beer money from IPC, like all the rest of us. The fact that enjoying life, in what-ever way you choose, seems to have become ideologically suspect in certain agit-pop circles is a most insidious and dangerous development. It is also totally opposed to the optimistic view of the human spirit and potential which is fundamental to socialist theory. — LH

Well, you've finally done it. After reading *NME* for thirteen years, you've got me angry. You took the piss out of Alan Bleasdale's character Yosser Hughes to promote your next week box. After watching *The Boys From The Blackstuff* series, I have never seen anything on television that has made me feel so emotional as that. Even though it was funny in places, I DIDN'T WANT TO LAUGH.

Not many people I know have watched the series, and I was quite desperate to see how someone else saw the programme, and then I saw your next week box. It just seemed wrong.
J.B.W., London.

If it's taken you 13 years to get angry, how long is it going to take you to learn how to laugh? — LH, courtesy of our dear, departing MS, the only film editor known to breakfast on mayonnaise and prawn cocktail crisps.

ALPHABETICAL ADVENTURES IN THE WHITE HOTEL

Is Martin Fry denying part of his sexuality? It seems to me obvious that the name of his group ABC has nothing to do with the first three letters of the alphabet. Any psychoanalyst worth his salt would recognise this name as a subconscious expression of his Anal Birth Complex. Tears, I'm afraid, are not enough — perhaps Martin could lie on my couch sometime and discuss the obvious phallic, castration-anxiety-directed aspects of 'Shoot That Posion Arrow?'.
Sigmund Freud, Finchley.
"A thing's a phallic symbol if it's longer than it's wide." — Archive Ed.

IT'S THAT MAN AGAIN!

It would take a lot more than camp gothic poses and bible black type face to conceal the fact that Morley and Sylvian are just sprouting '70s hippy nonsense. Please gentlemen, this cosmic despair stuff has just got to stop now, for I fear a Quintessence revival, dressed up in '80s baggy suits, the endless mushrooms swapped for the cocaine mirror and apathy. Herman Hesse? Not again please!
A Packet Of Brown Rice, Brixton.

"Cosmic despair?" Did you actually read Paul's article before you wrote? Words like "excited", "frightened", "nervousness", "aware", "communicate", "learning" imply the exact opposite of any dreary, complacent hippy resignation. Self-centred, certainly, but acutely un-apathetic! — LH

To those readers who still write in and complain about Morley and Penman, read this: "This idea that there can be an 'impartial' criticism or that any judgment can be final, is a delusion. Criticism is not a giving of so many marks out of ten to a preconceived scheme. It is an imaginative act, which at one and the same time passes judgment and creates the criteria by which the judgment is made." (Martin and Furbank, *Introduction to Twentieth Century Poetry.)*
Mike Harrison, Bath, Avon.

FACING UP TO A FUTURE

As a long standing subscriber to *New Musical Express*, I spent some days of my recent illness peeping through my collection of back issues. I was overwhelmed by the seemingly inexplicable loss of glow and life in the pages I had enjoyed reading only a few years back. While the music of the past still lingers on delightfully in mine ears, the sparkle of its contemporary writing seems to have withered and faded away somewhere along the cruel path of time.

Thus it became apparent to me how immensely important it is for you never to dwell upon past achievements but always look ahead. A gruesome and ungrateful future awaits us but certainly none more gruesome than the past. Or "sa lenge skuta kan ga, sa lenge hjertet kan sla", as they say in this country.
Captain W. Dobbins, Oslo, Norway.
P.S. Give my kind regards to the present contributors in your immaculate paper, with a special nod of approval to Paul Morley, Danny Baker and of course Dave Hill (they love him over here).

Or *dOnt look bak* as they sometimes say in this country, although you try telling that to some of the pillars of salt around this office. — LH

Every night when I am somewhat blasted I compose letters to you in my head, but they never reach the paper. *(Sounds like the normal mode of non-composition for an NME staffer — disgruntled features Ed.)* However the arrival of *Mighty Reel* and *Pocket Juke Box* has broken the strictures of apathy. *Mighty Reel* is a superb compilation of this year's most important musical happenings. Morley's beautiful New Pop is well represented, plus African music both sophisticated and raw, German New Wave, a rap to match Gil Scott Heron's on your previous tape and my hero's rendition of 'Town Cryer'.

Pocket Juke Box is too good to be true!
Eric Hampshire, A Rough Trading Dancemaster.
So is this letter. — LH

THE RECORD SET STRAIGHT

I agree with Andrew Tyler wholeheartedly that Pilger's film is "ultimately outmoded". Politicians all over the world have stopped lying to us about nuclear weapons. The 103 (officially 56) US bases in Britain have been dismantled, the defence budget of both East and West has been substantially reduced and "fresh but not very illuminating footage of British bases" can be shown on TV without any politicial interference.

Mr Tyler, how can you have the audacity to call this 2-year-old film outmoded when *The War Game* is sadly more relevant now than when it was made in the '60s? Then to dismiss it with a smug "we can expect better from his next films" unnerves me to think you're getting paid for this pretentious drivel. With Ronnie at the wheel and Maggie in the back seat there may not be time for the next film.
All Black Fanatic, South Kensington.
OK, OK. I hereby retract my "ultimately outmoded" put-down (penned before the film was under threat.) The IBA have proved the force of Pilger's programme before it's ever been shown by trying to nobble it *(see page 3)*. Pilger's film must be shown. Fuck the IBA. Fair enough? — Andrew Tyler.

PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS II

Last Thursday (4 November) The Mo-dettes were to play the famous General Wolfe in Coventry. But due to two lazy inconsiderate people *we* were unable to do so, much to *our* disgust and disappointment. *Us* being June — drummer and Jane — bass guitarist, the two original Mo-dettes. This show was to be our last anyway, the other two and newer members having found "other pastimes" under sneaky and selfish circumstances.

We would like to apologise to Ken of The General Wolfe. We feel sick to have let you down so badly. Also we would like to say sorry to the people who came along to see us and were disappointed. We are as angry as you probably feel.

For the future June and I will be holding the rhythm section together in studio work. Please wish us luck as we step out to Mo-tivate new times. Farewell from The Mo-dettes. Peace, love and pussy.
Jane Mo- and June Mo-.
What can we add except "Miaow?" — LH

SENDING OUT AN SOS

I may be wrong, but I'd say the world is short of Elvis Costellos.
An Anomalous Admirer, Lancashire.

COME ON COLLEEN

If I say Penman and Morley are stimulating, will you print this letter? *Of course — Bag Ed.*

Re Colleen G's letter from Toronto begging correspondence to ease her unemployed brain, I lost your address and need a reminder. Please, please write to me and let me know what I need to continue this epistolary

AS TIME GOES BY...

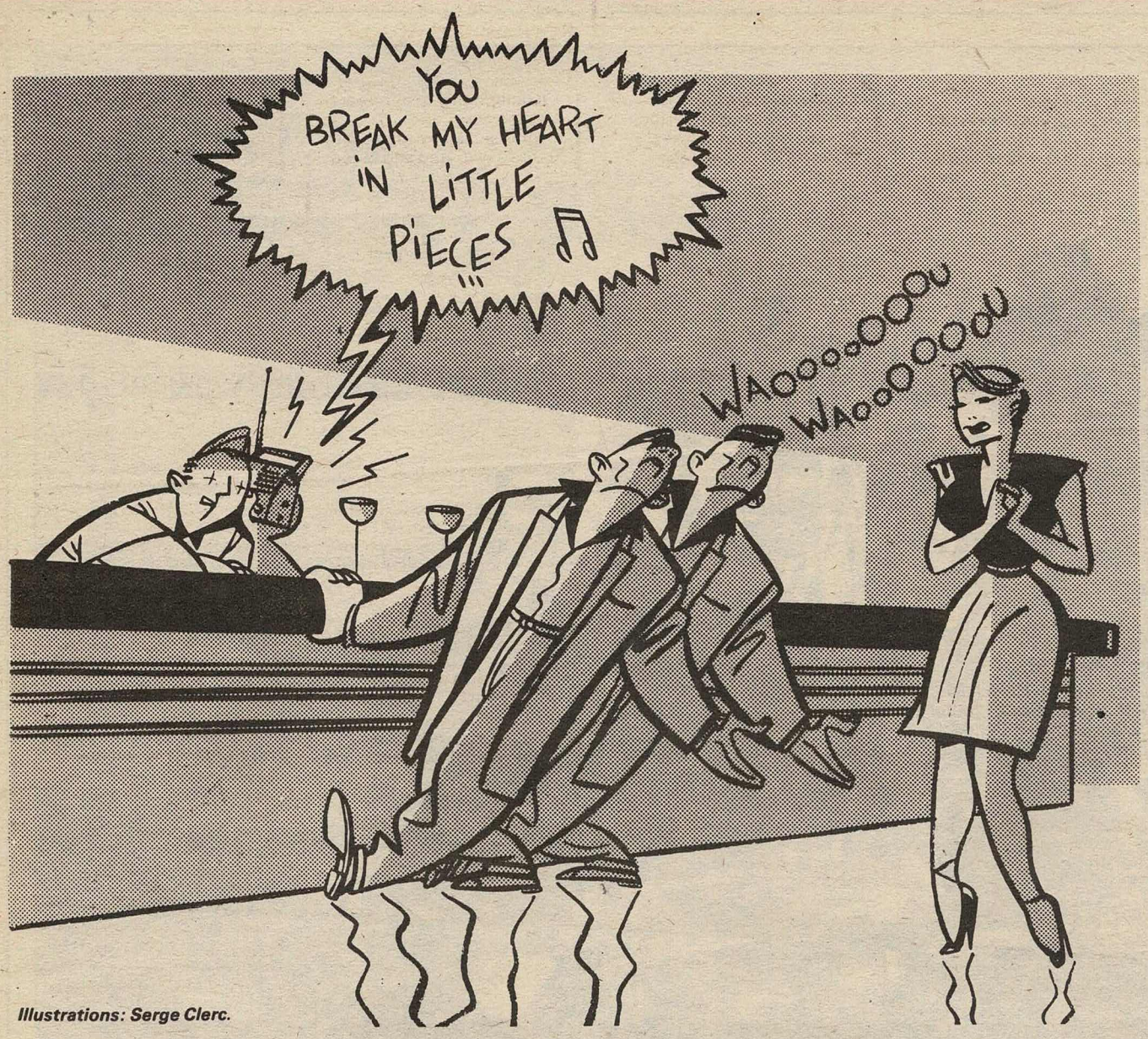
LYNN HANNA sorts out the softies from the cynics in...

GASABLANCA.

(Shurely sheveral mishtakes? Ed)
"Key Largo" (above), with Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart.

Illustration by Ray Lowry

Say it again Sam to GASBAG, NME, 35-7 Carnaby St, London W1V 1PG



Illustrations: Serge Clerc.

intercourse. And hey, I've got a great bum!
Malcolm Brooker, 1800 N. Naomi, Burbank, Ca. 91505, USA.

I'm writing to tell you how disgusted I am with fan clubs. I belong to the Haircut 100 Fan Club and in April I sent £8.50 to them for a jumper. I've still had no reply from them although I've written three times threatening them. I also sent £4.50 to join the Fan Club and they sent back a tiny book, a crumby badge and a small poster. A newsletter was meant to be sent out every month — I haven't had one yet.

I'm writing to warn people not to send off any money to them as it's just a waste of time and expense.
Belinda Goodman, Ealing W5.

Cook's maudlin whining . . . sheep mask . . . his Polish holiday . . . filing cabinet . . . Rascaljack Danny Baker . . . heartfelt beautiful . . . Morley's plastic cracks . . . the bells.
Amphet Gringo 111, Solihull.
P.S. I hope you print this in its entirety.

COME BACK BERT

Thanks for publishing my letter about Shakin' Stevens but I do wish you hadn't left Bert's name out — there's been reactions. He thinks I've been attending other Shakin' Stevens' concerts with "another man". I've only been once and that was with Bert. Please can you reassure him as our marriage is heading for the rocks — he's gone home to mother!
Loving, heartbroken Brenda, London SW1.

I feel certain that neither you nor any of your readers would be interested in my opinions.
Richard, A Hospital, Bradford.

Of *course* we're interested, Richard. That isn't to say that your opinions make a blind bit of difference to our decisions, but we've always got an eye on Gasbag for stimulation, confirmation, criticism and witticisms. Here's looking at you kids. — LH

"GI' US A WACKY BUT CARING ANALYSIS OF THE PROBLEMS FACING YOU YOUNGSTERS — y'know, sex, parents, contraception, parents, drugs, a hostile media, hostile parents, UNEMPLOYMENT, rabid Tory MPs, psychotic Social Security snoopers, parents, unemployed parents, unemployed skinheads, glue-sniffing social workers, other people's problems, other people's parents . . ." they chorused in affected Cockney accents. "Gi' us a *youth programme.*"

A million young 'uns groan to'ards their Shreddies and two hundred spotty **Paul Morley** lookalikes turn up for an interview. And whadda they do, whadda the middle-class mingebags do? They give the contract to a posey old tosspot, third-rate gossip columnist full of second-hand tattle, a ratty wag, a nauseous hack, a scruffy, snotty, boorish column like *T-Zers.* Yes us!

You pays yer trainfare and *T-Zers* takes the job. Channel 4 contracts? No problem . . .

T-Zer! Blonde millionaire rock star, alias **'Stinge'**, walked off with three awards at a Savoy biz reception last week. Said a jovial **Richard Branson:** "If he doesn't bring them back sharpish, I'll do for the git." This is believed to be legal parlance for an out-of-court settlement . . . Said Stinge-person was reported speechless at his success. When approached post-reception by a legless *T-Zers,* the blonde millionaire etc. was still speechless. Said a tight-lipped Branson: "If he's going to make a habit of it, he ought to learn a sign language . . ."

T-Zer! **Japan** to split! **Mick Karn** in hospital! **Phil McNeill** in tears! While posing nude with **Hazel O'Connor** (Karn as Caveman, Hazel as Water Nymph), accomplished sculptor Karn got overly excited and, in a frenzy of gay abandon, covered himself in black clay. Karn now has a severe case of 'clay in the ear', an obscure infectious disease for which there is no cure. Doctors are tending to his whims and ear'oles in a desperate bid to save his hearing.

Accomplished deaf bass player Karn was rung up soon after the distressing event. Said *T-Zers:* "Could it be said, and if so would it be true, that your sudden loss of hearing may well signal the end of your musical career and an expansion of other, less contingent artistic designs, an increasing reliance on sculpturing, say, as a means to raking in the sponderoonies?" Said Karn: "Hello?" . . .

T-Zer! BITCH. BITCH. BITCH. BITCH. BITCH. Radio One's breakfast person the very wonderful **Mike 'Boy' Read** heard bitching 'bout Deptford's very own **Squeeze,** who failed to turn up for a TV appearance on 'Boy''s Saturday morning show. Stoke Poges' very own Read was left to cuss 'n' blind alone, claiming the reason said Squeeze didn't show was only cos they didn't have a top ten record to plug. Miaoooww . . .

HARD-NOSED investigative journalism, searing indictments of a brutal world, a wad of used fivers . . . *that's* what got *T-Zers* the Channel 4 contract . . .

How many wads for Channel 4's Tuesday opener, the best-terminated *Countdown?* Said programme is believed to be a 'quiz show' and is presented by **Richard Whiteley,** best remembered for his famous double-act with a ferret on Yorkshire TV's other WING DING Smash Hit ratings topper *Calender.* The incident involved young Whiteley making love to the petrified polecatlette 'live' on camera whilst reading the news headlines. The couple cavorted for several minutes, throwing caution to the wind and convention out of the window, till the furry protagonist bit a protruding TV personality limb. An on-hand ferreteer suggested the animal had 'bitten', as we ferreteers say, because it was frightened. Said an ashen-faced Whiteley: "I've been frightened myself on occasions. I've never bitten anyone."

Countdown is also saddled with man-of-words **Ted 'Sarn't Major' Moult** (frontal lobotomy and scar) who's best remembered for absolutely nothing. 'Man of words' Ted has this sorta mindless, double-glazed stare — last week his 'words' were *foible* and *buttock* . . .

Far less promising were Channel 4's tentative forays into the world of moozic. Dopey old *Woodstock* got hauled out of its hiding place, an oversized, unwanted roach left somewhere in a far-flung corner of a foreign field wherein it has lain snoring these last 50 years. A clod of earth that is forever stoned . . .

In Newcastle, *The Tube* emerged zit-struck and pallid into the light of day (which shall be known as a 'pre-recorded two hour slot in a Tyne Tees TV studio', as is the common parlance). More **Stinge,** more drone and, *T-Zers'* favourite cabbage, **Paula Yates.** Before renegade splitists, **The Jam,** popped onstage for a quickie (complete with a brass section misdirected from *Pebble Mill At One*) . . . before *that* bit anyroad, the dreaded veg nabbed **Paul Weller** for a BIG WOW interview.

Said the cabbage: "Blah blah blah Jam split blah blah blah personal projects blah blah like what, pillock features?"

Said an enthusiastic Weller: "Errrghm . . . . ."

Weller, spokesman for a generation, retired to the bar with a Ted Moult double-glazed look in the eyes. Paula Yates was later returned to her allotment . . .

Here's the big news story of the week, ferrets. A real stormer, the one the dailies have been sweating blood and busting copy deadlines for . . . **Elton John** fell over and hit his head on a piano!

And after falling over and grovelling around on the floor for a few minutes, what next? Well, nothing . . . 'Reg' sorta 'got up off the floor' and, well, that was it . . .

TALKING OF garage mechanics, **Jerry Hall** drops by p.59 to complete the second in a series of 24 *T-Zers.* (A slow fortnight indeed). Jerry 'Distraught but Determined' Hall is now going out with **Sangster,** one of the world's most successful racehorses. According to the *Daily Stag,* "the friendship started in all innocence when Jerry began attending yearling sales in Kentucky and met Sangster . . ." Already, however, there are signs of strains in their relationship — after stormy scenes at a nightclub, the couple went home in separate trailers. Note: *nice* yearlings don't sleep out on a first date.

Infuriated by yet more problems with her sex life, Jerry was lost for words when contacted. Her press office are holding with "distraught but determined" . . . We can but wait . . .

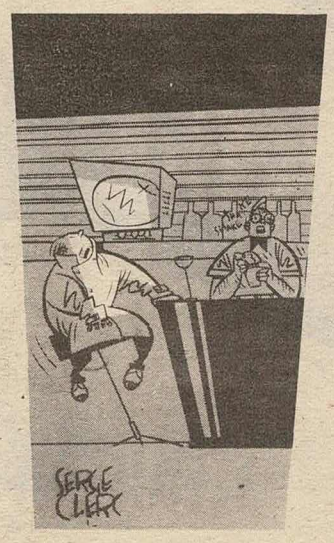
Famed pop star **Adam Ant** (real name **Norman Ant**) was woken from his slumbers last week by a team of Radio One telephonists in order that **Simon Bates** could tell Norman that it was his birthday. The Ant seemed well aware of the fact, noting with glee that his birthday fell on the same day every year . . . Said Bates: "Thanks *ever* so much for talking to us and have a wonderfully nice day. It's been great talking to you." Said Ant: "My pleasure, **Tony**" . . .

Another big *T-Zer* Radio One phone scoop: **John Peel** took time off during an overlong reworking of that old **Bauhaus** classic 'Aladdin Sane' by **Jacques Braille And The Unnecessary Belgians** to partake in that ancient ritual of asking yer mam a favour. Young Johnny wanted somewhere to kip for the night in order to avoid spending a night wandering Oxford Circus and being accosted by unnecessary Belgians. Said a bewildered **Mrs Peel:** "My pleasure, Tony.". . .

Come back **Toby Jesse,** the Tory MP who once called for Radio One to be banned. Toby is, so *T-Zers* parliamentary sources would have us believe, a 'close friend' of **Norman Tebbit,** the first hard boiled egg to hold a Cabinet position . . .

John Peel is 82. He is known, in the trade, as a 'Liverpool supporter' and cites **Yosser Hughes** as Man Of The Year . . . Current fave refrain doing the rounds at Anfield: "We all agree, Yosser is harder than **Souness**". At last week's Helsinki game Graham 'Score A Goal? I Couldn't Score A **Walt Disney** Musical' Souness had more reason than usual to regret his less successful 'shots at goal' (as we hacks say). *T-Zers* (better looking by far) is glad to report spontaneous mass chants of "Gizza job. I could do that . . ."

T–Zers — Wacky but caring . . .



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